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COMPLETE .

POETICAL WORKS

OF

THOMAS CAMPBELL;

WITH AN

Original Biography, and Notes.

EDITED BY

EPES SARGENT.

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BOSTON:

PHILLIPS, SAMPSON AND COMPANY.

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COMPLETE

POETICAL WORKS
PREFACE

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THOMAS CAMPBELL
This edition of the Complete Poetical Works of Thomas Campbell possesses some advantages, it is believed, over

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The poems in this edition are given from the text of the author, approved by the author. To these we have added fifty poems, some of which are hardly surpassed by the best of his acknowledged lyrics, and all of a permanent place in his poetry. Some we have copied from the

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HOBART & ROBBINS,
NEW ENGLAND TYPE AND STEREOTYPE FOUNDRY,
BOSTON.

PREFACE.

THIS edition of the Complete Poetical Works of Thomas Campbell possesses some advantages, it is believed, over any one hitherto published.

It contains a very full Memoir, compiled from the life and letters of the poet, edited by Dr. Beattie, long his most intimate friend, and his literary executor; and from the Reminiscences of Mr. Cyrus Redding, who was for some ten years associated with Campbell in editing the *New Monthly Magazine*.

The poems collected in the Moxon editions are given from the text, and according to the arrangement approved by the author. To these we have added fifty poems, some of which are hardly surpassed by the best of his acknowledged lyrics, and all of which are worthy of a permanent place in his works. For many of these we have been indebted to Dr. Beattie. Some we have copied from the

pages of the *New Monthly Magazine*. The translations from the Italian are from the Life of Petrarch, by the poet. Other poems have been authenticated by a list prepared by Mr. Redding whilst he was assisting Campbell in editing the first complete edition of his works, in 1828. A more particular reference to the source of each poem will be found in the notes.

The engraved head prefixed to the volume is a faithful likeness of the poet in his early years; and the full-length pen-and-ink sketch, which represents him in the ease and undress of his study, is said to convey a correct impression of his appearance in advanced life.

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LIFE OF CAMPBELL.

CHAPTER I.

THOMAS CAMPBELL was born on the 27th of July, 1777, in a house in the High-street, in Glasgow, at that time, and for fourteen years afterwards, occupied by his father, but since pulled down to make way for modern improvements. His family was of a numerous and respectable connection, and the particular branch from which he was descended had been long settled in that part of the Argyle frontier which lies between Lochawe and Lochfyne. They were known as the Campbells of *Kirnan*, from the name of the estate which was occupied by the poet's grandfather, the last of his race who resided there. He died leaving three sons, and Kirnan passed into the hands of Robert, the eldest, who was fond of display, and lavish in his hospitality, and was compelled to part with the ancestral acres to a neighboring proprietor, the son of Mrs. Campbell by a former marriage. Robert afterwards settled in London; distinguished himself as a political writer in defence of the Walpole administration, and died soon after its close. Archibald, the next brother, became a Presbyterian minister, and in that capacity went out to Jamaica, but subsequently removed to the Province of Virginia, where he resided till his death at an advanced age. His family there maintained a highly respectable character, and one of his sons was District Attorney during the administration of Washington. To his landed property in Virginia he gave the name of Kirnan, and his grandson

Frederick, many years afterwards, succeeded under an entail to the old family Kirnan, in Argyleshire. Alexander, the youngest of the brothers, and father of the poet, was educated in mercantile pursuits. Early in life he went to Falmouth, in Virginia, where he formed valuable business connections, that enabled him to return to Glasgow and establish a commercial house, in partnership with Mr. Daniel Campbell, whose acquaintance he had made in America, and whose sister Margaret he afterwards married. For many years the respectable firm of Campbell & Co. enjoyed a well-earned prosperity, but it was prostrated by the embarrassments in which the Revolution involved all merchants engaged in the American trade. At the age of sixty-five years Alexander found himself stripped of fortune, and involved in an expensive chancery suit; with a wife and nine children to provide for from the scanty remnants of his estate, and a small income from two provident institutions of which he was a member. It was soon after these reverses that the poet was born.

"I have uncommonly early recollection of life," says the poet, in a MS. supposed to have been written in 1842. "I remember — that is to say, I seem to remember — many circumstances which I was told had occurred when I could not have been quite three years old.

"In very early years I was boarded, during the summer, in the country near Glasgow, at Pollock Shaws, in the humble house of a stocking-weaver, John Stewart, whose wife Janet was as kind to me as my own mother could be.

"During the winter, in those infantine years, I returned to my father's house, and my youngest sister taught me reading. My reading, of course, was principally in the Bible, and I contracted a liking for the Old Testament which has never left me. The recollection of this period makes an exception to the general retrospect of my life, making me *somewhat* sad. I was then the happiest of young human animals, at least during the months which I spent under the roof of John and Janet Stewart. It is true I slept on a bed of chaff, and my fare, as may be supposed, was not sumptuous; but life was young within me. Pollock Shaws was at that time rural and delightful. The stocking-weaver's house was on a flat piece of ground, half circularly enclosed by a small running stream, called by the Scotch a 'burn.' On one side above it were ascending fields which terminated in trees along the high road to Glasgow.

I remember no picture by Claude that ever threw me into such dreams of delight as this landscape. I remember leaping over the tallest yellow weeds with ecstasy. I remember seeing beautiful weed-flowers on the opposite side of the burn which I could not approach to pull, and wishing in my very soul to get at them; still I could not cross the burn. There were trouts, too, in the stream; and what a glorious event was the catching a trout! I was happy, however. Once only in my life perfectly happy.

"At eight years old I went to the grammar-school of Glasgow, where, among seventy other boys, I was the pupil of David Allison. He was a severe disciplinarian of the old school, and might be compared to Gil Blas' master, '*who was the most expert flogger in all Oviedo.*' But I was one of his pet scholars, and he told my father that he often spared me when he ought to have whipt me, because I looked so innocent. He was a noble-looking man. At the periodical examinations by the magistrates, he looked a prince in comparison even with the Provost with his golden chain. And he

'Was kind, or if severe in aught,
The love he bore to learning was in fault.'

So that he was popular even among his whippies. I was so early devoted to poetry, that at ten years old, when our master interpreted to us the first Eclogue of Virgil, I was literally thrilled by its beauty. Already we had read bits of Ovid, but *he* never affected me half so much as the apostrophe of Tityrus to his cottage, from which he had been driven:

'En unquam patrios longo post tempore fines,
Pauperis et tuguri congestum cespitem
Post aliquot, mea regna videns, mirabor aristas.'

"In my thirteenth year I went to the University of Glasgow, and put on the red gown. The joy of the occasion made me unable to eat my breakfast. I am told that race-horses, on the morning of the day when they know they are to be brought to the race, are so agitated that they refuse their oats. Whether it was presentiment, or the mere castle-building of my vanity, I had even then a day-dream that I should be one day Lord Rector of the University. In my own lifetime Lord Jeffrey and myself have been the only two Rectors who were educated at Glasgow."

From the time of their misfortunes, Alexander Campbell and his wife seem to have devoted themselves almost exclusively to the education of their younger children. He was a man of great fortitude, firmness and good sense, and of integrity unsuspected in his severest trials. With Adam Smith and Dr. Thomas Reid (from whom the poet received his baptismal name) he was on terms of friendship and intimacy. His favorite studies were in theology, history and the sciences, though he had something of a musical taste, and sang a good naval song. He was a devout man, and maintained to the last, in his house, the practice of family worship. "His were the only extemporal prayers I ever heard," said his son, "which might have been printed as they dropped from his lips." In person he was under the middle size, but compact and hardy; his features were handsome, and in his advanced years he presented a very interesting and venerable appearance.

"The first time," says an intimate friend of the poet, "that I drank tea in the house of Mr. Campbell, was in the winter of 1790. The old gentleman was seated in his arm-chair, and dressed in a suit of snuff-brown cloth, all from the same web. There were present, besides Thomas, his brother and two sisters,—Daniel, Elizabeth, and Isabella. The father, then at the age of fourscore, spoke only once to us. It was when one of his sons and I—Thomas, I think, who was then about thirteen, and of my own age—were speaking about getting new clothes, and descanting in grave earnest as to the most fashionable colors. Tom was partial to green; I preferred blue.—'Lads!' said the senior, in a voice which fixed our attention, 'if you wish to have a lasting suit, get one like mine.' We thought he meant one of a snuff-brown color; but he added, 'I have a *suit* in the Court of Chancery, which has lasted thirty years, and I think it will never wear out.'"

The mother of the poet was of a slight figure, with black eyes and dark hair, and features which in her advanced years became round and full, but which were originally well-chiselled and expressive. She was a notable manager, a strict disciplinarian, and well educated for the age and sphere in which she lived. Such time as she could give to books was devoted to the perusal of the standard English authors of the previous generation. Of music she was passionately fond, and sang many of the popular melodies of Scotland

with taste and feeling. Her manners were dignified, but full of vivacity and sprightliness; and her nature, in spite of a sometime severe exercise of authority, overflowed with kindness and charity. This severity, indeed, was never manifested toward her youngest son, of whom she was very fond and proud, and on whose mind and character many of her own peculiarities were strongly impressed. In her declining years, and after her boy had become famous, she now and then manifested her maternal weakness in a manner that was amusing enough to be remembered. Once at a silk-mercier's, where the old lady had bought a shawl, when the parcel was folded, and the usual inquiry made as to where it should be sent, "Send it," she said, "to Mrs. Campbell—Mrs. Campbell of Kirnan;" then added, "mother of the author of the Pleasures of Hope." On all occasions she spoke in the warmest and most genial language of her son Thomas. "Nothing," she said, "could be more kind and respectful than the tenor of his letters to herself."

In his very school days Campbell was familiar with the popular Latin and Greek poets, and not only attempted the translation of their most admired passages, but sought to express in verse of his own the impressions that had been made upon his mind by the scenes in which the summers of his childhood had been passed. At the age of twelve years he became an enthusiastic student of the Greek literature; and throughout his life seems to have piqued himself more on his Greek than his poetry. His favorite English authors at this time were Milton, Pope, Thomson, Gray, and Goldsmith; a selection which seems such as his good mother herself would have made for him, and the influence of which is visible in all his writings. From the blotted and ragged condition of his copy of the *Paradise Lost*, Dr. Beattie infers that this was oftener in his hands than any other book. Some of the elder English dramatists he dipped into at this period, and the Sermons of the younger Sherlock, Doddridge's *Family Expositor*, and the *Life of Colonel Gardiner*, he read "with an interest and relish for which he could never account." His father used to say that he "would be much better reading Locke than scribbling so," when he caught the young poet with his manuscripts; but failed, we imagine, by advice thus tendered to recommend the works of the philosopher over those of Smollett, Fielding and Burns, which were among the favorites of his small library.

In the October term of 1791 commenced his first session at the College of Glasgow, where students have always been received at a much earlier age than at the English universities. Before many months had elapsed, Campbell received from the college authorities prizes for English and Latin verse, and, as a third prize, a bursary or exhibition on Archbishop Leighton's foundation. Thus brilliant was the dawn of his academic career, in which he won a good title to the praises it has received, though he himself modestly disclaims them. "Some of my biographers," he observes, "have, in their friendly zeal, exaggerated my triumphs at the university. It is not true that I carried away all the prizes, for I was idle in some of the classes, and, being obliged by my necessities to give elementary instruction to younger lads, my powers of attention were exhausted in teaching when I ought to have been learning."

From the notes illustrative of this period, furnished by one of his earliest friends to his biographer, it appears that Campbell constantly cultivated his poetical talent, and composed a ballad which was printed on a slip of paper, and distributed among his fellow-students. It comprised one hundred and forty lines, was entitled *Morven and Fillan*, and began with the following stanza :

"Loud breathed afar the angry sprite
That rode upon the storm of night,
And loud the waves were heard to roar
That lashed on Morven's rocky shore."

In the spring of 1792 a little incident occurred in the mathematical class in which Campbell was a student, that furnished him the subject of a poem in a style of verse in which he was very felicitous, but which he employed chiefly for his private amusement. The occasion was an examination of the class in the books of Euclid, when one of its members, who had manifested a most proud and pleasing consciousness of his acquirements, and was confident of making a grand display, boggled at the problem which is known, among the faculty and undergraduates, as the *Asses' Bridge*. This misadventure was the origin of a *jeu d'esprit*, by Campbell, which was handed about in manuscript, and was the source, no doubt, of a mischievous satisfaction to his fellow-students :

PONS ASINORUM; OR, THE ASSES' BRIDGE.

A SONG, WRITTEN IN MR. J. MILLER'S MATHEMATICAL CLASS.

As Miller's Hussars marched up to the wars,
 With their captain in person before 'em,
 It happened one day that they met on their way
 With the dangerous *Pons Asinorum* !

Now see the bold band, each a sword in his hand,
 And his Euclid for target before him;
 Not a soul of them all could the dangers appal
 Of the hazardous *Pons Asinorum* :

While the streamers wide flew, and the loud trumpets blew,
 And the drum beat responsive before 'em,
 Then Miller their chief thus harangued them in brief
 'Bout the dangerous *Pons Asinorum* !

"My soldiers," said he, "though dangers there be,
 Yet behave with a proper decorum;
 Dismiss every fear, and with boldness draw near
 To the dangerous *Pons Asinorum* !"

Now, it chanced in the van stood a comical man,
 Who, as Miller strode bravely before him,
 To his sorrow soon found that his brains were wheeled round,
 As he marched to the *Pons Asinorum* !

O, sorrowful wight, how sad was his plight,
 When he looked at the *Pons Asinorum* !
 Soon the fright took his heels, like a drunkard he reels,
 And his head flew like thunder before him.

So rude was the jump, as the mortal fell plump,
 That not Miller himself could restore him;
 So his comrades were left, of "Plumbano" bereft,
 O pitiful plight, to deplore him !

T. C. æt. 13

His cousin, Mrs. Johnstone, has given us her recollection of the young poet at the age of fourteen. He used to spend a day, now and then, at her father's house, a short distance from Glasgow. "There," she observes, "he was always welcomed as a special favorite; for, to the most unassuming manners were united a gayety and cheerfulness of disposition which he had the art of communi-

cating to every one around him." It was there he laid aside his Greek and Latin, and entertained the fireside circle with anecdotes and "auld fanant stories." He was a clever mimic, and could personate the notabilities about the college with ludicrous accuracy. He sang a few plaintive airs very prettily, and played on the German flute, so that he was an useful and acceptable addition to the social circle.

In Campbell's second year at the university, Professor Jardine, lecturer in the Logic class, awarded him the eighth prize for the best composition on various subjects, and appointed him examiner of the exercises sent in by the members of his class. In the same year he received the third prize in the Greek class, for exemplary conduct as a student; and on the last day of the session, his poem bore away the palm from all competitors. It was entitled a "Description of the Distribution of the Prizes in the Common Hall of the University of Glasgow, on the 1st of May, 1793."

The poet sympathized and mixed with the world, from his earliest years. With all his fondness for study, if we may take his own account, he was more fond of sport. He belonged to the college clubs, and figured in them, and of one of them has left us a brief account. "There was a Debating Society," he says, "called the Discursive, composed almost entirely of boys as young as myself, and I was infatuated enough to become a leader in this spouting club. It is true that we had promising spirits among us, and, in particular, could boast of Gregory Watt, son of the immortal Watt, a youth unparalleled in his early talent for eloquence. With melodious elocution, great acuteness in argument, and rich, unflinching fluency of diction, he seemed born to become a great orator, and I have no doubt would have shone in Parliament had he not been carried off by consumption in his five-and-twentieth year. He was literally the most beautiful youth I ever saw. When he was only twenty-two, an eminent English artist (Howard, I think) made his head the model of a picture of Adam. But, though we had this splendid stripling, and other members that were not untalented, we had no head among us old and judicious enough to make the society a proper *palestra* for our mental powers, and it degenerated into a place of general quizzing and eccentricity."

In the spring of 1794, as a reward for his exemplary conduct,

Campbell obtained a few days' leave of absence from college. It was a time of great political excitement, and the young poet was a democrat of the school of the French Revolution. The trial of Muir and Gerald, for high treason, was expected to take place; and Campbell wished "insufferably" to see the great agitators of Scottish Reform, though he did not altogether approve their proceedings. But an important question with him was how to get to Edinburgh. We are furnished with an answer in the words of the poet himself:

"While gravely considering the ways and means, it immediately occurred to me that I had an uncle's widow in Edinburgh—a kind-hearted elderly lady, who had seen me at Glasgow, and said that she would be glad to receive me at her house, if I should ever come to the Scottish metropolis. I watched my mother's *mollia tempora fandi*,—for she had them, good woman!—and, eagerly catching the propitious moment, I said, 'O, Mamma, how I long to see Edinburgh!—If I had but three shillings, I could walk there in one day, sleep two nights, and be two days at my aunt Campbell's, and walk back in another day.' To my delightful surprise, she answered, 'No, my bairn; I will give you what will carry you to Edinburgh and bring you back; but you must promise me not to walk more than half the way in any one day,'—that was twenty-two miles. 'Here,' said she, 'are five shillings for you in all; two shillings will serve you to go, and two to return; for a bed at the half-way house costs but sixpence.' She then gave me—I shall never forget the beautiful coin!—a King William and Mary crown-piece. I was dumb with gratitude; but, sallying out to the streets, I saw at the first book-seller's shop a print of Elijah fed by the ravens. Now, I had often heard my poor mother saying confidentially to our worthy neighbor Mr. Hamilton—whose strawberries I had pilfered—that in case of my father's death—and he was a very old man—she knew not what would become of her. 'But,' she used to add, 'let me not despair, for Elijah was fed by the ravens.' When I presented her with the picture, I said nothing of its tacit allusion to the possibility of my being one day her supporter; but she was much affected, and evidently felt a strong presentiment." His mother's presentiment was not disappointed; in the generous affection of her son she found a never-failing resource in her declining years.

"Next morning," continues Campbell, "I took my way to Edin-

burgh, with four shillings and sixpence in my pocket. I witnessed Joseph Gerald's trial, and it was an era in my life. Hitherto I had never known what public eloquence was; and I am sure the Justiciary Scotch lords did not help me to a conception of it—speaking, as they did, bad arguments in broad Scotch. But the Lord Advocate's speech was good; the speeches of Laing and Gillies were better; and Gerald's speech annihilated the remembrance of all the eloquence that had ever been heard within the walls of that house. He quieted the judges, in spite of their indecent interruptions of him, and produced a silence in which you might have heard a pin fall to the ground. At the close of his defence, he said, 'And now, gentlemen of the jury—now that I have to take leave of you forever, let me remind you that mercy is no small part of the duty of jurymen; that the man who shuts his heart on the claims of the unfortunate, on him the gates of mercy will be shut, and for him the Saviour of the world shall have died in vain!' At this finish I was moved, and, turning to a stranger beside me, apparently a tradesman, I said to him, 'By heavens, sir, that is a great man!' 'Yes, sir,' he answered; 'he is not only a great man himself, but he makes every other man feel great who listens to him.'"

This scene of political excitement made a lasting impression on Campbell, and he returned to college to read the liberal newspapers, declaim in the debating societies on the rights of man and the corruption of modern legislation, and postpone for a while Greek poetry to the records of Greek patriotism. What he saw, felt, and dreamed of at this period, exerted, no doubt, a marked influence on his whole subsequent career.

At the close of his third session, Campbell was distinguished by new academic honors. In the Moral Philosophy class he received a prize for his poetical essay on the Origin of Evil. In the Greek class he gained the first prize for the best translations from the *Clouds* of Aristophanes. The latter circumstance he thus alludes to in one of his manuscript notes: "Professor Young pronounced my version, in his opinion, the best essay that had ever been given in by any student at the university. This was no small praise to a boy of fifteen, from John Young, who, with the exception of Miller, was the ablest man in the college."

One day, shortly before the close of this session, while Professor

Arthur, of the Moral Philosophy chair, was showing the university to an English gentleman, who had come into the class-room, Campbell says: "I happened to be standing unobserved behind him, and could hear distinctly the conversation that passed between them. 'And is there any one among your students,' inquired the stranger, 'who shows a talent for poetry?' 'Yes,' said the professor, 'there is one Campbell, who shows a very promising talent.' Little knew the professor that I was listening to this question and answer. In explanation of this 'talent,' I had written in Arthur's class a verse essay on the Origin of Evil, for which I afterwards received the prize, and which gave me a local celebrity throughout all Glasgow, from the High Church down to the bottom of the Saltmarket! It was even talked of, as I am credibly informed, by the students over their oysters at Lucky M'Alpine's, in the Trongate!"

Campbell's intimate associates in his college days were James Thomson and Gregory Watt. The former, a fellow-student from Lancashire, was his friend and correspondent till the poet's death, and to him most of his early letters were addressed. For more than half a century the links of this friendship were kept bright. "No distance," wrote the young student in 1794, when he thought of emigrating to America, "shall put an end to our epistolary correspondence. Our friendship, though begun in the years of youth, I trust shall survive that period, and be immutably fixed in graver years." This dream of youthful enthusiasm proved a reality. It was to Mr. Thomson's order that two marble busts of the poet were long afterwards executed by Bailey, and the admirable portrait by Sir Thomas Lawrence, now prefixed to most of the editions of his works, was also commissioned by this friend of a life-time. The three friends were rivals in scholarship and in the clubs, but competition seems never to have impaired their common attachment. "Gregory is still among us," wrote Campbell from Glasgow, in April, 1795, to his friend Thomson. "He and I are at present very intimate, but as different souls as ever God created. Gregory is all volubility and solution of copper; for *me*, you would take me for a Spaniard — as sober as Socrates. Our prizes are to be decided to-morrow, for the summer exercises. I care not two pence about the event. Professor ——'s '*gènteelity*' in his prizes has made me a stoic about obtaining them. Gregory speaks of writing you; he has made a fine

figure at college this winter, and has a chance of several premiums. God bless you, my friend Thomson ! ”

Campbell took prizes as usual, though he had made up his mind to be very indifferent to them in the event of failure. They were given for translations from the Latin and Greek, of which the chorus to the *Medea* is the only one that has been included in his collected poems. But the loss of the “everlasting” chancery suit, and its incidents, had entirely deprived his parents of their little remaining property ; and it became necessary for the young poet to make some exertion for his own support. Through the aid of the college professors, he obtained a remunerating exile to Mull, in the Hebrides, in the shape of a private tutorship in the family of a young widow lady, “a namesake and connection of his own.” Here he wrote letters to his friend Thomson ; translated the whole Clouds of Aristophanes, and the Coephore of Æschylus ; indulged in “botanizing” rambles in the neighborhood ; and studied pictures of glen, heath, rock, torrent and the sea, which, at various intervals, in after years, were reproduced in his poems. Before taking up his residence at Mull, he had sportively speculated on the impossibility of “making an elopement from the Hebrides to Gretna Green in a coach-and-four ;” and looked only for a “calm retreat for study and the Muses.” He was not called upon to make the trial, though he found “plenty of beauties in Mull,” more than one of whom seems to have inspired his song. Here he became acquainted with the young lady to whom the pretty poems were addressed that are published under the title of “Caroline ;” and here a “rural beauty” prompted verses hardly less worthy of a place in his collected works.

When he first went to Mull, he was very dull and melancholy, and he wrote his friend Thomson that it was a place ill-suited to rub off the rust of an ill temper. “Every scene you meet with in it,” he says, “is, to be sure, marked by sublimity and the wild majesty of nature ; but it is only fit for the haunts of the damned, in bad weather.” Poetry, love-making, and the Greek dramatists, however, would soon have reconciled Campbell to a more dismal place than Mull ; and, from the moment he received his books and a supply of paper, he thanked God he could “call himself happy.” “The point of Callioch,” wrote the poet long afterwards, “commands a magnificent prospect of thirteen Hebrid-islands, among which are

Staffa and Icolmkill, which I visited with enthusiasm. I had also, now and then, a sight of wild deer sweeping across that wilder country, and of eagles perching on its shore. These objects fed the romance of my fancy, and I may say that I was attached to Sunipol, before I took leave of it. Nevertheless, God wot, I was better pleased to look on the kirk steeples, and whinstone causeways of Glasgow, than on all the eagles and wild deer of the Highlands." Callooch is on the northern shore of Mull, and Sunipol was the house of the good lady with whom he resided.

To the kirk steeples and whinstone causeways of Glasgow the poet returned, and resumed his duties as student and tutor for the session which terminated his university career.

CHAPTER II.

CAMPBELL hesitated long and wavered much in the choice of a profession. It was desirable, from the circumstances of his parents, that he should engage in some pursuit from which he could derive an immediate income. He was too poor to study for any one of the learned professions, even if he had entertained a decided choice among them. He tried all by turns, and sometimes thought seriously of embarking in trade, and joining his brothers in America.

In the early part of his academic career, Campbell studied with a view to the church ; his prospects of preferment were small as far as family patronage and influence were concerned, but bright enough, perhaps, in view of the powers which he was conscious of possessing. At this period he read Hebrew with the students of theology ; cultivated a knowledge of the most celebrated divines, and wrote a hymn on the Advent which has merit enough still to keep its place in many collections of religious poetry. The study of medicine or surgery was attempted. Campbell managed well enough with the lectures, but the dissecting-room was too much for him. If he had any professional predilection, it was probably for the law. " Had I

possessed but a few hundred pounds," says the poet, in his autobiographical notes, "I should certainly have studied for the bar." "Thomas," wrote his sister Elizabeth to their brother Alexander, "has attended the college near six years, is perfectly master of the languages, and last year he studied law. That is the line he means to pursue, and what I think nature has just fitted him for. He is a fine public speaker, and, I make no doubt, will make a figure at the bar." He passed some weeks in the office of a writer to the Signet, and attended Professor Miller's lectures on Roman law, and took "several choice books on jurisprudence" to the Highlands with him, and studied them with interest. But the result of his practical connection with the law is thus given in a letter to his friend Thomson: "Well, I have fairly tried the business of an *attorney*, and, upon my conscience, it is the most accursed of all professions! Such meanness, such toil, such contemptible modes of peculation, were never moulded into one profession!" He then pronounces a hearty "malediction on the law in all its branches." "It is true," he adds, "there are many emoluments; but I declare to God that I can hardly spend, with a safe conscience, the little sum I made during my residence in Edinburgh!" With these feelings, we may well suppose that the world might have lost an Ovid without gaining a Murray, if Campbell had devoted himself to the profession. His forte was literature, and he was destined to earn his bread and his fame in the same field.

On taking final leave of the university, Campbell was engaged to return to Argyleshire as domestic tutor to the only son of Colonel Napier, who lived with his mother at Downie, his grandfather's estate. "He is a most agreeable man,"—wrote Campbell of the father to his friend Thomson,— "with all the mildness of a scholar and the majesty of a British grenadier. The son is about eight years of age, and a miniature picture of his father. The colonel is uncommonly refined in his manners, for one who has been a soldier from his seventeenth year. I suppose you will not like him the worse for being a great-grandson of the celebrated Napier of Merchiston. I believe he does not intend staying long with his father-in-law at Downie, but proposes to go with his wife to Edinburgh, or, perhaps, — Heaven grant it! — to *London*. O, Thomson, if the

fates should be so good as to send us thither, I should certainly shake hands with *one* friend in that great metropolis."

"I am lying dormant here," he wrote in October, 1796, "in a solitary nook of the world. The present moments are of little importance to me: I must expect all my pleasure and pain from the remembrance of the past and the anticipation of the future! This is, I believe, the case with all men, but more so with one in solitude. I contrive, however, to relieve the *tædium vitæ* with a tolerable variety of amusements. I have neat pocket copies of Virgil and Horace, affluence of English poets, a sort of flute, and a choice selection of Scotch and Irish airs. I have the correspondence of a few friends, and, though I have no companion, yet, by means of a few post-reconciliations, I can safely venture to think that there is not a soul under heaven bears to me a serious grudge. Life is thus tolerable; but, were my former correspondence with my best and earliest friend renewed to its wonted vigor, I should be completely happy!"

Downie was but a short distance from Inverary, the residence of the lady to whom he had addressed verses at Mull, and whom he styles the adorable Caroline. In her family he was a constant visitor, with his friend Hamilton Paul, who thus sketches a scene with the poet, as they were rambling along the shore of Loch-Fyne: "The evening was fine, the sun was just setting behind the Grampians. The wood-fringed shores of the lake, the sylvan scenes around the castle of Inverary, the sunlit summits of the mountains in the distance, — all were inspiring. Thomas was in ecstasy. He recited poetry of his own composition, — some of which has never been printed, — and then, after a moment's pause, addressed me: 'Paul, you and I must go in search of adventures! If you will personate Roderick Random, I will go through the world with you as Strap!'"

While at Downie in the autumn, he complained to a friend of being caged in by rocks and seas from the haunts of man, and the once-prized interviews with his Amanda. In the spring following he communicated, in the strictest secrecy, to the same friend, that his evening walks were sometimes accompanied by one who for a twelve-month past had won his "purest, but most ardent affection." "You may well imagine," he adds, "how the consoling words of such a person warm my heart into ecstasy of a most delightful nature."

It is left a little doubtful, on the face of the letters, whether this consolation was administered by Amanda or the adorable Caroline, or whether they were one and the same person. However that may have been, his youthful attachment was of the class sometimes considered unfortunate, as his charmer consoled herself with a suitor who possessed more substantial attractions.

“Mull and Downie,” says Dr. Beattie, “were the two schools in which he combined the study of Highland characteristics, moral and physical, and the recollection of which furnished him with many life-like pictures, which he afterwards recast and sent forth to the world. The house he once inhabited, the primitive hospitality he had often enjoyed, the patriarchal suppers, the domestic circle, the warm hearts of the inmates, and the stanch Jacobite at their head, are sketched with a force and brevity that show how faithfully they had been treasured up in the poet’s mind.”

His engagements at Downie terminated, Campbell returned, with disappointed hopes and sad prospects, to his father’s house at Glasgow. Here a violent attack of fever relieved his morbid and excited sensibilities, and prepared him to enter on his struggle with the world. In the metropolis he determined to seek his fortunes, and to Edinburgh he went, with nothing but sanguine hopes to sustain him, a little money in his pocket, and the dead weight (for all convertible purposes) of two translations from Euripides and Æschylus nearly ready for the press. Here he obtained the temporary employment which he regarded as experience in an attorney’s office. While his fortunes were at their lowest ebb, he formed an acquaintance which marks, in the judgment of his biographer, “a most important epoch in his history.” He was introduced to Dr. Anderson, a gentleman who seems to have enjoyed a deservedly high social position in Edinburgh, and who is known in literature as the author of certain lives of the British poets, prefixed to an ill-edited and ill-printed collection of their works. The handsome face of Campbell happened to attract the eyes of the young ladies, and they managed to have him introduced to their father. His poetry completed the conquest of the family. The doctor was as much charmed with the lad’s verses as the girls had been by his fine eyes; and Miss Anderson, many years afterwards, described his first visit in a man-

ner so lively as to show that it must have produced the strong impression she represents :

“It was a most interesting scene ; and, although very young, it made a deep and lasting impression upon us. Mr. Campbell’s appearance bespoke instant favor : his countenance was beautiful ; and, as the expression of his face varied with his various feelings, it became quite a study for a painter to catch the fleeting graces as they rapidly succeeded each other. The pensive air which hung so gracefully over his youthful features gave a melancholy interest to his manner, which was extremely touching. But when he indulged in any lively sallies of humor he was exceedingly amusing ; every now and then, however, he seemed to check himself, as if the effort to be gay was too much for his sadder thoughts, which evidently prevailed. As Dr. Anderson became more and more interested in the young poet, he sought every occasion to awaken in his favor a similar interest in the minds of others : and in this effort he succeeded.”

Dr. Anderson introduced his young friend, with a warm recommendation, to Mr. Mundell, the bookseller, who immediately employed him to prepare an abridged edition of Bryan Edwards’ *West Indies*, for the sum of twenty pounds. On this visit Campbell remained but about two months at Edinburgh, when he returned to Glasgow to finish his translation of the *Medea*, and the preparation of his abridgment for Mundell. For the *Medea* he received an offer from his new friend, the bookseller ; but the intention of publishing it was abandoned, from the conviction probably that it would not pay. While at Glasgow he planned a magazine that was never started, but he still continued an amateur student of the law. “My leisure hours,” he wrote to Dr. Anderson, “I employ in perusing Godwin, and the *Corpus Juris*. The latter I always held as a somniferous volume ; but really, on closer inspection, there is something amusing as well as improving in tracing the mental progress of mankind from the period of the Twelve Tables till the advanced time of Justinian.”

Campbell mixed freely in the general society of Glasgow, and continued to cultivate relations with his old college professors. Of these, John Miller, for forty years professor of law in the university, seems to have been his favorite. John Young, the Greek professor, Campbell remembered as a man of great humor, with an exquisite

sense of the ludicrous ; of Professor Jardine he spoke as the “ amiable,” the “ benign,” the “ philosophic.” He thought all the professors at Glasgow very respectable, college-like persons, but of Miller he wrote with enthusiasm. “ There was an air,” he said, “ of the high-bred gentleman about Miller, that you saw nowhere else, — something that made you imagine such old patriots as Lord Belhaven, or Fletcher of Saltoun. He was a fine, muscular man, somewhat above the middle size, with a square chest, and shapely bust, a prominent chin, gray eyes that were unmatched in expression, and a head that would have become a Roman senator. He was said to be a capital fencer ; and to look at his light, elastic step when he was turned of sixty disposed you to credit the report. But the glory was to see his intellectual gladiatorship, when he would slay or pink into convulsions some offensive political antagonist. He spoke with no mincing affectation of English pronunciation ; but his Scoto-English was as different from vulgar Scotch as that of St. James’s from St. Giles’s. Lastly, he had a playfulness in his countenance and conversation that was graceful from its never going to excess.”

On completing his abridgment, he returned to Edinburgh, performing the journey on foot. For a while he obtained sufficient employment from Mundell, but was obliged to have recourse again to the uncongenial vocation of a tutor. “ And now,” wrote Campbell, many years later, “ I lived in the Scottish metropolis by instructing pupils in Greek and Latin. In this vocation I made a comfortable livelihood as long as I was industrious. But The Pleasures of Hope came over me. I took long walks about Arthur’s Seat, conning over my own (as I thought them) magnificent lines ; and, as my Pleasures of Hope got on, my pupils fell off. I was not friendless, nor quite solitary, at this period, in Edinburgh. My aunt, Mrs. Campbell, and her beautiful daughter Margaret, — so beautiful that she was commonly called Mary Queen of Scots, — used to receive me kindly of an evening, whenever I called ; and it was to them — and with no small encouragement — that I first recited my poem, when it was finished.” Before he became known as an author, he was intimate with Francis Jeffrey, and with Thomas Brown, afterwards the successor of Dugald Stewart in the Moral Philosophy chair of Edinburgh. With John Richardson, then serving his apprenticeship with a writer to the Signet, and James Grahame, an advocate

at the Scottish bar (author of "The Sabbath"), Campbell at this time formed an intimacy, which continued till the death of Grahame in 1811, and between the survivors for forty-six years, unimpaired. Richardson enjoyed through life the confidential friendship, not only of Campbell, but of Walter Scott and Joanna Baillie.

Allusion has been made to the intention some time entertained by Campbell of joining his brothers in America. The final abandonment of this purpose was communicated to his friend Thomson, in a letter, that is interesting from the evidence it gives of the early republican bias which marked Campbell's political character through life. The letter is dated at Edinburgh, March 30th, 1798 :

"You were among the few to whom I mentioned my resolution of going to——, and you may well suppose I congratulate myself now upon the discretion with which I mentioned it; *being compelled by necessity to stay at home!* Yes, there is surely either a fate or a Providence, or a blind necessity, which regulates the course of things. Ever since I knew what America was, I have loved and respected her government and state of society; but, without incurring censure, I cannot yet become a citizen of that enviable country. My youngest brother, who resides there, anxious to see me once more, negotiated for me, at my request, and procured me a situation; but my eldest brother, who is a man of more experience, forbids me to quit Britain till I have acquired more useful knowledge. I venerate his opinion, and, however unwilling, I relinquish my wish."

Such as we have described it in the preceding pages, was the training of Campbell for the production of *The Pleasures of Hope*. For the merely artistic portion of it he had been thoroughly schooled in the Greek and Roman classics, and was familiar with the masters of the best English style. In the practice of composition he had enjoyed no little experience. Besides the elaborate translation from the Greek dramatists, on which he had bestowed so much time and toil, he had written several original poems, some of which, with the choruses of *Medea*, he admitted, notwithstanding his fastidiousness, to a permanent place in his collected works. He had written not only his *Elegy in Mull*, which is said to have been the poem that first commended him to the attention of Dr. Anderson, but the two parts of the pretty poem addressed to Caroline, an elegy entitled *Love and Madness*, and the touching ballads of *The Wounded*

Hussar, and The Harper. The Dirge of Wallace, The Epistle to the Three Ladies of Cart, and the Lines to a Rural Beauty, were also poems of this period, which possess a merit and interest independent of the youth of the author, in the production of which he had tried and disciplined his wonderful powers.

His experience of life had not been large, but it had been not unfavorable to the cultivation of his poetical genius. The summer, which in childhood he had passed in the country, impressed upon his mind scenes and images of quiet beauty which were never effaced. The trial for treason, which he attended at Edinburgh, excited his earnest sympathies, and taught him to feel deeply with humanity struggling for enfranchisement in whatever land. He had loved, too, measurably, and, as well as we can guess, more than once; and had been consoled for his disappointments, and learned to play his flute, and write verses to a new love when he was off with the old. The wild and stern displays of nature in her gloom and sublimity he had studied in the Hebrides and Highlands, in moods which sometimes made him an apt learner in so severe a school. But, above all, he felt the continual spur and impulse of necessity. Academic competition and honors had made the praise of men a want with him; and he had a name to make, and a position to win in the world, by which he might achieve a fortune or a fame that would give lustre to circumstances even more humble than his own. It is this ungentle and irksome necessity that has been the origin of the greatest works of man, and to which, beyond all things else, we are indebted for *The Pleasures of Hope*. If Campbell had been a child of wealth, he would have dreamed away life as an amateur and critic of the works of others; but poverty compelled him to be a "maker" himself.

In his notes of this year he narrates an anecdote of his friend, Mr. Thomas Robertson, with whose kindness he seems to have been deeply impressed. "I had a friend at this time," he says, "whose kindness I shall never forget." . . . "He had seen the manuscript of *The Pleasures of Hope*, and, calling on me one morning, he said, 'Campbell, if you need money for the printing of the poem, my purse is at your service. How much will it cost?' At a random guess, I said 'Fifteen pounds. — But, my dear fellow,' I added, 'God only

knows when I may be able to repay you !' — 'Never mind that,' he replied, and left me the money ; but for the fifteen pounds I had a hundred and fifty calls more pressing than the press itself."

Campbell had at first intended to publish the poem by subscription ; but finally, through his friend Dr. Anderson, submitted the manuscript to Mundell, the only bookseller with whom he had formed any profitable connection. After some discussion, the copyright was sold "out and out" for sixty pounds, in money and books. So scanty and precarious were the resources of its author at that time, he could not be dissuaded from thus disposing of the poem ; and though, about three years afterwards, a London bookseller estimated the value at an "annuity of two hundred pounds for life," it is not probable that Mundell thought he was driving a hard bargain. The publisher, indeed, behaved with so much liberality that the poet received from the first seven editions of his work the large sum of nine hundred pounds, notwithstanding he had divested himself of all legal interest in the copyright.

"The Pleasures of Hope," says Campbell in his reminiscences, "appeared exactly when I was twenty-one years and nine months old. It gave me a general acquaintance in Edinburgh. Dr. Gregory, Henry Mackenzie, the author of the *Man of Feeling*, Dugald Stewart, the Rev. Archibald Alison, the '*Man of Taste*,' and Thomas Telford, the engineer, became my immediate patrons." With Walter Scott he had been previously acquainted ; and, soon after the appearance of his poem, was invited by him to a dinner-party of his select literary friends, among whom Campbell found himself an entire stranger. No introduction took place ; but, after the cloth was removed, Scott rose, and, with a kind and complimentary reference to the poem, proposed a bumper to the "Author of the *Pleasures of Hope*." "The poem," he added, "is in the hands of all our friends ; and the poet," pointing to a young gentleman on his right, "I have now the honor of introducing to you as my guest."

In a letter written, thirty years afterwards, to Mrs. Arkwright, the daughter of Stephen Kemble, we find a paragraph of peculiar interest, as containing the poet's description of himself at this period, and fixing the locality which suggested one of the remarkable passages in his poem. "The day that I first met your honored father," he wrote, "was at Henry Siddons', on the Calton Hill, in Edinburgh.

The scenery of the Frith of Forth was in full view from the house ; the time was summer, and the weather peculiarly balmy and beautiful. I was a young, shrinking, bashful creature : my poems were out but a few days ; and it was neck or nothing with me, whether I should go down to the gulf of utter neglect or not ; although, with all my bashfulness, I had then a much better opinion of myself and my powers than I have at this moment. Your dear father praised my work, and quoted the lines —

‘ ’T is distance lends enchantment to the view,’ &c.,

looking at the very hills that had suggested the thought ! Well, I thought to myself (for, as I have said, I was at that time enormously vain), there is some taste in this world, and I shall get on in it ; and my heart is warmed to the name of Kemble ever since. We are, alas ! very selfish ; and there was a vivid picture of that little party in my mind, when I went with an ardent heart to join in the thunders of applause that welcomed your gifted relative, who is to be the queen of our stage.” It is hardly necessary to add that the lady to whom he referred was Miss Fanny Kemble.

The original manuscript of *The Pleasures of Hope* is in existence, in good preservation, in the autograph of the poet. It formerly belonged to the late Dr. Murray, Professor of Oriental Languages, and was at the time of Campbell’s death in the possession of Mr. Patrick Maxwell, a literary gentleman of Edinburgh. The MS. consists of about forty or fifty paragraphs, extending over some twenty pages, and containing above four hundred lines. At the end of the poem is *The Irish Harper’s Lament for his Dog*, word for word as it is now printed under the title of *The Harper*.

From this manuscript the following extract, shortly after the poet’s death, was inserted in the *Edinburgh Advertiser*, with Mr. Maxwell’s permission, as a literary curiosity :

ORIGINAL INTRODUCTION TO THE “PLEASURES OF HOPE.”

Seven lingering moons have crossed the starry line
 Since Beauty’s form or Nature’s face divine
 Had power the sombre of my soul to turn, —
 Had power to wake my strings and bid them burn.
 The charm dissolves ! What Genius bade me go
 To search the unfathomed mine of human woe —

The wrongs of man to man, of clime to clime,
 Since Nature yoked the fiery steeds of Time ;—
 The tales of death — since cold on Eden's plain
 The beauteous mother clasped her Abel slain ;
 Ambitious guilt — since Carthage wept her doom ;
 The Patriot's fate — since Brutus fell with Rome ?

The charm dissolves ! My kindling fancy dreams
 Of brighter forms inspired by gentler themes ;
 Joy and her rosy flowers attract my view,
 And Mirth can please, or Music charm anew ;
 And Hope, the harbinger of golden hours,
 The light of life, the fire of Fancy's powers,
 Returns : — again I lift my trembling gaze,
 And bless the smiling guest of other days.

So when the Northern in the lonely gloom,
 Where Hecla's fires the Polar night illumine,
 Hails the glad summer to his Lulean shores,
 And, bowed to earth, his circling suns adores.

So when Cimmerian darkness wakes the dead,
 And hideous Nightmare haunts the curtained bed,
 And scowls her wild eye on the maddening brain,
 What speechless horrors thrill the slumbering swain,
 When shapeless fiends inhale his tortured breath,
 Immure him living in the vaults of death ;
 Or lead him lonely through the charnelled aisles,
 The roaring floods, the dark and swampy vales !
 When rocked by winds he wanders on the deep,
 Climbs the tall spire, or scales the beetling steep,
 His life-blood freezing to the central urn,
 No voice can call for aid, no limb can turn,
 Till eastern shoot the harbinger of day,
 And Night and all her spectres fade away !

If then some wandering huntsman of the morn
 Wind from the hill his murmuring bugle horn,
 The shrill sweet music wakes the slumberer's ear,
 And melts his blood, and bursts the bands of fear ;
 The vision fades — the shepherd lifts his eye,
 And views the lark that carols to the sky.

Many of the passages in the original draft are the same as they stand in the printed poem ; others have been retouched, and others entirely suppressed. The whole poem, indeed, was much amplified

and altered ; and the poet was aided in the process of revision by the severe and judicious criticism of Dr. Anderson, to whom he was indebted for many kind offices, which he recognized by dedicating to him the first volume of his poems.

“ The rapture of April, 1799,” says a writer in the *Quarterly Review*, “ on the first appearance of *The Pleasures of Hope*, was very natural. Burns had lately died. Cowper was sunk in hopeless insanity, soon to be released. Their vivid examples had not sufficed to abolish the drowsy prestige of Hayley. Of the great constellation that has since illuminated us, but few of the more potent stars had ascended above the horizon. Crabbe, under a domestic sorrow of which Campbell was destined to participate, had fallen into a dejected inactivity, and was all but forgotten. Rogers had some years earlier published *The Pleasures of Memory*, to which *The Pleasures of Hope* owed more than the suggestion of a title ; but that genial effusion only promised the consummate graces since displayed, though too parsimoniously, by its now venerable author. Wordsworth and Coleridge had sent forth *Lyrical Ballads*, some of them exquisitely beautiful, and in the aggregate most deeply influential ; but these were as yet, and for a long while after, appreciated only within a narrow circle ; no one misunderstood and undervalued them more than did Campbell himself. Southey had produced nothing that survives in much vitality. Moore was at college, or at Anacreon. Byron had not yet lain dreaming under the elm of Harrow, nor Wilson listened to ‘ the sweet bells of Magdalen tower.’ The moment was fortunate, and the applause more creditable to the public than advantageous (in the upshot) to the new poet.”

CHAPTER III.

THE sale of his poem had improved Campbell's finances ; and with a little money in his pocket he was always buoyant and sanguine. He determined to travel, Goldsmith fashion, on the continent. His

career had been decided. It was to be that of a man of letters ; and in this view it was important for him to become acquainted with the literature and literary men of Germany. On his route he was to be joined by his friend Richardson, and together they were to produce a volume of travels, that was to go far towards paying their expenses. Then he was engaged on a poem styled *The Queen of the North*, in which he was to celebrate the glories and independence of Scotland. Of this poem he had already composed several fragments, and had contracted for its illustration with Mr. Williams, whom he describes as an artist of first-rate genius in his profession of a landscape painter. Fortunately, too, he had formed a connection, through some of his whig friends, with Perry, the liberal and gentlemanly editor of the *Morning Chronicle*, of London, for whose columns he was employed as a correspondent. The projected poem and the volume of travels both failed, and his only substantial resources in Germany proved to be Perry and *The Pleasures of Hope*.

In June, 1800, in company with his brother Daniel, who intended to establish himself on the continent as a manufacturer, the young poet embarked at Leith for Hamburg. His prudence had overcome his anxiety to visit London and its celebrities ; and he consoled himself for losing the sight of Godwin, Mackintosh, Mrs. Siddons and his friend Thomson, by the reflection that he should see Schiller and Goëthe, the banks of the Rhine and the mistress of Werter.

“ Besides, upon reflection,” as he records himself, in a letter of that period, “ I see the propriety of making my first appearance in London to the best advantage. At present I am a raw Scotch lad, and, in a London company of wits and geniuses, would make but a dull figure with my northern brogue and ‘ braw Scotch boos.’ I am not satisfied with my quantum of literature, but intend to write a few more books before I make my *débüt* in London. In reality, my fixed intention, on returning from Germany, is to set up a course of lectures upon the Belles Lettres. I had some thoughts of lecturing in Edinburgh, but cannot think of remaining any longer in one place.

“ If London should not offer encouragement, I mean to try Dublin. I think this a respectable profession, as the showman of the bear and monkey said, when he gave his name to the commissioners of the income tax, as an itinerant lecturer on Natural History.”

Campbell met a kind reception among the British residents at

Hamburg, where he resided nine or ten weeks to acquire some knowledge of the language and country, before proceeding to the interior. "I have seen the great Klopstock," he wrote, soon after his arrival, to John Richardson, "and given him a copy of the third edition;" and the "mild, civil old man" returned the compliment by letters of introduction to his friends in other parts of Germany. With Klopstock he conversed only in Latin, a language which enabled him to make his way very well with the French and Germans, and still better when he fell in with the Hungarians.

From Hamburg he proceeded to Ratisbon, on the Danube, — the ancient capital of Bavaria, — where he arrived three days before it was taken by the French. The scenery of his route he describes in a letter to Dr. Anderson, in prose, which even his best poetry hardly surpasses. The incidents of war, which he witnessed, he paints with equal brilliancy and effect; and if any one of his contemporaries has achieved anything better in the same style, it was surely not at the age of two and twenty, or in a sketch designed only for the eye of private friendship. He writes, on the 10th of August, 1800, from Ratisbon:

"What are the expectations of politicians now with regard to peace? Everything here is whisper, surmise, and suspense. If war breaks out, the bridge over the Danube is expected to be blown up! You may guess what a devil of a splutter twenty-four large arches will make, — flying miles high in the air, and coming down like falling planets to crush the town! Joking apart, — and indeed the event will be no joke, — Ratisbon will be shivered to atoms; and, as no premonition is expected, the inhabitants may be buried under the ruins. But, in spite of all conjectures to the contrary, I think peace is not far off.

"My journey to Ratisbon was tedious, but not unpleasant. The general constituents of German scenery are corn-fields, — many leagues in extent, — and dark tracts of forest equally extensive. Of this the eye soon becomes tired; but in a few favored spots there is such an union of wildness, variety, richness and beauty, as cannot be looked upon without lively emotions of pleasure and surprise. We entered the valley of Heitsch, on the frontier of Bavaria, late in the evening, after the sun had set behind the hills of Saxony. A winding road through a long woody plain leads to this retreat. It

was some hours before we got across it, frequently losing our way in the innumerable paths that intersect each other. At last the shade of the forest grew deeper and darker, till a sudden and steep descent seemed to carry us into another world. It was a total eclipse ; but, like the valley of the shadow of death, it was the path to paradise. Suddenly the scene expanded into a broad grassy glen ; lighted from above by a full and beautiful moon, it united all the wildness of a Scotch glen with the verdure of an English garden. The steep hills on either side of our green pathway were covered with a luxuriant growth of trees, where millions of fire-flies flew like stars among the branches. Such enchantment could not be surpassed in Tempé itself. I would travel to the walls of China, to feel again the wonder and delight that elevated my spirits when I first surveyed this enchanting scene. An incident apparently slight certainly heightened the effect produced by external beauty. While we gazed up to the ruined fortifications, that stretched in bold, broken piles across the ridge of the mountain, military music sounded at a distance. Five thousand Austrians, on their march to Bohemia (where the French were expected to penetrate), passed our carriage in a long broad line, and encamped in a wide plain, at one extremity of the valley. As we proceeded on our way, the rear of their army, composed of Red-coats and Pandours, exhibited strange and picturesque groups, sleeping on the bare ground, with their horses tied to trees ; whilst the sound of the Austrian trumpets died faintly away among the echoes of the hills.

“It was a sudden transition from the beauties of an interesting journey to the horrors of war and confusion that prevailed at Ratisbon. The richest fields of Europe desolated by contending troops. Peasants driven from their homes to starve and beg in the streets ; horses dying of hunger, and men dying of their wounds, were the dreadful novelties at this time. A few more agreeable circumstances tended to lessen the effect of these disagreeable scenes. The novelty of everything around me, the splendor and sublimity of the Catholic service, and the hospitality of the good monks [of the Benedictine Scotch College of St. James] in their old marble hall, amused me into peace of mind, as far as tranquillity could be enjoyed in such perilous times. The music of our high church cathedral is beyond conception. On the morning before the French entered Ratisbon, a

solemn ceremony was held. One passage in the Latin service was singularly apropos to the fears of the inhabitants for siege and bombardment. The dreadful prophecy, 'O, Jerusalem, Jerusalem ! thou shalt be made desolate !' was chanted by a loud, single voice, from one end of the long echoing cathedral. A pause, more expressive than any sound, succeeded ; and then the whole thunder of the organs, trumpets and drums, broke in. I never conceived that the *terrific* in music could be carried to such a pitch.

" Within two hours an alarm was given for the Hungarian infantry to march from the camp, and support their retreating countrymen. Their music, though less sacred, was perfect in its kind. The effect of this military exhibition, the most impressive that could be witnessed, was heightened by the sound of distant artillery, and the flashing of carbines in the neighboring wood, where the French and Austrian Roth-mantels skirmished in small parties. The appearance of dead and wounded men carrying past gave a serious aspect to the scene, and convinced the spectator that he was not witnessing the scene of a holiday parade."

Here was Campbell "fairly caged," — the French in Ratisbon and the Austrians in the village of Haddamhoff on the other side. Now and then he went to the Scottish convent ; but his republican politics were not suited to that meridian ; and he denounces the monks as lazy, greasy and ignorant. The French officers were more after his own heart, and, in general, "famous fellows." Of his mode of life at this time, and his views of pedestrian travel, we find an account, in a letter to his "dear and much-wished-for friend," Richardson, which, in style and substance, seems to us Goldsmith over again.

"Ratisbon is a place of much note in the history of Germany. We must learn all the striking events connected with its legends. You may judge what we could live upon, by the rate of my expenses here ; and I believe, upon an average, you cannot live much cheaper in any other city. My room costs two florins — four shillings — per week. I lodge with a surgeon, called Deisch, a very gentle and agreeable man. He sends me dinner and a glass of good beer from his own table, for eighteen *kreuzers*, or sevenpence a day, to my own room. This is fully as cheap as the most reasonable eating-house would demand ; and the victuals are always clean and wholesome. The wood for my winter-store, Father Boniface tells me, will cost about thirty

shillings for a half-year. Tea and sugar are high ; but of these we might have a sufficient quantum from home, without possibility of detection. The room is large enough to hold two beds ; and, if our stocks were joined, we might live for half nothing. We might keep sufficient company at a tenth of the expense we could at Edinburgh ; for the only treat is a dish of coffee, or a glass of beer, at twopence a bottle.

“ Travelling is very cheap to those who know the coins, and the mode of procedure. Travelling even as ‘ *Milord Anglais*,’ I could hardly spend a guinea a day. With economy, and on foot, we may visit all the corners of Germany, travel a space of three thousand miles, stop at convenient stages for a few days at a time, and be masters of all the geographical knowledge worth learning, for *thirty pounds apiece*. I reckon thus : We set out with a stick, fitted as an umbrella, — a nice contrivance, very common here, — with a fine Holland shirt in one pocket, our stockings and silk breeches in the other, and a few cravats, wrapt in clean paper, in the crowns of our hats. This, with a pocket-book, is all the baggage we require. Books for entertainment and assistance must be deferred till we stop at some considerable towns, where there are always good libraries, and where we ought to stop, with introductory letters, a few days at least. Of these I can get sufficient. At country inns a bed and supper are had for half-a-crown apiece. Refreshments of coffee for sixpence, and of bread and beer for twopence. On reaching towns, if we manage properly, and search for a cheap little berth in the suburbs, we may live with equal economy. This is the cheapest way of travelling ; and, even should my literary schemes succeed this year beyond expectation, I am determined to put it in practice ; for I have neglected economy too long ; and, thank God, we are both philosophers enough to despise hardships for the sake of knowledge and expansion of mind. Travelling along with you, my dear friend, a crust of rye bread will be pleasanter than the finest fare in your absence.”

Campbell left Ratisbon late in October, and returned, by way of Leipsic, to Altona, where he resided until he embarked for England. Meanwhile, his situation had been, in many respects, difficult and painful. For several weeks he remained without news from home. He was solitary, dejected, anxious for the future, and in a state of uncertainty and suspense with regard to what “ was saying or doing

in Britain." He was troubled about the yet unfinished Queen of the North. His letters to Richardson during this period express an earnest longing for his friend's presence. "O, how I shall leap," he says, "when I see you spring from the packet to the Danish shore! Then, my boy, for Buda! the Danube! the hills of Bavaria! Vienna! Our tour shall delight the universe!" A fit of sickness confined him for many weeks, disabled and dispirited him, broke up his plans, and arrested all intellectual exertion. On the 25th of December, he wrote to his long-expected and still missing friend Richardson:

"By February — even by the middle of January — nay, even for certain by the 15th of January — I shall have sent to Perry twenty-four pieces of poetry; he could not insert more in a year's time, and by that period I shall be entitled surely to fifty pounds. This is all my resource. If you do not come by Yarmouth, write to him for my sake; and, on condition of twenty-four pieces being sent by that period, request, with dignified politeness, that amount; and offer twenty pieces to be sent next year for the like sum, — all as highly polished as regard to my reputation can induce me to make. What could I *not* do, were you beside me! This is all hush-work; no sending through the drum, or talking of it in Mundell's shop. Fortified with fifty pounds, I defy fate! I know how to travel and live frugally. Judge of my economy when I tell you that I can at present content myself with two meals a day, of which dinner costs *eight-pence* and supper *sixpence*.

"Let us plunge down to Hungary, and there we can live comfortably upon ten shillings a week, for all the expenses of each. From this to Munich — which is worthy of a whole volume in our travels — we can walk for four pounds apiece; and you may get by water down to Presburg or Ofen for a guinea, or less. Walking, I must repeat it, is our best plan; sure and independent. Let your luggage be little; but bring, for God's sake, Shakspeare, and a few British classics. These things will be sent to Ratisbon, and thence down the Danube at small expense. I forgot to mention Adams' Comparison of Ancient and Modern Geography; also, if you wish to keep me from cutting my throat, bring the materials detailed in my last. March, March! I will ever bless thy bleak, pale face, if thou givest me my friend!"

The materials referred to were scraps, hints and extracts, touching the history and tradition of Edinburgh, and some details in regard to the surrounding scenery, for his contemplated Queen of the North.

Of fourteen pieces communicated to Perry during Campbell's residence on the Danube and the Elbe, but a few have been admitted to a place in his collected poems. Of these, the first was *The Exile of Erin*, written immediately after his arrival at Altona, and suggested by the fortunes of Anthony M'Cann, a refugee Irishman, whose acquaintance Campbell had made at Hamburg. The song is to an old Irish air, which had been often used as the medium of similar sentiments. The *Lines on Revisiting a Scene in Argyleshire* were first sketched in 1798, but were finished at Hamburg, and transmitted from Germany for the columns of the *Morning Chronicle*. The *Beech-tree's Petition* was written at the request of his sister Mary, and the venerable subject of the poem still stands in the garden of Ardwell, the seat of J. Murray M'Culloch, Esq., who relates the following anecdote: "On occasion of one of my happy visits to Abbotsford, my friend Sir Walter and I were taking a forenoon's walk over his fields. In our conversation, some allusion was made to *The Pleasures of Hope*, and to the celebrated author of that fine poem; when Sir Walter said, 'By the by, I was lately told that the Beechen Tree of Tom Campbell stands in your garden at Ardwell. This I took upon me to contradict, for I had never heard my friend Campbell say that he had been at Ardwell; nor did I ever hear *you* say that he had been there.' I answered, 'Indeed, my dear sir, you have unintentionally done us injustice: for it stands in our garden, and we are very proud of our classic and celebrated Beech. We must not be deprived of our tree, especially by such authority as yours; so you must get the matter authenticated as soon as you have any opportunity of doing so.'" Scott was satisfied by this explanation that the Campbell Beech really stood in Mr. M'Culloch's garden, and promised to rectify his error on every appropriate occasion.

The *Ode to Winter* and *Ye Mariners of England* were among the most finished and successful lyrics composed in Germany.

The latter was first suggested by hearing the air played at the house of a friend in Edinburgh, but was finished at Altona. It was

published by Mr. Perry, with this title: "Alteration of the Old Ballad Ye Gentlemen of England, composed on the Prospect of a Russian War,"—and was signed "Amator Patriæ."

This Ode was followed by Lines written on seeing the unclaimed Corpse of a Suicide exposed on the Banks of a River; and the Name Unknown, imitated from Klopstock. These poems, as they are now published, do not differ materially from the original manuscript.

Of his minor pieces, and the larger poem in contemplation, he thus writes to Richardson: "Look westward from Charlotte-street and tell me what are the principal scenes, or if connected with anything describable. Do see the same from the *west*. Is Benledi or Benlomond visible? What can be said of that view? Look from the castle, and see what views it can possibly afford. What is there remarkable about the Abbey? and where is the place of 'refuge'? Roslin Castle,—try, my dear friend, what can be done with that. * * *

"The subject, I think seriously, is capital. I have got an episode to the college, which pleases me. As to my labors this summer, they have been but ineffectual. God knows what a state of spirits I have enjoyed. But there is one piece, on the Valley of Eldurn, which I think well-polished and classical. Wallace is bold and irregular,—of its merit I am more doubtful. The Exile of Erin pleases Tony MacCann and his brethren. I would send Perry my Latin verses on the Deer, but you will see the subject is taken into the Valley of Eldurn. * * *

"I request your caution most earnestly about what I have said about the Queen of the North. Keep up the public mind. We shall do it this summer in our halting-place. I expect you to be the bearer of the materials."

The Valley of Eldurn we suppose to be the first sketch of his beautiful poem on leaving a scene in Bavaria, and the incident which suggested the allusion to the wounded deer is related in one of those descriptive passages which make some of his letters exquisite prose poems. "I have explored," he writes, "new and wonderful regions of romantic scenery on the Danube, and its tributary streams. Formerly I talked of scenery from pictures and imagination. But now I feel elevated to an enthusiasm which only wants your society to be

boundless, when I scour the woods of gigantic oak, the bold and beautiful hills, the shores and the rocks upon the Danube.

"Some days of this harvest have been truly fine. The verdure has revived from the heat of summer, which before had entirely parched it. What think you of valleys scoured by wild deer, lined with woods of rich and sublime growth, and scented with wild plums and Indian beans? The myrtle and vine, that would starve in our bleak climate, grow wild upon the rocks, and twine most beautifully round the caves, where the wild deer hide themselves, inaccessible to the dogs and the hunter. I saw an instance of this myself: a poor animal flew up the heights, close to my path, dived into the rocks, and neither search nor scrutiny, nor crying nor shouting, could dislodge her. The huntsman and his pack returned from this place, which I have christened the 'rock of mercy,' *rupes misericordiae*. I have written some Latin lines upon it, which I may show you some day in my portfolio."

It was in March, 1801, that the English squadron under Nelson sailed for the coast of Denmark. Rumors of this naval armament had preceded it, and Campbell came to the conclusion that no man in his senses would remain on the continent who was not independent of any connection with Great Britain. He embarked for Leith, but the vessel in which he sailed, on parting with her convoy, was spied by a Danish privateer, and chased into Yarmouth Roads, where Campbell quitted her, and took coach for London. There he arrived with few shillings in his pocket; but found Perry, and met with a most warm and cordial reception. "I will be your friend," said Perry. "I will be all that you could wish me to be." All the "fears and blue devils" of the young poet were dissipated by these few words of earnest and hearty encouragement. "Come, my dear Richardson," he wrote to his friend, "and enhance all the good fortune I enjoy by your precious society! You will be acquainted with Perry also, and must, like me, admire him. His wife is an angel, and his niece a goddess. I am over head and ears in love with the latter. Leap into your boots like Lefleur, and be in London to-morrow."

In the notes of his first visit to London, he says: "Calling on Perry one day, he showed me a letter from Lord Holland, asking about me, and expressing a wish to have me to dine at the King of Clubs. Thither with his lordship I accordingly repaired, and it was

an era in my life. There I met, in all their glory and feather, Mackintosh, Rogers, the Smiths, Sydney, and others. In the retrospect of a long life, I know no man whose acuteness of intellect gave me a higher idea of human nature than Mackintosh ; and, without disparaging his benevolence, — for he had an excellent heart, — I may say that I never saw a man who so reconciled me to hereditary aristocracy like the benignant Lord Holland.”

While intoxicated with this social and literary success, he learned, suddenly, the death of his father, at the patriarchal age of ninety-one. He immediately left London by sea for Edinburgh. On the voyage a lady passenger startled him with news of the arrest of Campbell the poet, for high treason. Not only was he arrested, but he was confined in the Tower, and likely to be executed. He laughed at this, and had forgotten it, when, as he was at dinner a week or two afterwards, he had a summons to attend the Sheriff of Edinburgh. The officer carried a search-warrant, and he and his papers were conveyed to the sheriff. That magistrate received him with solemnity. One of his fellow-voyagers from the Elbe to Yarmouth had been a certain Donovan, who had commanded a regiment of rebels at Vinegar Hill. Government had been warned of this man's return by some Hamburg spy, who thought fit to add that he had for his companion the author of *The Exile of Erin* and other dangerous songs, a travelling agent of the *Morning Chronicle*, notorious when in Germany for haunting rebel society, and vehemently suspected of having conspired with Moreau in Austria, and with the Irish at Hamburg, to get a French army landed in Ireland. Donovan was now in the Tower, and it might be necessary to confront his associate with him. Campbell answered that he had never seen Donovan except on board the Hamburg ship, and was wholly ignorant of his subsequent adventures. The sheriff opened the trunk, and began to examine the MSS. Innocent letters and diaries appeared, fragments of poems, and, by and by, the original draft of *Ye Mariners*, which this loyal functionary had not before heard of, and now read with equal surprise and delight. “ Mr. Campbell,” said he, “ this is a cold, wet evening — what do you say to our having a bottle of wine during the examination of your treasonable papers ? ” The sheriff, of course, dismissed him in good humor.

On his return to Edinburgh, he found his family affairs dismal

enough. The small pension paid, during his father's lifetime, by the Merchants' Society at Glasgow, was discontinued. This, Campbell, with his usual generous feelings, undertook to make good. He also proposed that two of his sisters, who were then employed as governesses in private families, should get rid of their engagements, join their mother, and set up a boarding-school of their own in Edinburgh. The plan was adopted: it insured comfort otherwise unattainable for the destitute family, and for a time promised well. The poet, before quitting London, had been "liberally considered" by Perry, and he looked forward to a subscription edition of *The Pleasures of Hope*, which his publisher permitted him to issue for his exclusive benefit. He was released from his obligations in regard to *The Queen of the North*, and agreed to execute for Mundell a compendium of English History, from the accession of George III. to the commencement of the present century, in three volumes octavo, at one hundred pounds each. This work is said to be a very useful abridgment, unambitiously written, and of convenient reference.

In the autumn of this year (1801), Lord Minto, who had then recently returned from the court of Vienna, where he had resided as British Envoy Extraordinary, invited him on a visit to Minto Castle. The invitation was accepted, and the result of the visit was so agreeable to both parties that Campbell consented to take up his quarters for the ensuing season at his lordship's mansion in Hanover-square, where a "poet's room" was prepared for his reception.

His lordship availed himself occasionally of his services as secretary; but Campbell was now master of his time, and had the best opportunities of introduction to London society. At Mr. Perry's table he met the same distinguished men who had bid him welcome on his arrival from Germany; and at the King of Clubs, to which he was taken by Lord Holland and Mackintosh, he mingled with the first literary and political men of the metropolis. His happiest moments at this period seem to have been passed with Mrs. Siddons, the Kembles and his friend Telford, the distinguished engineer, whom he describes as a "fellow of infinite humor," and a most useful cicerone in London, from his universal acquaintance and popular manners. Telford, on the other hand, always manifested an affectionate attachment for Campbell, as well as a high admiration for his genius.

At the close of the parliamentary session, Lord Minto started for Scotland, taking the poet with him as his travelling companion. Campbell remained a while in Edinburgh, and did not reach Castle Minto till late in August, when he found there, among other visitors, one whom he mentions as "our Tyrtæus of the Edinburgh volunteers — Walter Scott." It was while under his lordship's roof that *Lochiel* and *Hohenlinden* were composed, revised, and finally prepared for the press. It was intended that they should first appear in the subscription quarto copy of his poems; but they were published anonymously by themselves, and dedicated to the Rev. Mr. Alison. When he read his manuscript of *Lochiel* to Mrs. Dugald Stewart, the good lady rose very gravely from her chair, walked across the room, and, laying her hand gently upon his head, said, "This will bear another wreath of laurel yet!" This little compliment made a strong impression on the mind of Campbell, and he alludes to it as one of the principal incidents in his life which gave him confidence in his own powers.

It was long before *Lochiel* could be put into a shape that satisfied the poet. The first sketch of it was completed over a cup of tea, at two o'clock in the morning, at Castle Minto. The idea that "coming events cast their shadow before" had struck him between sleeping and waking at that seasonable hour, and, with that wrought out, he finished the poem on the spot. Some passages which he afterwards struck out he restored at the suggestion of Scott, with whom the poem was a great favorite. But Campbell had infinite trouble with it, and he wrote Lord Minto that he had made so many attempts to remodel it, and found it incorrigible, that he was tempted to throw it away in vexation. Washington Irving, in his biographical sketch of Campbell, speaks of this poem and *Hohenlinden* "as exquisite gems, sufficient of themselves to establish his title to the sacred name of poet." But the poet himself did not seem to think much of *Hohenlinden*, and considered some of the verses "d——d drum-and-trumpet lines." This we have from Sir Walter Scott, who relates an amusing anecdote in regard to it. "John Leyden," says Scott, "introduced me to Campbell. They afterwards quarrelled. When I repeated *Hohenlinden* to Leyden, he said, 'Dash it, man! tell the fellow that I hate him. But, dash him, he has written the finest verses that have been published these

fifty years.' I did mine errand as faithfully as one of Homer's messengers, and had for answer, 'Tell Leyden that I detest him; but I know the value of his critical approbation.'"

If this communication took place before the 27th March, 1803, Campbell's resentment was stronger than his vanity, for under that date he writes of his sturdy critic in a strain that is anything but complimentary. "London," he says, "has been visited in one month by John Leyden and the influenza! Saul hath slain his thousands, and David his tens of thousands. They are both raging with great violence. John has been dubbed *Dr. Leyden*, and the influenza has been called *La Grippe*. The latter complaint has confined Telford and myself for a week or so; the former has attacked us several times." Three or four days afterwards he wrote, "Leyden has gone at last, to diminish the population of India."

Dr. Beattie clears up Scott's passing allusions to this feud. Campbell had fancied he traced to Leyden an absurd exaggeration of his earlier distresses — which at last, it seems, took the shape of a newspaper paragraph, detailing how he had been actually on his way to Leith to drown himself, when he fell in with the school-master Park, and that thus his very life was due to the first interview with Dr. Anderson. Campbell's pride was grievously wounded, and he never forgave the imputed offence. "We have no belief," says an intelligent writer in the *North British Review*, "that Leyden either invented the story or wrote the paragraph; but we can very easily understand that there was a repulsive instinct between that very rough subject and the pretty-looking, probably somewhat prim little junior, originally no doubt introduced to his notice as the Pope of Glasgow."

His poem published and the subscriptions still pouring in, the *Annals* in progress at one hundred pounds the volume, a fifty-pound bank-note in actual possession, and withal "few or no debts," Campbell thought he could safely venture upon matrimony. During the summer he had fallen in love with his cousin, and his love was returned. Of his intended change of condition he wrote to his friend, Dr. Currie, that it began with a dash of romance quite sufficient for a modern novel, "for the lady's name is Matilda, and we intend to live in a cottage. What more romance would you wish for? — a poet, a cottage, a fine name, and a fortuneless marriage. It will set many

an empty head a shaking to devise by what infatuation the poor youth has set his face against the ills of life, with this increase of responsibility! But it is happy that human prosperity does not depend upon frigid maxims. A strong and virtuous motive to exertion is worth uncounted thousands, for encountering life with advantage."

Early in September, 1803, the London newspapers announced the marriage of "Thomas Campbell, Esq., author of *The Pleasures of Hope*, to Matilda, youngest daughter of Robert Sinclair, Esq., of Park-street, Westminster."

CHAPTER IV.

THE marriage of Campbell and his cousin was one of love on both sides. In the poet's eye his wife was a beautiful, lively and lady-like woman. She had travelled too; and Campbell's stories of the Elbe and Danube were matched by hers of the Rhone and Loire. In Geneva she had learned the art of making the best cup of Mocha in the world; and there was a tradition that the Turkish ambassador, seeing her at the opera in a turban and feathers, asked who she was, was told she was a Scottish lady, and thereupon said he had seen nothing so beautiful in Europe. "Her features," says Dr. Beattie, "had much of the Spanish cast; her complexion was dark; her figure graceful, below the middle size; she had great vivacity of manners, energy of mind, and sensibility, or rather irritability, which often impaired her health."

In a letter to the American publishers of Dr. Beattie's biography, Washington Irving confirms the poet's accounts of her personal beauty, and states that her mental qualities seemed equally to justify his eulogies. "She was, in fact," he adds, "a more suitable wife for a poet than poets' wives are apt to be; and for once a son of song had married a reality, and not a poetical fiction."

The young couple took lodgings in the first instance in Pimlico, where Campbell entered upon a course of life that he thought would

insure his industrious application to literature. "I am habitually contented," he wrote to his sister Mary, some three weeks after marriage, "and disposed to write from morning till night. Give me but the continuance of this prosperity, and, if vexations from external quarters do not come in upon my balance of mind, I shall ask no other blessing from Heaven but the habit of industry. Luckily, my wife is as domestic as myself. She sits all day beside me at her seam, and, except to receive such visitors as cannot be denied, we sit forever at our respective vocations. I ask no more from Heaven than to be allowed calmly and peaceably to work for my bread in this manner; and, if I can only do so, there is no earthly doubt that my circumstances will expand—not to competency, but to wealth. This is a full and true picture of my present situation and future prospects."

At Pimlico their first boy was born, and was christened Thomas Telford, after Campbell's old friend, who stood sponsor on the occasion. The young father's introduction to him is thus tenderly described in a letter to Dr. Currie: "Our first interview was when he lay in his little crib, in the midst of white muslin and dainty lace, prepared by Matilda's hands,—long before the stranger's arrival. I verily believe that lovelier babe was never smiled upon by the light of heaven. He was breathing sweetly in his first sleep—I durst not waken him, but ventured one kiss. He gave a faint murmur, and opened his little azure lights. Since that time he has continued to grow in grace and stature. I can take him in my arms, but still his good nature and his beauty are but provocatives to the affection which one must not indulge; he cannot bear to be hugged, he cannot yet stand a worrying. O, that I were sure he would live to the days when I could take him on my knee, and feel the strong plumpness of childhood waxing into vigorous youth! My poor boy! shall I have the ecstasy of teaching him thoughts, and knowledge, and reciprocity of love to me? It is bold to venture into futurity so far. At present, his lovely little face is a comfort to me; his lips breathe that fragrance which it is one of the loveliest kindnesses of nature that she has given to infants—a sweetness of smell more delightful than all the treasures of Arabia. What adorable beauties of God and nature's bounty we live in without knowing! How few have ever seemed to think an infant beautiful! But to me there seems to

be a beauty in the earliest dawn of infancy which is not inferior to the attractions of childhood, especially when they sleep. Their looks excite a more tender train of emotions. It is like the tremulous anxiety we feel for a candle new lighted, which we dread going out."

All the poet's letters in the early stages of married life show that, whatever he may have suffered from insufficient or ill-managed resources, or from over-tasking his mental faculties to sickness, his connection was a fortunate and happy one. "They were greatly attached," — we are told by a lady who visited Mr. and Mrs. Campbell at Pimlico, — "Mrs. C. studied her husband in every way. As one proof, — the poet being closely devoted to his books and writing during the day, she would never suffer him to be disturbed by questions or intrusion, but left the door of his room a little ajar, that she might every now and then have a silent peep of him. On one occasion she called me to come softly on tiptoe, and she would show me the poet in a moment of inspiration. We stole softly behind his chair — his eye was raised, the pen in his hand; but he was quite unconscious of our presence, and we retired unsuspected."

"In my married life," says Campbell, "I lived a year in town, and then took and furnished a house at Sydenham, to which I brought my young wife and a lovely boy." In that happy home he lived seventeen years, laboring sometimes at much uncongenial task-work, but regularly and conscientiously, even under the pressure of bodily pain.

"Laboring in this way" (to quote his own words), "I contrived to support my mother, and wife and children. * * * * * Life became tolerable to me, and, at Sydenham, even agreeable. I had always my town friends to come and partake of my humble fare on a Sunday; and among my neighbors I had an elegant society, among whom I counted sincere friends. It so happened that the dearest friends I had there were thorough Tories; and my Whigism was as steadfast as it still continues to be; but this acquaintance, ripening into friendship, called forth a new liberalism in my mind, and possibly also in theirs. On my part, I know that it softened the rancor of my prejudices, without affecting the sincerity of my principles; and I would advise all spirits that are apt to be over-

excitable, like myself, on party questions, to go sometimes—not as a spy, but as a truce-bearer,—into the enemy's camp, and useful views and knowledge will be discovered among them when they are least suspected."

Of his personal and pecuniary circumstances at all times information has been communicated to the world in unnecessary detail. It is a topic frequently touched upon in letters not intended for the public eye, and which in our judgment ought to have been suppressed. They are all highly honorable, however, to Campbell. If he was compelled to borrow small sums, he was scrupulous in their prompt repayment. In his extremest need, too, something was sure to "turn up" to prevent his distress from becoming serious. But a memoir of Campbell would be incomplete that failed to make some allusion to a subject which has been so thoroughly blazoned, and which we desire once for all to dispose of by the following extracts from his letters :

"I do not mean to say that we suffered the absolute privations of poverty. On the contrary, it was rather the fear than the substance of it which afflicted us. But I shall never forget my sensations when I one day received a letter from my eldest brother in America, stating that the casual remittances which he had made to my mother must now cease, on account of his unfortunate circumstances; and that I must undertake, *alone*, the pious duty of supporting our widowed parent. * * * * * Here, now, I had two establishments to provide for—one at Edinburgh; and another at Sydenham; and it may be remembered that in those times the price of living was a full third-part dearer than at present. I venture to say that I could live, at the time I now write, as comfortably on four hundred pounds a year, as I could have then lived on an income of six hundred. The war prices put all economy to flight and defiance." * * * * * In another passage, he says, "I had never known, in earnest, the fear of poverty before, but it now came upon me like a ruthless fiend. If I were sentenced to live my life over again, and had the power of supplicating Adversity to spare me, I would say, 'O, Adversity! take any other shape!'" * * * * * "To meet these pressing demands," he adds, "I got literary engagements both in prose and poetry; but a malady came over me, which put all poetry, and even imaginative prose, out of the question.

My anxiety to wake in the morning, in order to be at my literary labors, kept me awake all night; and, from less to more, I became a regular victim to the disease called the Coma-vigil. Any attempt at original composition on my part was at this time out of the question. But the wolf was at the door; and, besides the current expenses of our common maintenance, I had to meet the quarterly payment of usurious interest, on a debt which I had been obliged to contract for our new furniture, and for the very cradle that rocked our first-born child. The usurious interest to which I allude was forty pounds a year upon a loan of two hundred pounds—a Judaic loan.

“Throbbing as my temples were, after sleepless and anxious nights, I was obliged next day to work at such literary labor as I could undertake—that is, at prosaic tasks of compilation, abridgment, or commonplace thought, which required little more than the labor of penmanship.

“I accepted an engagement to write for the *Star* newspaper, and the *Philosophical Magazine*, conducted by Mr. Tulloch, the editor of the *Star*, for which I received at the rate of two hundred pounds a year. But that sum—out of which I had to pay for a horse on which I rode to town every day—was quite inadequate to my wants; so I betook myself to literary engagements that would allow me to labor all day in the country. Dispirited beneath all hope of raising my reputation by what I *could* write, I contracted for only anonymous labor—and, of course, at an humble price.”

It was during his early residence at Sydenham that Campbell completed Lord Ullin's Daughter, which had been first planned in the Island of Mull. Two of his poems written in Bavaria were now also revised for publication—The Turkish Lady and The Soldier's Dream. Then, too, the famous Battle of the Baltic was finished. “I am stagnated by the cares of the world,” he wrote to Walter Scott, on the 27th March, 1805; “I have only fought one other battle—it is Copenhagen. I wonder how you will like it in its incorrect state.” Dr. Beattie affords us the opportunity of comparing it in this state with the finished poem :

THE BATTLE OF COPENHAGEN.

Of Nelson and the North
Sing the day !
When, their haughty powers to vex,
He engaged the Danish decks,
And with twenty floating wrecks
Crowned the fray !

All bright, in April's sun,
Shone the day !
When a British fleet came down,
Through the islands of the crown,
And by Copenhagen town
Took their stay.

In arms the Danish shore
Proudly shone ;
By each gun the lighted brand,
In a bold determined hand,
And the Prince of all the land
Led them on !

For Denmark here had drawn
All her might !
From her battle-ships so vast
She had hewn away the mast,
And at anchor to the last
Bade them fight !

Another noble fleet
Of their line
Rode out, but these were naught
To the batteries, which they brought,
Like Leviathans afloat,
In the brine.

It was ten of Thursday morn,
By the chime,
As they drifted on their path
There was silence deep as death,
And the boldest held his breath
For a time —

Ere a first and fatal round
 Shook the flood ;
 Every Dane looked out that day,
 Like the red wolf on his prey,
 And he swore his flag to sway
 O'er our blood.

Not such a mind possessed
 England's tar ;
 'T was the love of noble game
 Set his oaken heart on flame,
 For to him 't was all the same
 Sport and war

All hands and eyes on watch,
 As they keep ;
 By their motion light as wings,
 By each step that haughty springs,
 You might know them for the kings
 Of the deep !

'T was the Edgar first that smote
 Denmark's line ;
 As her flag the foremost soared,
 Murray stamped his foot on board,
 And an hundred cannons roared
 At the sign !

Three cheers of all the fleet
 Sung huzza !
 Then, from centre, rear and van,
 Every captain, every man,
 With a lion's heart began
 To the fray.

O, dark grew soon the heavens —
 For each gun,
 From its adamant lips,
 Spread a death-shade round the ships,
 Like a hurricane eclipse
 Of the sun.

Three hours the raging fire
 Did not slack ;

But the fourth, their signals drear
Of distress and wreck appear,
And the Dane a feeble cheer
Sent us back.

The voice decayed, their shots
Slowly boom.
They ceased — and all is wail,
As they strike the shattered sail,
Or in conflagration pale
Light the gloom.

O! death — it was a sight
Filled our eyes!
But we rescued many a crew
From the waves of scarlet hue,
Ere the cross of England flew
O'er her prize.

Why ceased not here the strife,
O, ye brave?
Why bleeds old England's band,
By the fire of Danish land,
That smites the very hand
Stretched to save?

But the Britons sent to warn
Denmark's town;
Proud foes, let vengeance sleep
If another chain-shot sweep —
All your navy in the deep
Shall go down!

Then, peace instead of death
Let us bring!
If you'll yield your conquered fleet,
With the crews, at England's feet,
And make submission meet
To our king!

Then death withdrew his pall
From the day;

And the sun looked smiling bright
On a wide and woful sight,
Where the fires of funeral light
Died away.

Yet all amidst her wrecks,
And her gore,
Proud Denmark blest our chief
That he gave her wounds relief;
And the sounds of joy and grief
Filled her shore.

All round, outlandish cries
Loudly broke;
But a nobler note was rung,
When the British, old and young,
To their bands of music sung
“Hearts of oak!”

Cheer! cheer! from park and tower,
London town!
When the king shall ride in state
From St. James's royal gate,
And to all his peers relate
Our renown!

The bells shall ring! the day
Shall not close,
But a blaze of cities bright
Shall illuminate the night,
And the wine-cup shine in light
As it flows!

Yet—yet, amid the joy
And uproar,
Let us think of them that sleep
Full many a fathom deep
All beside thy rocky steep,
Elsinore!

Brave hearts, to Britain's weal
Once so true!
Though death has quenched your flame,
Yet immortal be your name!
For ye died the death of fame
With Riou!

Soft sigh the winds of heaven
O'er your grave !
While the billow mournful rolls,
And the mermaid's song condoles,
Singing — glory to the souls
Of the brave !

It was at this time that Campbell first thought of the publication of specimens of the British Poets, and communicated his plan to Scott in the letter containing a draft of the foregoing poem. Scott's ideas with regard to publishing were on a larger scale than Campbell's; and on the 12th of April they were developed in a letter to his partner, James Ballantyne, apparently on the suggestion of his brother-poet. "I have imagined," he says, "a very superb work. What think you of a complete edition of British Poets, ancient and modern? Johnson's is imperfect and out of print; so is Bell's, which is a Lilliputian thing; and Anderson's, the most complete in point of number, is most contemptible in execution both of the editor and printer. There is a scheme for you!" Further correspondence took place between Scott and Campbell on the subject, and some negotiation with the booksellers. It was contemplated to unite their labors in the production of the larger work suggested by Scott. Constable entered warmly into the scheme, and Campbell had some conference with Cadell and Davies, London publishers, who had been treating with Sir James Mackintosh for the biographical and critical prefaces to a similar work. Campbell offered the same terms which were suggested by Mackintosh — a thousand pounds for thirty lives; but the booksellers higgled about the price, and the negotiation appears to have been broken off on this difference of terms. Hence, instead of giving the world a really superb and valuable collection, edited by Scott and Campbell, the booksellers secured for their proposed publication the cheap services of Mr. Alexander Chalmers, whom Lockhart describes as one of their own Grub-street vassals. This, said Campbell, was disgraceful even to booksellers. One man, he was told, offered to stake his whole reputation on the work for one hundred and fifty pounds; and Chalmers was not reluctant to contract for three hundred. The publishers saved seven hundred pounds by the operation, and lost the making of many times seven hundred. A twelvemonth afterwards, Campbell formed the acquaintance of

Murray of Fleet-street, whom he found a "very excellent, and gentleman-like man — albeit a bookseller;" and none the less so, no doubt, in the poet's judgment, for being willing to pay a thousand pounds for the Lives, by the partnership. But Scott, by this time, was too much involved in his own literary labors to resume the undertaking; and Campbell negotiated with Murray for the Specimens, which did not appear for many years afterwards.

Campbell's second son was born on the 2d of June, in this year, and in a long letter addressed to Mr. Alison, we find a humorous sketch of his two boys, and his nursery amusements.

"17th July. — * * Your beloved namesake is growing a sweet and beautiful child. The elder, Telford, I am sorry to send you less favorable accounts of. Don't alarm yourself, however, for his health; it is his moral dispositions which are become rude and savage! * * * He talks a language like man in his pristine barbarity, consisting of unmodulated cries and indefinite sounds. He is rapacious, and would eat bread and milk till the day of judgment; but he is obliged to stint his stomach to five loaves and as many pints of milk per diem, besides occasional repasts. He is mischievous, and watches every opportunity to poke out little Alison's eyes, and tear the unformed nose from his face! He had not been christened, but only named, till Alison and he were converted to Christianity together. The watering of the young plants was a very uncommon scene. Telford scolded the clergyman, and dashed down the bowl with one smash of his Herculean arms. He continued boasting and scolding the priest, till a wild cry of Y-a-men! from the clerk, astonished him into silence. The first meeting of Telford and his young friend of the nursery was diverting. T. had seen no live animal of the same size, except the lambs on the Common, which he had been taught to salute by the appellation of B-a-a! This was for some time his nickname for your namesake.

"The importance of these pieces of information may well be called in question; but you remember the anecdote of some one who was found on his knees playing with his bairns, and who asked his visitor 'Have you ever been a father?' I shall not incur your contempt by confessing that I have worn out the knees of my breeches, not so much by praying as by creeping after Telford, the rumbustical dog! What

would we give to have one day of *you* at Sydenham, to join our creeping party !”

For the disappointment of his great scheme with his brother poet, and the “happiness he had built upon it,” he was to some extent consoled by an event that figures in a laconic and agreeable postscript to a letter, otherwise in a very low key, to Walter Scott :

“P. S. *His Majesty has been pleased to confer a pension of 200*l.* a year upon me.* . . . GOD SAVE THE KING !”

It is not known to whom, nor for precisely what services, Campbell was indebted for this seasonable assistance. At the time it was ascribed to the suggestion of one of the princesses, who had been charmed with his poetry, and had interceded with the king in his behalf. Campbell’s notes on the subject are in very general terms. “My pension,” he says, “was given to me under Charles Fox’s administration. So many of my friends in power expressed a desire to see that favor conferred upon me, that I could never discover the precise individual to whom I was indebted for it. Lord Minto’s interest, I know, was not wanting : but I hope I may say, without ingratitude to others, that I believe Charles Fox and Lord Holland would have bestowed the boon without any other intervention.”

“Before that event, I had labored under such gloomy prospects as I am reluctant to look back upon ; and I should probably consign the history of them to oblivion, if I gave way to unmanly feeling or false pride. But everything that is false in my pride gives way to the gratitude which I owe to those friends who rallied round me at that period ; and it would be black ingratitude if I could forget that in one of those days I was saved from taking a debtor’s lodgings in the King’s Bench by a munificent present which the Rev. Sydney Smith conveyed to me from Lady Holland.”

The pension netted him, after the deduction of fees and expenses, one hundred and sixty-eight pounds a year, — half of which he reserved to his own use, and the residue he divided between his mother and sisters. While some of his friends had exerted themselves thus beneficially with the ministry, others were seeking to make some permanent provision for his family, by again publishing a subscription edition of his poems. The celebrated Francis Horner, one of the poet’s earliest friends, worked hard for him, and with good success. In a letter to Richardson, Horner says, “It may do you good, among

the slaves in Scotland, to let it be known that Mr. Pitt put his name to the subscription when he was at Bath, and we hope that most of the ministers will follow him."

Campbell mentions a dinner at Lord Holland's, where he met Fox, in the spring of 1806. "What a proud day," he says, "to shake hands with the Demosthenes of his time — to converse familiarly with the great man whose sagacity I revered as unequalled, — whose benevolence was no less apparent in his simple manners, — and to walk arm-in-arm round the room with him!" They spoke of Virgil. Fox was pleased, and said at parting, "Mr. Campbell, you must come and see me at St. Anne's Hill; there we shall talk more of these matters." Fox, turning to Lord Holland, said, "I like Campbell, he is so right about Virgil."

"What particularly struck me about Fox," the poet adds, "was the electric quickness and wideness of his attention in conversation. At a table of eighteen persons, nothing that was said escaped him, and the patest animadversion on everything that was said came down smack upon us; so that his conversation was anything but passively indolent or unformidable. * * * My hope of seeing Charles Fox at St. Anne's Hill was frustrated, alas! by the national misfortune of his death ———"

This year was passed by Campbell chiefly in seclusion at Sydenham, in revising an edition of Johnson's Lives, and in writing several new biographical sketches of the poets. Towards its close he is said to have made the first outline sketch of Gertrude of Wyoming.

CHAPTER V.

A WRITER in the *Quarterly Review* gives a lively description of the society by which Campbell was surrounded at Sydenham. The neighborhood was studded with the residences of comfortable families connected with the commerce of London, and with several of these the poet and his wife soon came to be on a footing of close intimacy.

"Weary wives, idle widows, involuntary nuns, were excited splendidly by such a celebrity at their doors. The requests for autographs were unceasing. No party could be complete without *The Pleasures of Hope*; he was here in no danger of being overborne or outshone.

"By-and-by he joined a volunteer regiment, called the 'North Britons,' and for a time was constant at drill, and also at mess. This last was not good for his health. Already, his newspaper engagement bringing him daily to town, he had been quite enough exposed to the temptation of festive boards and tavern meetings. Moreover, temptations of a like kind were not wanting at Sydenham itself. There were jolly aldermen there, as well as enthusiastic spinsters. Above all, the original of *Paul Pry*, Tom Hill, then a flourishing dry-salter in the city, and proprietor and editor of the *Theatrical Mirror*, had a pretty box in the village, where on Saturdays convened the lights of song and the drama, Matthews, Liston, Incedon, and with them their audacious messmate and purveyor, the stripling Hook. The dignity of Campbell's reputation surrounded him amidst these merry-makers with a halo before which every head bowed — which every chorus recognized. All this was very different from Holland House, from the King of Clubs — even from the Divan in the Row. To Campbell it was more fascinating. Even so Goldy, in the circle of Burke and Johnson, sighed secretly for his Irish poetasters and index-makers, and the 'shoemaker's holidays,' as he called them, of Highbury Barn."

But it was in the midst of all these influences — unfavorable as they may have been to poetic inspiration — that Campbell composed *Gertrude of Wyoming*. This exquisite poem was completed in 1808, and published in the following year with a dedication to Lord Holland. The proof-sheets were read by Mr. Alison and one or two judicious friends in Edinburgh; but it does not appear that the poem was submitted to any such processes as no doubt greatly improved *The Pleasures of Hope*. Among the friends permitted to peruse the manuscript was the editor of the *Edinburgh Review*, who favored the author with an epistolary critique, to the justice of which every appreciating reader of Campbell must assent:

"EDINBURGH, March 1st, 1809.

* * * * "I have seen your *Gertrude*. The sheets were sent to Alison, and he allowed me, though very hastily, to peruse them. There is great

beauty, and great tenderness and fancy in the work — and I am sure it will be very popular. The latter part is exquisitely pathetic, and the whole touched with those soft and skyish tints of purity and truth which fall like enchantment on all minds that can make anything of such matters. Many of your descriptions come nearer the tone of ‘The Castle of Indolence’ than any succeeding poetry, and the pathos is much more graceful and delicate. * * * But there are faults, too, for which you must be scolded. In the first place, it is too short, — not merely for the delight of the reader, but, in some degree, for the development of the story, and for giving full effect to the fine scenes that are delineated. It looks almost as if you had cut out large portions of it, and filled up the gaps very imperfectly. * * *

“There is little or nothing said, I think, of the early love and of the childish plays of your pair, and nothing certainly of their parting, and the effects of separation on each — though you had a fine subject in his European tour, seeing everything with the eyes of a lover, a free man, and a man of the woods. * * * It ends rather abruptly, — not but there is great spirit in the description, but a spirit not quite suitable to the soft and soothing tenor of the poem. The most dangerous faults, however, are your faults of diction. There is still a good deal of obscurity in many passages, and in others a strained and unnatural expression — an appearance of labor and hardness; you have hammered the metal in some places till it has lost all its ductility.

“These are not great faults, but they are blemishes; and, as dunces will find them out, noodles will see them when they are pointed to. I wish you had had courage to correct, or rather to avoid them; for with you they are faults of over-finishing, and not of negligence. I have another fault to charge you with in private, for which I am more angry with you than for all the rest. Your timidity, or fastidiousness, or some other knavish quality, will not let you give your conceptions glowing, and bold, and powerful, as they present themselves; but you must chasten and refine and soften them, forsooth, till half their nature and grandeur is chiselled away from them. Believe me, my dear C., the world will never know how truly you are a great and original poet till you venture to cast before it some of the rough pearls of your fancy. Write one or two things without thinking of publication, or of what will be thought of them — and let me see them, at least, if you will not venture them any further. I am more mistaken in my prognostics than I ever was in my life, if they are not twice as tall as any of your full-dressed children. * * * I write all this to you in a terrible hurry, but tell me instantly when your volume is to be out.

“F. JEFFREY.”

By his friends in Edinburgh the new poem was hailed with a general acclamation of delight, to which the reading public of Great Britain gave a cordial response. In the following spring a second edition was called for. Meanwhile, with a facility somewhat remarkable for Campbell, he sketched the touching story of O'Connor's Child in the autumn, finished it in December, and published it in the same volume with Gertrude.

In 1811, Campbell was invited to deliver a course of lectures before the Royal Institution, for one hundred guineas—the terms proposed by himself. Two were to be delivered before and three after Easter, in the following year. To his brother Alexander the poet wrote that it was a “very honorable appointment.” “I hope,” said Sir Walter Scott, “that Campbell’s plan of lectures will succeed. I think the brogue may be got over, if he will not trouble himself by attempting to correct it, but read with fire and feeling. He is an animated reciter, but I never heard him read.”

In February of the year 1812, the poet’s mother died at Edinburgh, at the age of seventy-six. She had been for several months a sufferer, and Campbell said that he felt more at the news of her first shock of paralysis than at her decease. “It is only,” said he, “when I imagine her alive in my dreams, that I feel deeply on the subject.”

Meanwhile, the time approached for the delivery of his lectures, of which we find, in a letter of the poet, the annexed synopsis. “I begin my first lecture with the Principles of Poetry; I proceed, in my second, to Scripture, to Hebrew, and to Greek Poetry. In the fourth, I discuss the Poetry of the Troubadours and Romancers, the rise of Italian Poetry with Dante, and its progress with Ariosto and Tasso. In the fifth, I discuss the French theatre, and enter on English poetry—Chaucer, Spenser, Shakspeare. In the sixth, Milton, Dryden, Pope, Thomson, Cowper and Burns, are the yet unfinished subjects. It forms a sort of chronological, though necessarily imperfect, sketch of the whole history of Poetry. My endeavor is to give portraits of the succession of the truly great poets in the most poetical countries of Europe. I forgot to say that I have touched also on Oriental poetry.”

Of the poet’s success in his new vocation we learn from one of his own letters to an old friend :

TO THE REV. ARCHIBALD ALISON.

"SYDENHAM, April 26, 1812.

"MY DEAREST ALISON : The day before yesterday I gave my first lecture at the Royal Institution, with as much success as ever your heart could have wished, and with more than my most sanguine expectations anticipated. Indeed, I had occasionally pretty *sanguine* expectations of a very different sort of reception. I took, however, great pains with the first lecture, and, though I was flattered by some friends saying I had thrown away too many good things for the audience, yet I have a very different opinion. I felt the effect of every sentence and thought, which I had tried to condense. You will think me mad in asserting the audience to be enlightened ; but now I must think them so — wise, enlightened as gods, since they cheered me so ! and you will think me very vain in telling you all this. Pray burn this letter with fire in case it should rise up in judgment against my vanity ! But really and truly, my dear old friend, I am not so vain as *satisfied* that all my labor has not been threshing on the water. I was told, of course, all the good things about my own sweet self, in the ante-chamber. Lord Byron, who has now come out so splendidly, told me he heard Bland, the poet, say (knowing neither his lordship nor me), 'I have had more *portable* ideas given me in the last quarter of an hour than I ever imbibed in the same *portion* of time.' Archdeacon Nares fidgeted about, and said, 'That's new ; at least, quite new *to me*.' I could not look in my friend's face ; and I threatened to divorce my wife if she came. All friends struck me blind, except my chieftain's lovely daughter, and now next-door neighbor on the Common, Lady Charlotte Campbell. I thought she had a feudal right to have the lecturer's looks to herself. But chiefly did I repose my awkward eyes on the face of a little yellow unknown man, with a face and a smile of approbation indescribably ludicrous. When I came to your name about 'association,' I felt the force of your doctrine, and my heart, having passed from fear to confidence, swelled so much that, for fear of crying, I stopt sooner than I ought, but I said you were an eloquent and venerable clergyman. I could not add *my friend*, for it sent another idea most terribly through my heart.

"I had taken no small pains with my voice and pronunciation, strengthening the one not under a pedantic teacher, but with some individuals who are good judges of reading, and getting rid of *Caledonianisms* in the utterance.

"My dear boy, Thomas, hoped, on my return, that 'nobody had made me laugh during my lecture !' The little wee man with the yellow face certainly made me smile.

"Now this news, with the taking of Badajos, is quite sufficient for one week. I had forgot to remind you of my pension — no wonder. I shall be

popular in London, for probably three weeks ! and nothing less than a riot at the theatre, or a more than ordinary case of gallantry in high life, can put me before that time out of date ! * * *

“ But seriously, my dearest Alison, a greater cause of my good spirits is the recovery of Thomas from an illness and fever of six weeks, which has reduced him to a shadow. He is now fairly better. How are all your dear circle ? Remember me to them. “ Your ever affectionate

“ T. CAMPBELL.”

During the remainder of this year and a portion of 1813, the poet seems to have devoted more time than was usual with him to general society. Lady Charlotte Campbell had introduced him to the Princess of Wales, and he became an habitual visitor at the Court of Blackheath, where he was no doubt more at his ease than he would have been in any other court. He became quite a favorite of the princess, and danced Scotch reels with her “ more than once.” Here he met Mackintosh and Sir Thomas Lawrence ; and, on one occasion, Dr. Burney and his daughter, Madame D’Arblay. “ Her features,” he says, “ must have been once excellent ; her manners are highly polished, and delicately courteous, — just like Evelina grown old, — not bashful, but sensitively anxious to please those about her. I sat next to her, alternately pleased and tormented with the princess’ *naïveté* and Madame D’Arblay’s refinement. Her humility made me vow that I would abandon the paths of impudence forever ! Yet I know not that anybody but herself could manage so much gentleness. I believe any other person would appear *designing* with it. But really you would love her for her communicativeness, and fine tact in conversation.”

Campbell’s first acquaintance with Theodore Hook was of this period. “ Yesterday an improvisatore — a wonderful creature of the name of Hook — sang some extempore songs, not to my admiration, but to my astonishment. I prescribed a subject, — ‘ pepper and salt.’ — and he seasoned the impromptu with both — very truly Attic salt. He is certainly the first *improvisatore* this country ever possessed — he is but twenty.”

In the same circles he met with another man of extraordinary social talent, and of no little note, towards the close of the last century, for his convivial songs. “ I dined yesterday with Captain Morris, the old bard, who sang his own songs in his eighty-first year with

the greatest glee, and obliged me to sing some Scotch songs and the Exile of Erin. * * * The party was at Lonsdale's, the painter's; and you may guess how social it was when worse, infinitely worse *thrapples*, as we Scotch say, volunteered songs after dinner, in the hearing of ladies. Poor old Morris was *cut* a little—but he is a wonderful spirit. His dotage seems to consist of boasting of the king's kindness to him. I was as sober as a judge when I came home, at one in the morning."

In the spring of 1813 Madame de Staël visited England. Campbell had previously corresponded with her, and had offered to superintend the translation of one of her works. She had written him, in January, from Stockholm, thanking him for his offer, and telling him that during the ten years for which she had been absent from England the English poem which excited her most, and which she read again and again, was *The Pleasures of Hope*. During the visit Campbell saw her several times, and read her his lectures, one of them against her own doctrines in poetry. Woman of genius as she was, Madame de Staël showed the tact and lavished the compliments of a French woman. Campbell tells us that "every now and then" she said to him, "When you publish your lectures they will make a great impression over all Europe; I know nothing in English but Burke's writings so striking." Every now and then! The poet might have thought, with the queen in Hamlet, "the lady doth protest too much, methinks."

During this summer Campbell passed a few weeks at Brighton, where he met Herschel, whom he found a "simple, great being." He spent a day with the astronomer by invitation. Herschel described his interview with Bonaparte, and said that, though the emperor affected astronomical subjects, he did not understand them deeply. Of his great telescope Herschel said, with a greatness and simplicity of expression that struck the poet with wonder, "I have looked further into space than ever human being did before me. I have observed stars of which the light takes two millions of years to travel to this globe."

At Holland House, also, as well as at St. James's Place, in the society of Lord Holland and Mr. Rogers, he now met familiarly the distinguished men of the time. "I have spent," he writes to a friend, "a pleasant day at Lord Holland's. We had the Marquis

of Buckingham, Sergeant Best, Major Stanhope, Sir James Mackintosh, and a *swan* at dinner. Lord Byron came in the evening. It was one of the best parties I ever saw." Byron and Campbell had first met in 1811, at the table of Mr. Rogers. On another occasion — after a dinner party at Holland House — Lord Byron writes, "Campbell looks well, seems pleased, and dresses to sprucery. A blue coat becomes him, — so does a new wig. He really looked as if Apollo had sent him a birth-day suit, or a wedding garment. He was lively and witty. * * * We were standing in the ante-saloon when Lord H. brought out of the other room a vessel of some composition, similar to that used in Catholic churches; and, seeing us, he exclaimed, 'Here is some incense for you!' Campbell answered, 'Carry it to Lord Byron: he is used to it.'"

In 1814 the poet visited Paris, and, though his acquaintance with art was so limited as to render his criticism of little value, we cannot read without interest the glowing transcript of his impressions in the Louvre.

"PARIS, September 8, 1814.

"Written in the Louvre, within two yards of the Apollo. I take out this sheet the moment I see the Apollo de Belvidere and the Venus de Medicis. Mrs. Siddons is with me. I could almost weep — indeed I must. * * *

"T. C."

"I write this after returning from the Louvre. * * * You may imagine with what feelings I caught the first sight of Paris, and passed under Montmartre, the scene of the last battle between the French and Allies. * * * It was evening when we entered Paris. Next morning, I met Mrs. Siddons; walked about with her, and then visited the Louvre together. * * * O, how that immortal youth, Apollo, in all his splendor — majesty — divinity — flashed upon us from the end of the gallery! What a torrent of ideas, classically associated with this godlike form, rushed upon me at this moment! My heart palpitated — my eyes filled with tears — I was dumb with emotion.

"Here are a hundred other splendid statues, — the Venus, the Menander, the Pericles, Cato and Portia, — the father and daughter in an attitude of melting tenderness. . . . I wrote on the table where I stood with Mrs. Siddons the *first* part of this letter in pencil, — a record of the strange moments in which I felt myself suddenly transported, as it were, into a new world, and while standing between the Apollo and the Venus." * * *

"Coming home, I conclude a transcript of the day: The effect of the statue-gallery was quite overwhelming — it was even distracting; for the

secondary statues are things on which you might dote for a whole day ; and while you are admiring one, you seem to grudge the time, because it is not spent in admiring something else. Mrs. Siddons is a judge of statuary ; but I thought I could boast of a triumph over them, in point of taste, when she and some others of our party preferred another Venus to ‘the statue that enchants the world.’ I bade them recollect the waist of the true Venus—the chest and the shoulders. We returned, and they gave in to my opinion that these parts were beyond all expression. It was really a day of tremulous ecstasy. The young and glorious Apollo is, happily, still white in color. He seems as if he had just leapt from the sun ! All pedantic knowledge of statuary falls away, when the most ignorant in the arts finds a divine presence in this great created form. Mrs. Siddons justly observed that it gives one an idea of God himself having given power to catch, in such imitation, a ray of celestial beauty.

“The Apollo is not perfect ; some parts are modern, and he is not quite placed on his perpendicular by his French transporters ; but his head, his breast, and one entire thigh and leg, are indubitable. The whole is so perfect, that, at the full distance of the hall, it seems to blaze with proportion. The muscle that supports the head thrown back—the mouth, the brow, the soul that is in the marble,—are not to be expressed.

“After such a subject, what a falling off it is to tell you I dined with human beings !—yea, verily, at a hotel with Mrs. Siddons, her family, and Sergeant Best and party. We were all splendidly dressed, dined splendidly, and paid in proportion ; yet I never paid fourteen shillings for a dinner with more pleasure. It was equal to any at Lord Holland’s table—a profusion of luxuries and fruits fit to pall an epicure. After dinner we repaired to the opera—a set of silly things, but with some exquisite music, at which even Mrs. Siddons, exhausted with admiring the Apollo, fell asleep. I should tell you that last night I was alone at the ‘Orphan of China,’ and read the tragedy so as closely to follow, and feel the recitation. * * * “T. C.”

“PARIS, Sept. 12, 1814.

“* * * I have seen a good deal of French society at Madame de Staël’s. Yesterday I dined with Schlegel and Humboldt, who are both very superior men, and with a host of Marquis and Marquises. After much entreaty, they made me repeat *Lochiel*. I have made acquaintance also with Denon, the Egyptian traveller, who is a very pleasing person, and gave me an admission to the sittings of the academy.”

A month afterwards Campbell wrote to a friend,—“To-morrow I am to be at Madame de Staël’s, where the Duke of Wellington is expected. I was introduced to him at his own house, where he was

polite enough ; but the man who took me was so stupid as not to have told him the only little circumstance about me that could have entitled me to his notice. Madame de Staël asked him if he had seen me ? He said *a Mr., &c.*, had been introduced to him, but he thought it was one of the thousands of that name from the same country ; he did not know that it was *the* Thomas ; but, after which, his Grace took my address in his memorandum-book, adding, he was sorry he had not known me sooner."

In 1815 Campbell was called to Scotland by the death of his Highland cousin, MacArthur Stewart, of Ascog, who had left five hundred pounds, with a share of any unsettled residue of his estate, to "the author of *The Pleasures of Hope*." In giving his instructions for the settlement, the old man said that "little Tommy, the poet, ought to have a legacy, because he had been so kind as to give his mother sixty pounds yearly out of his pension." This bequest turned out to be worth nearly five thousand pounds, the income of which Campbell enjoyed during his lifetime, the capital remaining untouched, and descending, ultimately, to his son. This turn of good luck came opportunely to the poet, like many others in the course of his life. "I feel as blithe" he said to his Edinburgh friends, "as if the devil were dead." But it does not seem that Campbell was any less in want of money, whatever he might receive from pension, legacies, or copyright ; his disposition to give expanded with his means, and he managed always to let his charities exceed his income just enough to subject himself to continual annoyance.

In April, 1816, Sir Walter Scott wrote to his "dear Tom" that he had heard, "with great glee," of his intention to visit Edinburgh the next winter, with the view of lecturing ; and that hearing this had put a further plan in his head, which he communicated in confidence. His idea was, that either of the two classes of rhetoric and history in the university of Edinburgh might be made worth four or five hundred pounds to Campbell, though they were of no value to the professors in possession. "Our magistrates," says Scott, "who are patrons of the university, are at present rather well disposed towards literature (witness their giving me my freedom, with a huge silver tankard that would have done honor to Justice Shallow) ; and the Provost is really a great man, and a man of taste and reading ; so I have strong hope our point, so advantageous to the university, may

be carried. If not, the failure is *mine*, not yours. You will understand me to be sufficiently selfish in this matter, since few things could give me more pleasure than to secure your good company through what part of life's journey may remain to me. In saying speak to *nobody*, I do not include our valuable friend John Richardson, or any other sober or well-judging friend of yours."

Campbell did not carry out his intention of lecturing in Edinburgh, and it does not appear that any action was taken upon the friendly suggestion of Sir Walter Scott.

On the death of Francis Horner, a loved and lamented friend, Campbell attempted a poem to his memory. Horner's political fame sprung from his skilful discussion of financial questions; and it was not easy to treat of banking and bullion in a poetical aspect. In spite of this difficulty, the poet succeeded better than he had hoped. The sketch of the monody was read at Holland House, and was condemned, we are inclined to believe, on the merits; though Campbell thought he had given umbrage to his noble friends by a line in praise of Canning's eloquence.

In the spring of 1817 Campbell met the poet Crabbe at Holland House, in company with Moore. They lounged the better part of a day about the park and library, conversing, among other matters, about the English novelists. "Your father," he wrote subsequently to the son of Crabbe, "was a strong Fieldingite, and I as sturdy a Smollettite. His mildness in literary argument struck me with surprise in so stern a painter of nature; and I could not but contrast the unassumingness of his manners with the originality of his powers. In what may be called the ready-money small-talk of conversation, his facility might not, perhaps, seem equal to the known calibre of his talents; but in the progress of conversation I recollect remarking that there was a vigilant shrewdness that almost eluded you, by keeping its watch so quietly. Though an oldish man when I saw him, he was a '*laudator temporis acti*,' but a decided lover of later times. The part of the morning which I spent with him and Tom Moore was to me, at least, of memorable agreeableness."

On the 27th of June, in this year, the festival in honor of John Philip Kemble was celebrated in Freemason's Hall, and the fame of it will live forever in the splendid verses which Campbell contributed to the occasion.

On the 4th of July Campbell gave a little dinner at Sydenham, at which Crabbe, Moore and Rogers, were the only guests. It may well be that at his own hospitable board the poet of Memory had sometimes brought together a more distinguished party, but it was not common at Sydenham. Moore and Campbell, at all events, remembered it, and both wrote about it. Campbell says: "One day — and how can it fail to be memorable to me, when Moore has commemorated it? — Crabbe, Rogers, and Moore came down to Sydenham, pretty early in the forenoon, and stopped to dine with me. We talked of founding a Poet's Club, and set about electing the members, not by ballot, but *vivâ voce*. The scheme failed — I scarcely know how; but this I know, that a week or two afterwards I met with Mr. Perry, of the *Morning Chronicle*, who asked me how our Poet's Club was going on. I said 'I don't know. We have some difficulty in giving it a name; we thought of calling ourselves *The Bees*.' 'Ah,' said Perry, 'that's a little different from the common report; for they say you are to be called *The Wasps*!' I was so stung with this waspish report, that I thought no more of the Poet's Club."

Of the same dinner he wrote a few days afterwards, to his sister:

"We had a most pleasant day. The sky had lowered and rained till they came, and *then* the sun shone out. 'You see,' I said to my guests, 'that Apollo is aware of our meeting!' Crabbe is absolutely delightful — simple as a child, but shrewd, and often good-naturedly reminding you of the best parts of his poetry. He took his wine cheerfully, far from excess; but his heart really seemed to expand, and he was full of anecdote and social feeling."

The commemoration of the day by Moore is in the verses to the poet Crabbe's Inkstand, written May, 1832:

"How freshly doth my mind recall,
 'Mong the few days I've known with thee,
 One that, most buoyantly of all,
 Floats in the wake of memory!

* * *

"He,* too, was of our feast that day,
 And all were guests of one whose hand
 Hath shed a new and deathless ray
 Around the lyre of this great land;

* Rogers.

In whose sea-odes, as in those shells
 Where ocean's voice of majesty
 Seems still to sound, immortal dwells
 Old Albion's Spirit of the Sea.

“Such was our host ; and though since then
 Slight clouds have risen 'twixt him and me,
 Who would not grasp such hand again,
 Stretched forth again in amity ?
 Who can, in this short life, afford
 To let such mists a moment stay,
 When thus one frank, atoning word,
 Like sunshine, melts them all away ?”

On the occasion of the lamented death of the Princess Charlotte, Campbell wrote a monody, which was recited by Mrs. Bartley, at Drury Lane, for the benefit of the performers, who were severe sufferers by this national calamity. Before it was printed, copies of this monody were sent by the author to the Prince Regent and Prince Leopold. He enclosed the lines, also, to his sister, with the remark that they were hardly worth mentioning for their poetry, but that they were a sincere expression of the feelings of a whole kingdom. Leopold sent him a very polite and kind acknowledgment, “like a true gentleman,” but the poet heard nothing from Carlton House.

In the autumn of 1818, on an invitation communicated by his friend Mr. Roscoe, the poet delivered a course of lectures on poetry, before the Royal Institution of Liverpool. It embraced the same subjects with his London course, but there was some change in the arrangement. On this excursion he received three hundred and forty pounds from his Liverpool subscriptions, and one hundred more for repeating the lectures at Birmingham, on his way to London. From the contemporary notices we infer that Campbell must have been a very agreeable lecturer. We know that in private he sometimes recited his own poetry with animation and effect ; and we can well imagine that his fine eye and voice were made to do their full part in setting off his public discourses to the best advantage.

At Birmingham he seldom visited, except at the house of “poor Gregory Watt’s father, *the James Watt*.” Here he was a guest peculiarly welcome, and he found Watt, at the age of eighty-three,

full of anecdote and interest. His son promised the poet a cast of a "glorious bust of his father, by Chantrey, and a profile of Gregory."

His lectures he concluded so much to his own satisfaction, and that of his auditors, that he thought lecturing likely to become his *metier*. Invitations to repeat the series were urged upon him from Glasgow and Edinburgh, but they were declined, in consequence of a chest complaint, from which he was at that time suffering. He said that he had *not* a voice to exert without imminent hazard.

During his absence from London the *Specimens of the British Poets* at length made its appearance. It was published in seven volumes, duodecimo, the first of which was devoted to an essay on English poetry. The remaining volumes were occupied with the specimens, and with critical and biographical notices of their authors. A second edition was published many years afterwards, in one volume octavo, and it has been recently republished in the United States. The work was deservedly successful, and still maintains a high reputation. A writer in the *Quarterly Review*, after the death of Campbell, styled it "a book not unworthy to be handed down with the classical verse of its author."

CHAPTER VI.

IN the month of May, 1820, Campbell was lecturing again before the Royal Institution, and preparing for another visit to Germany, with his family. It was his intention to proceed to the Rhine, and pass some time at Bonn, or Heidelberg, in revising his lectures, and extending them till they should comprehend an entire view of Greek, Roman, French, Spanish, German and Italian literature. Before starting on his journey, he signed an agreement with Mr. Colburn, the publisher, to edit the *New Monthly Magazine* for three years from the first of the succeeding January, and furnish for it

annually six articles in prose and six in verse, on a salary of five hundred pounds. It was stipulated that the prose articles should contain the whole value and substance of the Lectures on Poetry, the copyright of which, with that of all his own writings in the magazine, was to revert to the author. This matter arranged, Campbell embarked for Germany by the way of Rotterdam. Early in June he was at Bonn, on the Rhine, where he studied German with Professor Strahl, whom, in return, he assisted in the pronunciation of the English. The professor read to him from a book entitled *Beauties of British Literature*, containing extracts from Scott and Byron, with the entire works of Campbell himself. Another edition of his poems had also appeared at Leipsic.

Of this visit his letters record some personalities of interest :

“ BONN, June 30.

“ I am fortunate in my lodgings. For a pound a week I have two very large, good bed-rooms and a sitting-room ; lofty, beautifully papered ; the ceiling painted ; china vases in the recesses ; paintings in gilded frames all round the walls ; and a sofa covered with such new and beautiful silk, that I cannot find in my heart to sit down upon it. For half-a-crown a day, I have dinner for Matilda and myself, consisting of soup, cutlets, ham, fowls, &c. ; and a bottle of Rhenish for a shilling. Thomas is boarded with Professor Kapp, at five pounds a month, including all teachers. He sees us very seldom, and is kept tightly to his studies ; while I prosecute my own in the library, and step in at pleasure to the lectures of the professors. Schlegel, I must say, is very eloquent ; though I cannot yet perfectly follow German as I hear it spoken. His students seem in raptures with him ; in fact, he should never be out of the pulpit.”

“ RATTISBON, August 2.

“ Though much exhausted, my spirits rallied at sight of the Danube,—first visible from the high road, about four miles from Ratisbon. At that moment, as you may guess, I felt a flood of associations rushing upon my mind, that seemed as wide as the river I was contemplating. The sensation was less melancholy than I expected ; I felt myself tranquil, and even cheerful ; though the scene reminded me how much of life was gone by, and how much there was to regret in the retrospect ! But the evening was fine, the prospect grand ; and, as I stood up in the carriage, I could reckon twenty places fraught with lively interest to my memory. There were the heights to which the Austrians retreated in 1800 ; there was the spire of the church from which I had watched their movements ; there was the wood, from which the last shot was fired, before the armistice. Alas ! that

campaign was but a trifle ; ten years afterwards, thirty thousand fell in the great battle with Napoleon, before Ratisbon. This morning, since five o'clock, I have been looking at the scene of action.

“ My first visit was to the Scotch college,—a dismal visit ! Of all the monastery, there are only two survivors, out of a dozen whom I knew. I first inquired for the worthy prelate, who had shown a fatherly kindness to me when I was here. He died, they told me, last April, between eighty and ninety years of age. I scarcely imagined that the news of an old man's death could have touched me so much ; but I could not help weeping heartily when I recalled his benevolent looks and venerable figure, and found myself in the same hall where I had often sat and conversed with him,—admiring, what seemed so strange to me, the most liberal and tolerant religious sentiments from a Roman Catholic abbot. Poor old Arbuthnot ! it was impossible not to love him. All Bavaria, they told me, lamented his death. He was, when I knew him, the most commanding human figure I ever beheld. His head was then quite white ; but his complexion was fresh, and his features were regular and handsome. In manners, he had a perpetual suavity and benevolence. I think I still see him in the cathedral, with the golden cross on his fine chest, and hear his full, deep voice chanting the service.”

“ VIENNA, Sept. 29.

“ I have found a kind friend in the Countess R. All Vienna speaks not only well, but reverentially, of her. She is majestic, like Mrs. Siddons, but very natural and gentle, an excellent scholar,—for she helped me out with a quotation from Cicero,—yet perfectly unassuming, almost to timidity. Her house is the rendezvous of the best society in Vienna ; and she made me promise to come every evening. When I arrive, I find her seated in full glory at the upper end of the room, where the place beside her is reserved for me. * * * Here you meet a number of the Polish nobility, of whom the women are extremely beautiful. The men are more like Englishmen than any foreigners I have seen. It is curious to find myself at home amongst them, and receiving invitations to call upon them, should I ever be at Warsaw !

“ During a day I spent at the countess' house, she took me to the height called the ‘ Fountain of the Thorn,’ where we had a most magnificent view of the course of the Danube, from the walls of Vienna to the mountains of Hungary. Our party partook of a collation on the side of a beautiful hill, where we looked over woods on the fine prospect, and sat surrounded by beds of mignonette, which was fragrant enough to regale even my dull senses. * * * I have written a few lines to the countess on the subject, which I will show you when we meet.

“ I have found an excellent friend,—for so I may truly call him,—in

Von Hammer, a member of the Aulic Council, and of celebrity as an Oriental scholar. He has translated my Lines on a Scene in Argyleshire ; another literary man has translated Ye Mariners ; and both have appeared in the Vienna papers. The Exile of Erin has been ten years translated ; and — would you believe it ? — The Pleasures of Hope was translated into Danish three years ago, and the translator is to sup with me to-night !”

From Vienna Campbell returned to Bonn, where he left his son to be educated under care of Dr. Meyer, and proceeded, with his wife, to England. Having entered on the editorship of Mr. Colburn’s magazine, he found it necessary to remove to London, and took lodgings at 62 Margaret-street, till he established himself permanently in a small house in Seymour-street West. With this journal he continued his connection for ten years.

The politics of the *New Monthly* had been ultra tory, while Campbell was a whig ; but this he seemed to think of little importance. Relying upon the literary superiority which he could give to its pages, he sought at once to procure able contributors among his literary friends. As might have been expected, however, those of them who were implicated in political relations turned a cold shoulder on his enterprise. The witty and reverend Sydney Smith wrote him a quizzical note of negation, in which great anxiety was expressed to know the line of conduct he intended to “ hold on the subject of religion.” “ Answer my question,” he added, “ and I will take time to consider the matter.” Moore wrote from Sevres that he had been of late giving himself up to pleasure and had dwelt carelessly, and that the few hours the “ world ” left him were barely sufficient for himself, without “ admitting any works of supererogation for others.” His old friend Perry, too, of the *Morning Chronicle*, was opposed to the magazine, because it had stolen the name of another work for party purposes. In spite of these drawbacks, Campbell succeeded in enlisting a corps of writers, who, by their varied and lively talents, gave the *New Monthly* a high position in the world of belles-lettres. It maintained a fair rivalry with *Blackwood*, and far excelled all other competitors in the same field. Talfourd, the Smiths, authors of *The Rejected Addresses*, Mrs. Hemans, Hazlitt, Foscolo, Miss Landon, Barry Cornwall, Praed, and Mr. Blanco White, the author of *Doblado’s Letters*, were among his contributors ; and Mr. Cyrus Redding rendered valuable service to the poet as his assistant editor.

Campbell, during the ten years, furnished some thirty poems, which were printed with his name. Besides his twelve lectures, his chief prose contributions were, a Letter to Mr. Brant, the son of a Mohawk Chief; Letters to the Students of the Glasgow University; an article on the University of London; a few reviews, — one, of Milton's theological tracts; of the four first volumes of Las Casas' Napoleon; Hugh's Travels, and Moore's Byron; with articles on the Civilization of Africa, Shakspeare's Sonnets, and Flaxman's Lectures. He wrote, sometimes, a critical notice of a new book, and when a friend died contributed a few lines for the obituary. The magazine, probably, derived more advantage from his name than from his labors; though a public journal takes its tone and character from the directing mind, which, in this case, was undoubtedly Campbell's.

Among his poetical contributions to the magazine was *The Last Man*, published in 1823, an effort in the style of his best days. He was not a little troubled lest he should be suspected of stealing the idea of this poem from the *Darkness* of Lord Byron. It was one, it seems, that he had long cherished, — as we see many instances in which half a score or more of years elapsed between his conception of a poem and its completion. In this case he had conversed with his brother poet, some fifteen years previously, on the subject; and to this conversation he attributed the similarity of the leading idea in the two poems, though it was original in neither.

On the 16th of November, 1824, Campbell wrote to a friend, "I am to be out in print on Monday; and, if I should not see you on that day, *Theodoric* will." The poem appeared, and sorely disappointed a public then accustomed to high achievements in the poetical art, and looking to the mature power of Campbell for something to surpass the productions of his marvellous youth. "I am sorry," he wrote to his sister, "that there should be any great expectation excited about the poem, which is not of a nature to gratify such expectation. It is truly a *domestic* and private story. I know very well what will be its fate; there will be an outcry and regret that there is nothing grand or romantic in the poem, and that it is too humble and familiar. But I am prepared for this; and I also know that, when it recovers from the first buzz of such criticism, it will attain a steady popularity."

Campbell expressed much pleasure when he learned that Jeffrey intended to review his new work. "I think," said the poet, "*he* has the stuff in him to understand Theodoric." In a kind and gentle spirit the great critic exercised his censorial functions. He surveyed the poem in its favorable aspect, and said everything in its behalf that could suggest itself to the ingenious advocate. He said it, too, in that plausible and persuasive style which he knew so well how to employ, and which would induce the belief that he was quietly expressing his own convictions, instead of adroitly seeking to make out his case. But it was all in vain. Campbell's idea of the immediate reception of the poem was certainly realized, but it has not yet attained the "steady popularity" to which its author thought it was ultimately destined.

The event of most interest in the public life of Campbell was the establishment, through his agency, of the University of London. Of this scheme he was the originator, and, in managing its preliminary arrangements, exhibited uncommon address and energy. From his correspondence of this period, it would seem to be owing mainly to his exertions that the institution escaped, at the outset, a sectarian character, that would have seriously impaired its usefulness. We cite a few extracts from the correspondence to which we refer :

"SEYMOUR-STREET WEST, April 30, 1825.

" * * * I have had a double-quick time of employment since I saw you. In addition to the business of the magazine, I have had that of the university in a formidable shape. Brougham, who must have popularity among dissenters, propounded the matter to them. The delegates of almost all the dissenting bodies in London came to a conference at his summons. At the first meeting, it was decided that there should be *theological* chairs, partly Church of England and partly Presbyterian. I had instructed all friends of the university to resist any attempt to make us a theological body ; but Brougham, Hume, and John Smith, came away from the first meeting saying, 'We think, with you, that the introduction of divinity will be mischievous ; but we must yield to the dissenters, with Irving at their head. We must have a *theological* college.' I immediately waited on the Church of England men, who had already subscribed to the number of a hundred, and said to them, 'You see our paction is broken ; I induced you to subscribe, on the faith that no ecclesiastical interest, English or Scotch, should predominate in our scheme ; but the dissenters are rushing in. What do you say ?' They — that is, the Church of England friends of the

scheme — concerted that I should go commissioned from them to say at the conference, that either the Church of England must predominate, or else there must be no church influence. I went with this commission ; I debated the matter with the dissenters. Brougham, Hume, and John Smith, who had before deserted me, changed sides, and came over to me. Irving and his party stoutly opposed me ; but I succeeded, at last, in gaining a complete victory.

“ A directory of the association for the scheme of the university is to meet in my house on Monday, and everything promises well. You cannot conceive what anxiety I have undergone, whilst I imagined that the whole beautiful project was likely to be reduced to a mere dissenter’s university. But I have no more reason to be dissatisfied with the dissenters than with the hundred Church of England subscribers, whose interests I have done my best to support. *I regard this as an eventful day in my life.*”

A few days afterwards he wrote to a friend who had manifested a deep interest in the enterprise, and whom from the closing sentence of the letter we presume to be Dr. Beattie :

“ You will not grudge postage to be told the agreeable news that Brougham and Hume have reported their having had a conference with the Chancellor of the Exchequer and Lord Liverpool ; and that they expressed themselves not unfavorable to the plan of a great college in London. Of course, as ministers had not been asked to pledge themselves to support us, but only to give us a general idea of their disposition, we could only get what we sought — a general answer — but that being so favorable is much. I was glad also to hear that both Mr. Robinson and Lord Liverpool approved highly of no rival theological chairs having been agreed upon. Mr. R. even differed from Mr. Hume, when the latter said that, of course, getting a charter is not to be thought of. ‘ I beg your pardon,’ said Mr. Robinson, ‘ I think it might be thought of ; and it is by no means an impossible supposition.’

“ A copy of my scheme of education, but much mutilated and abridged, is submitted to their inspection. I mean, however, to transmit to them my scheme in an entire shape, and to publish it afterwards as a pamphlet. In the mean time, I must for a while retire, and leave this business to other hands, now that it seems *safe* from any mischief which hitherto threatened it. I send you this intelligence, because it is an *event to me*, or at least a step in a promised event, which will be, perhaps, *the only important one in my life’s little*

history; and your correspondence has been a register of my affairs for a long time, and I hope will always be."

His plan fairly in the way to be carried out, Campbell revisited Germany, with the view of making himself familiar with the discipline and internal arrangements of her universities. At Hamburg, he met Tony M'Cann, the Exile of Erin, no longer "lonely and pen-sive" as in 1801, but as happy as a married gentleman in easy circumstances could well be—out of Ireland. His exile had been solaced by the charms and fortune of a wealthy young widow of Altona, whose compassion for the "heart-broken stranger" may have been first excited by the pathetic strains of the poet. "I found my Exile of Erin," says Campbell, "as glad to see me as if we had but parted a quarter of a year, instead of a quarter of a century." Under such auspices, Hamburg threatened to be a little too gay for him, and he escaped from an "impending shower of invitations" to Berlin, where he fixed himself at the St. Petersburg hotel. Here he had a slight fever, but applied himself industriously to the object of his journey, and obtained all the information respecting the university, and every book he desired. On his return to Hamburg, in October, he was invited by the English residents, to the number of eighty, to a public dinner.

From the active part which Campbell, as its prime mover, had taken in the establishment of the London university, it was naturally expected that he was to be installed as warden, and, at the same time, occupy some professorship. Why no such appointment was offered him remains to this day unexplained. Dr. Beattie throws no light upon the point. Though he intimates, in a foot-note, that the importance of his services was not acknowledged, he does not tell us who questioned it, or why Campbell was passed over in organizing the college in Gower-street. If the slight was a mortification to the poet, he was presently to be compensated for it by unexpected honors from another quarter.

The academic fame of Campbell would have descended, by tradition, among the students of the university of Glasgow, if it had not been kept alive by his celebrity as a poet. Early in 1826 he received an intimation that it was desired he should become Lord Rector of that institution for the ensuing year. The office had long been considered as the mere medium of a compliment to some gentleman of

the neighborhood, and was usually held by a whig and tory in succession. "The election," says a writer in the *London Quarterly Review*, "was with the students in certain classes — those, we presume, of the first foundation: these were all, however, very young students, — the majority boys from twelve to sixteen, — and they had for ages voted in their red togas and antique nations as their masters in conclave settled beforehand. The scheme was to make this undergraduate-poll a real one; to have Lord Rectors of their own free choice; and it was very natural and honorable for the Glasgow lads to think first of the originator of the London novelty, and greatest literary name connected with their own college within living memory. Campbell was delighted when he heard of this rebellion against the *Senatus Academicus*, then mostly composed of tories. He and his whig friends in the north exerted every energy; the 'ancient solitary reign' of the dignitaries fell at the first assault, and was (apparently) abolished forever." This triumph was the more gratifying from the fact that it was achieved over two other candidates, Sir Thomas Brisbane and Mr. Canning.

In consequence of his delicate state of health, Campbell was not installed as Lord Rector until the 12th of April, when he delivered his inaugural address to an overflowing assembly of professors, students and citizens. "I was a student then," says a reminiscient, "and, like others, was charmed. We have had the most distinguished men of the day successively elected to the office of Rector, — Sir Robert Peel, Lord Stanley, Lord Brougham, Lord Jeffrey, Sir James Mackintosh, and many more celebrated in oratory, science and general literature. I have heard all their addresses, but none of them came up to that of Thomas Campbell."

On the 14th of November Campbell was reëlected Lord Rector for the year 1828, without a dissentient voice. During his second year of office, he lost his wife. She died on the 9th of May, and on the 15th of the same month the poet thus writes: " * * * I am alone; and I feel that I shall need to be some time alone, prostrated in heart before that Great Being who can alone forgive my errors; and in addressing whom, alone, I can frame resolutions in my heart to make my remaining life as pure as nature's infirmities may permit a soul to be that believes in His existence and goodness and mercy." As his grief subsided, we find him in communication with Lord Aber-

deen on the Commission of Inquiry, and doing his utmost to preserve the privileges of his students; and so grateful were "his boys," as he called them, that, to testify their admiration and cordial respect, they resolved to strain every nerve to reëlect him for the third time, — an honor the highest that they could confer. No such instance had happened for a century previously. This honor, however, was disputed. Sir Walter Scott was put forward as a competitor, and was supported by the Vice-rector. Campbell, however, was reëlected for the year 1829; and, by his exertions, permanent advantages were secured for his "darling boys." "For three years," says a writer in *Blackwood's Magazine* for February, 1849, "during which unusual period he held the office, his correspondence with the students never flagged; and it may be doubted whether the university ever possessed a better Rector." A club bearing his name was founded in his honor, and the students presented him with a silver bowl, which he prized highly and mentions in his will.

During the year 1829 he formed a society with the title of the Literary Union, the object of which was to bring the literary men of London into habits of more social and friendly intercourse than then existed. Campbell had been one of the original founders, and a regular attendant down to this time, of the Athenæum Club. Why he abandoned it to set up a rival institution in its neighborhood, is not stated. It is surmised by the *Quarterly Review* that he had been offended by the reluctance of the old committee to facilitate the admission of some of his Polish and Irish friends, while in the new club he had everything his own way. He presided over it till 1843, but it did not long survive its founder.

Early in 1830 the poet was shocked by the death of his friend, Sir Thomas Lawrence. He commenced soon afterwards the preparation of his biography, but abandoned it in consequence of the impatience of the booksellers, and the difficulty of collecting the necessary materials. The following extracts from his correspondence of this year will be read with interest:

"June 2d. — I am happy to tell you, my dearest sister, that I have at last had the pleasure of seeing young Milnes under my roof. He is a charming young man. I had a party of twelve at dinner about a week ago, where he met the family of the Calcotts; and they admired him so much that they asked me for his address, that they might

invite him to their house. Calcott is an artist of the very first-rate genius and estimation. He might have been President, if he had chosen to stand candidate at the late election. His wife was the Maria Graham who wrote her travels in South America and India. * * *

"I have been spending a month in the country with an excellent young friend, the author of *The Silent River*, and another beautiful little drama. I was very happy there — too happy to be industrious; and the life of Sir Thomas was therefore suspended. My health, however, has been benefited.

"*Aug. 26th.* — * * * On Monday last I had my dear friends, Mrs. Dugald Stewart and her daughter, to dine with me. * * * I had also the good fortune to have that day the great Cuvier and his daughter for my guests.

"Baron Cuvier is delightfully simple as you could wish a first-rate great man to be; and his daughter, or I should say his step-daughter, M^{lle} Devaucel, enchanted us all. Mr. Rogers, who knew her at Paris, and was with us, said that she had a sort of fascination over all the *savans* in Paris; and a wager was laid that she would fascinate even the giraffe. It really so happened; and the stupendous animal, twenty-two feet high, used to follow her about like a lamb.

"*Sept. 28th.* — I am so fatigued by finishing the October number of the *New Monthly*, that I can hardly hold a pen; I have had agitation superadded to fatigue. You remember that the end of last month I went to visit my poor boy; I went out of town with a full assurance on my mind that there was no objectionable paper for the September number in the hands of the printer — no paper which I had not seen and approved of. The bargain between Colburn and myself gives me the privilege as an editor. Judge of my horror, when I returned to town, to find that an article had been printed attacking the memory of Dr. Glennie, of Dulwich, a man with whom you know I was on intimate and kindly terms of friendship. I have made in the forthcoming number a full and distinct explanation of this accident. The vile paper was sent by —, whom Dr. Glennie would not allow to try experiments on Lord B——'s foot, when Lord B—— was Dr. G.'s pupil."

This circumstance led to the close of his editorial relations with Mr. Colburn's magazine.

CHAPTER VII.

It had been Campbell's intention, on leaving the *New Monthly*, to withdraw from all connection with periodical literature, and so to husband his resources as to live without the "drudgery of authorship." But, on adjusting accounts with his publisher, he found himself largely in debt; and then commenced the traffic on his name which associated it with works unworthy of his high reputation. In 1831 he became connected with the *Metropolitan Magazine*, originally as editor, afterwards as part proprietor, with Mr. Cochrane, the publisher, and Captain Chamier. His friend Rogers lent him five hundred pounds to pay for his share in the partnership, for which the banker-poet refused to take security. Campbell, however, was not to be outdone in delicacy or punctilio where money was concerned, and caused a security to be made by a life insurance, and a lien upon his library and furniture. Not long after, he learned, to his dismay, that the speculation was a bubble, and weeks elapsed before he succeeded in withdrawing his money from a bankrupt concern. We can well imagine the weight that was lifted from his heart when he was able to write to his friend, "I am very happy to tell you that the *five hundred*, which you so generously lent me, is safe at my banker's in St. James-street, and waits your calling for it. Blessed be God, that I have saved both it and myself from being involved as partner in *The Metropolitan!*"

During the summer of this year he passed some time at St. Leonard's, where his health was much improved by the balmy sea-air, and where his poetic faculty came back to him with its old glow and vigor. He was secure here from social temptations, and wrote more verses than he had written for many years before within the same time. The magnificent poem on the sea, which Campbell in his later years considered his finest production, and which is entirely worthy of his early fame, was written here in the course of eight or nine days. Here also he wrote the Lines on Poland. These two poems, which first appeared in the *Metropolitan*, he republished in a *brochure*, in the hope, by selling it at a couple of shillings, to raise fifty pounds for the Polish charities in which he was now largely involved. In the autumn he wrote to a friend:

“ I find St. Leonard’s still, on the whole, agree pretty well with my health, though the highly bracing effect of the sea-air has gone with its novelty, and there is something either in its saline particles, or in the glaring light of the place, that affects my eyes most disagreeably. * * * The society also — though the sea is not accountable for others — is too changeable. The disagreeable gentry are, for the most part, the most permanent ; and the *agreeables* — almost as soon as you begin to know the value of their society, like ‘ riches, take unto themselves wings and flee away.’ I experience this mutability of the place very much in a little literary society which I have formed, and which is called *The Monks of St. Leonard’s*, and of which I am the venerable Abbot ! All our best crows are going away — and very dull ones remaining in their stead.”

About this time Campbell was in correspondence with Mrs. Arkwright in regard to setting some of his poems to music. “ There are no verses of mine,” he tells her in one of his letters, “ that I shall not think the better of, for their being selected by you as the subjects of musical composition.” “ You may turn every line of me into music,” he writes again, “ if you think me worth the honor. Would to heaven you could turn my poor self into a pleasant tune ! But the difficulty would be how to set me. I am too graceless for a psalm-tune, too dull for a glee, and too irregular for a march.” In one of his letters to this accomplished lady, he expresses his pleasure to find that Mrs Hemans is one of her favorite poets. “ She seems to me,” he adds, “ a genius singularly fitted for the accompaniment of your graceful and noble musical powers. She may not be the boldest and deepest of female geniuses, though the richness of her vein is very sterling ; but, to my taste, she is the most elegant (lyric) poetess that England has produced. I hope you are personally acquainted with her, which, I am sorry to say, I am not.”

Mrs. Arkwright, as we have mentioned, was a daughter of Stephen Kemble, and, in allusion to a meeting with that distinguished actor many years previously, he says : “ As your father was the first who rejoiced my ear by commending the beginning of my first poem, so I have a superstitious joy in thanking his daughter for setting its conclusion to music.”

In October, 1831, he paid a visit to Mr. Arkwright and his family in Derbyshire, where he renewed his intimacy with the Kembles, and

talked with his host about farming and machinery, both of which he found "amusing subjects." But he preferred, no doubt, another part of his entertainment, which was reading poetry to Mrs. Arkwright and the ladies. He was at all times devoted to the society of the sex, and very susceptible to their charms. Even in his widowhood he found as many Carolines and Amandas as he used to rave about when he was a handsome bachelor at Mull. Every now and then he attached himself to some amiable and accomplished female, who put him to considerable expense in new wigs and dress-coats, to say nothing of more spacious lodgings, and more stylish furniture. But, if he was volatile in love, he was steadfast in friendship; and it does not seem to have been his own fault that he failed to form a new connection, "to restore him to the happiness of married life."

At Mr. Arkwright's he made the acquaintance of Neukomm, whose performances on the organ struck him with wonder and admiration. "That a human being could create such sounds," he said, "I never imagined. Such glory, such radiance of sound, such mystery, such speaking dreams, that bring angels to smile upon you, — such luxury and pathos! — O, it is no *learned* music — it is a soul speaking as if from heaven! No disparagement to Paganini, *he* is the wonderful itself, in music — but Heavens! what has he to do with the *heart*, like this organ-music of Neukomm? I seem as if I had never heard music before. We were all wrapped in astonishment! It was strange to see the expressions of ecstasy in the vulgarest rustic faces. * * He is a highly-polished man, and as meek and amiable as he is wonderful. The pleasure of his company beguiled me to go and hear him again on the organ yesterday, and I almost wished I had not gone. His playing was, if possible, more exquisite. It was too — too much. He made me imagine my child, Alison, was speaking to me from heaven! Again — as if he knew what was passing in my thoughts about Poland, he introduced martial music, and what seemed to me lamentations for the slain. I suspect he did so purposely; for we had spoken much of the Poles. I could not support this. Luckily I had a pew to myself; and I believe, and trust, I escaped notice. But when two pieces were over I got out as quietly as I could to a lonely part of the church-yard, where I hid myself, and gave way to almost convulsive sensations. I have not recovered this inconceivably pleasing and painful shock."

On his return to St. Leonard's, having meanwhile been disembarassed of his pecuniary responsibilities for the *Metropolitan*, he set himself down in earnest to the composition of the Life of Mrs. Siddons. In the spring of 1832 he was able to say that he had finished "two chapters to perfection." "I have got noble materials for the rest," he wrote to Mrs. Arkwright, "and you will not be sorry for my being her biographer." To the same lady he wrote:

"Wheresoever I go I hear nothing but your music, and either my poetry with it, or Lockhart's. Acquit poets of jealousy. Truly I love Lockhart's 'Lay your golden cushion down' so that I always tell the fair songstress, 'Tut! give us none of Campbell's drawling things, but that lively Spanish ballad, 'Get up, Get up, Zeripha!'" and, on my return home from the party, I sing it to myself all the way. I do think that air one of the happiest your happy genius ever threw off. It is 'wild, warbling nature all — above the reach of art!'

"Pray don't relax in your ambition to be a popular melodist. The maker of melodies is a real poet; melody-making is a sort of distillery of the spirit of poetry, and the melodist may deny all submission in rank to the brewers and vintners of versification."

The *Metropolitan* now passed into the hands of Captain Marryatt, the novelist, "a blunt rough diamond," says Campbell, "but a clever fellow and a gentleman." He entreated the poet to remain in the editorial department; and, as they were old friends, the poet could not refuse. The Polish association, too, required his services, and he returned to London. "I have left St. Leonard's," he wrote on the 30th of April, "and given up my house there. It was inconvenient for me to be so far from town; but I shall always have a kindly feeling to the place. The sea restored my health, and, excepting the agony I felt at the news from Poland, I never felt half a year pass over with more tolerable tranquillity. I had, besides the Milneses, some very pleasant acquaintances. My small neat house hung over the sea, almost like the stern of a ship."

His whole life was now engrossed with the cause of Poland. "His devotion to it," says Dr. Madden in his recollections furnished to Dr. Beattie, "was a passion, that had all the fervor of patriotism, the purity of philanthropy, the fidelity of a genuine love of liberty. I was with him on the day he received an account of the fall of Warsaw. Never in my life did I see a man so stricken with profound sorrow! He

looked utterly woe-begone; his features were haggard, his eyes sunken, his lips pale, his color almost yellow. I feared that if this prostration of all energy of mind and body continued, his life or his reason must have sunk under the blow."

The poet's letters give a lively impression of his habits and mode of life at this time :

"*May 31st.*— We have had a dinner in the Association Chambers,— the room where Milton wrote his 'Defence of the People of England!' Prince Czartoryski, and the other Poles now in London, were our guests; and we sat down fifty-three in number. Never did a fête go off better. The Rev. Dr. Wade, in full canonicals, offered a solemn prayer in form of grace, which was strikingly impressive. * *

"I was in the chair. When we had the cloth removed, at seven p. m., I had not one word prepared for the score of toasts I had to give. But I felt no difficulty in speaking, except that of being overcome by my feelings; and the general feeling was so strong, that one of the Birmingham deputies, a noble-looking man, burst into tears, and sobbed audibly."

"*June 28th.*— The affairs of Poland are getting more and more interesting. * * * We have got the subject into Parliament. We have auxiliary Polish societies in the provinces. Everywhere the subject stirs up indignation and enthusiasm; and, though one's interest in it is painful, it is still an *irresistible* subject. The business of the association has accordingly engrossed much of my time. I have letters in French, German, and even Latin, to write,— for we have correspondence as far as Hungary,— and these afford me nothing like a sinecure."

"*June 28th.*— You have heard that a strong party of my friends have already agreed to bring me in (if they can) for Glasgow. What my chance is, I believe no mortal alive, without preternatural powers, could determine. But I am really not at all anxious to get into Parliament."

"*July 31st.*— After full and frequent deliberation, I have come to the resolution not to make the attempt to get into Parliament. * * * If I were elected to-morrow,— elected even for Glasgow,— I am convinced that the seeming good fortune would be a misfortune to me. I find myself implicated in the Polish Association to a degree that half absorbs my time and attention. The German question — another

and the same with the Polish — involves me also in correspondence with the German patriots ; and really, at this moment, my own private studies are so much impeded, that to go into Parliament — even if I could get into it — would be my ruin.”

“*Aug. 25th.* — Here, in the Polish Chambers, I daily parade the main room, — a superb hall, — where all my books are ensconced, and where old ‘Nol’ used to give audience to his foreign ambassadors.”

“*Sept. 28th.* — I am not dissatisfied with my existence, as it is *now* occupied. * * * I get up at *seven*, write letters for the Polish Association until half-past *nine*, breakfast, go to the club, and read the newspapers till *twelve*. Then I sit down to my own studies ; and with many, and, alas ! vexatious interruptions, do what I can till *four*. I then walk round the Park, and generally dine out at *six*. Between nine and ten I return to chambers, read a book, or write a letter ; and go to bed always before *twelve*.” * * * “But my own proper business, you will ask, — what is that ? Why, *now*, it is, in earnest, the Life of Mrs. Siddons. How it has been impeded I can scarcely tell you. *The Metropolitan* will hardly account for it, — though, really, my random contributions to that journal break up more time than you would imagine. But our journal, *Polonia*, has imposed a great deal of trouble upon me.”

“*Dec. 4th.* — About four-score refugees have been supported or relieved, and sent abroad, by our society. But the task of doing so was left entirely to your humble servant and our indefatigable and worthy secretary, Adolphus Bach. He has injured his business, as a German jurist, by giving up so much of his time for this purpose ; and I have injured my health.”

At this time Campbell occupied an attic at the Polish chambers, in Duke-street, which is now distinguished by a marble tablet affixed by his friend Bach, and bearing the following inscription : “In this attic Thomas Campbell, Hope’s bard, and mourning Freedom’s hope, lived and thought, A. D. MDCCCXXXII., while at the head of the Literary Association of the friends of Poland, his creation. *Divina virtutis pietati amicitia*, MDCCCXLVII. A. B. col.” In the summer of 1833 he became more intimate than hitherto with Dr. Beattie, and went to reside at his cottage, in Hampstead. He immediately took possession of a room, which he designated as “Campbell’s ward,” the

name by which it is still known. In this pleasant village he passed his time in morning walks on the heath, visits to Mrs. Joanna Baillie and her sister, and in such literary pursuits as amused, without fatiguing or exciting him. His health rapidly improved under the watchful care of his friendly physician, to whom he was chiefly indebted for whatever comfort and happiness he enjoyed in his later years. These visits he frequently repeated, and, whenever he found himself suffering in health or spirits, "Well," he would say, "I *must* come into hospital!" and, packing up his valise, would repair to Campbell ward. Dr. Beattie was not only a skilful physician, but a man of letters, and an enthusiastic admirer of the poet's genius. The effect of his visits to the pleasant villa of his friend, and the society of Hampstead, is well described in a letter of the poet to his sister. He is speaking of Dr. Beattie. "His society," he says, "and that of his wife and sister, have been to me a sort of *moral medicine*, they are such kind, amiable, and happy people. Beattie has been a fortunate man. * * He married a charming woman. * * Their home is a little picture of paradise! * * I cannot describe to you how they have tended your brother's health."

The Life of Mrs. Siddons was not fairly off his hands till the middle of 1834, having been originally written for one volume octavo, and expanded to two volumes for the accommodation of the booksellers. Campbell thought the matter would "bear diffusion," but we imagine the work must have suffered in the process. Having put the corrections to the last sheet, Campbell started for Paris, which he had not visited for twenty years. There the Polish Literary Society immediately waited upon him with a complimentary address, and a public dinner was given him, at which Prince Czartoryski presided. He was still occupied with literary projects, and commenced the collection of materials for a work on the Geography of Classical History. He wrote to Dr. Beattie that he was studying twelve hours a day. During his researches in the king's library he cast his eyes on a point of the map, the ancient Roman city of Icosium, that corresponded with the site of Algiers. It occurred to him that the recent French conquest might develop more interesting matters than were to be found in the labors of the classic topographers, and, closing his book, with all his soul he wished himself at Algiers. His old propensity for roving took possession of him, and, finding

that he had the money necessary at his command, he determined to gratify it.

On his arrival at Algiers, he took lodgings in the house of a gentleman who had been an old officer of Napoleon's staff, then a merchant, but a great amateur of music, painting and natural history. Campbell first called on him to see his cabinet of Moorish antiquities, not knowing that he had apartments to let. Learning this, he went the next day to inquire their price. "It is only," he replied, "for fear of hurting your feelings, that I do not offer them to you for nothing," and named a price far below their value. "Monsieur Descousse," the traveller rejoined, "they are worth twice that rent; I am rather a rich man than otherwise, and let me pay for them what is fair and just." He would not take a *sou* more, and this little act of courtesy seems to have gratified Campbell as much as to learn that Captain St. Palais, aid-de-camp of the commander in chief of the colonial army, was engaged in translating his poems, with a view to publication. At Algiers he met Chevalier Neukomm, whose acquaintance he had made at Mrs. Arkwright's. At his instance Campbell undertook the composition of the words of an oratorio from the book of Job, and to this we owe the fragment which appears among his poems. Campbell found it impossible to versify the sublime text of the Bible without impairing it.

During his stay in Africa, he visited the whole coast of Algiers, from Bona to Oran, and penetrated seventy miles into the interior, as far as Mascara, the capital of an unconquered native province. "I have slept for several nights," he says in a letter to his nephew, "under the tents of the Arabs. I have heard a lion roar in his native savage freedom, and I have seen the noble animal brought in dead — measuring seven feet and a half, independently of the tail. I dined also at General Trizel's table off the said lion's tongue, and it was as nice as a neat's tongue."

On his return from Algiers, in 1835, Campbell had a gratifying interview in Paris with Louis Philippe, who was curious to learn the state of the province from an intelligent Englishman, and received him with marked courtesy and respect. When the poet arrived in London, he looked and felt "some years younger" than when he commenced his travels. His mind and body were restored to their old tone and elasticity, and Dr. Beattie says that he never appeared to greater

advantage than immediately after his return: His chronic complaint of "impecuniosity" had been relieved by a seasonable legacy of a thousand pounds from his old friend Telford, the engineer. He had picked up much entertaining information in his tour, and told his "traveller's stories" with animation and effect. The results of his observation he published in the *New Monthly*, under the title of Letters from the South, afterwards collected in two volumes.

The summer subsequent to his return he passed in Scotland, on a visit to his "Northern brethren," and the happiest he ever made. His residence during this period was chiefly in the house of his cousin, Mr. Gray, of Blairbeth, near Glasgow, and in that of Mr. Alison, at Edinburgh. He had been at Blairbeth but a day or two, when a deputation from the Campbell Club, of Glasgow, waited upon him, to the number of "two coach-loads," with a request that he would appoint a day for dining with them. The dinner was fixed accordingly for the 21st of June. Campbell, as the guest of the evening, sat on the right of the president, and Professor Wilson, who had come up from Edinburgh expressly to be present on this occasion, on the left. Some eighty gentlemen were present, and the poet was received and cheered with the greatest enthusiasm. From Glasgow he went to the Highlands, Inverary, Rothsay, Castle Towart and Greenock. "It would savor of vanity," he wrote to a friend, "to tell you how I have been received. Cheered on coming aboard the steamboats, into public rooms, and cheered on leaving them. Yes: but Cobbett, you will tell me, had also his hand-shakings and popularity. True; but were the *motives* of those who greeted him so pure as those of my greeters? And yet, no small stimulus of happiness was necessary to help me over recollections which the scenes of Scotland have inspired — the homes of my dead friends! — above all that, '*yesterday*' — my birth-day! — which reminds me how soon I shall be gathered to my fathers!"

On returning to Glasgow, he found a communication from the Lord Provost of Edinburgh, inviting him to a public dinner in that city. It was a painful occasion for him, however; and when he came to speak of Dugald Stewart, Alison, and other of his old friends, "the act of suppressing tears amounted to agony." A similar honor was proposed to him at Dublin, which he was compelled to decline. In September he spent three days with Brougham at his country-seat, whence he returned directly to London.

In 1836 he commenced the preparation of a new edition of his poems, with designs by Turner, in the style of the illustrated copy of Rogers' *Italy*. Campbell was much pleased with the great artist's drawing for *O'Connor's Child*, but seems to have been disappointed in the general result. He had not the same exchequer to draw upon as his friend the banker; and when the edition was out he found great difficulty in disposing of the drawings, for which he had paid Turner five hundred and fifty pounds. "I had been told," he wrote to his friend, Mr. Gray, of Glasgow, "that Turner's drawings were like bank-notes, that would always fetch the price paid for them; but, when I offered them at three hundred pounds, I could get no purchaser. One very rich and judicious amateur, to whom I offered them, said to me, 'I have no intention to purchase these drawings, because they are worth so little money that I should be sorry to see you sell them for as little as they are really worth. The truth is, that fifteen out of the twenty are but indifferent drawings. But, sell them by lottery, and either Turner's name will bring you in two hundred guineas, or Turner himself will buy them up.' I went to Turner, and the amateur's prediction was fulfilled, for Turner bought them up for two hundred guineas."

Soon after the issue of this edition, Campbell took it into his head to make a present of his works to the queen. This was purely an act of gallantry and loyalty. No man ever lived who had less of the tuft-hunter in his composition than Campbell. When he had got up his *Letters from the South*, and a copy of the vignette edition of his poems, "bound with as much gilding as would have gilt the Lord Mayor's coach," he went to Sir H. Wheatley, to beg that he would present them to his sovereign. It was objected that the queen declined all presentation copies from authors. Campbell parried this objection skilfully and with dignity. "Stranger as I am, Sir Henry," he said, "I am known to you by character; and may I beg of you to convey to the queen,—if it can be done with tact and delicacy,—that I am in perfectly easy circumstances; that I covet no single advantage that is in the gift of her sceptre; and that I would rather bury my book in the ground than that the offering of it should be interpreted into a selfish wish to intrude myself on her notice." Sir Henry finally consenting to take charge of the volumes

and speak to the queen on the subject, Campbell sent them with a note, in these words :

“SIR : I thank you for your kind promise to take charge of my works, and to apply to her Majesty to receive them. I have been for nearly forty years one of the popular living poets of England, and I think it no overweening ambition to wish to be read by my sovereign.”

“That evening,” says Campbell, “I had a note from Sir Henry, saying that the queen had been graciously pleased to accept the volumes, and desired that I should write my name in them. I repaired to St. James’s next morning ; Sir Henry began stammering out a dictation of what I should write about her Majesty’s feet, loyal duty, and so forth, when I wrote on each blank leaf, ‘To her Majesty Queen Victoria, from her devoted subject, Thomas Campbell.’ ‘Ah, that will do,’ said Sir Henry.”

An edition of Shakspeare which he supervised for Mr. Moxon, a new poem, entitled *The Pilgrim of Glencoe*, and a *Life of Petrarch*, were now the literary task-work of his life. In the winter of 1840 he leased a house in Victoria-square, Pimlico, where he proposed to spend his declining years. This movement gave rise to another matrimonial rumor. “So you are *to be married*,” his sister wrote him ; “that is reported, and quite certain. O, my good brother, is not this a rash step at your years?” Campbell replied that he suspected there was some mistake in the report, but did not know why she should be surprised at such a step at his young and giddy age of sixty-three. Instead of taking a wife (a dream that he seems never to have abandoned), he pursued the more prudent course of adopting a daughter, in the person of his favorite niece, Mary Campbell.

In the new residence, which he had very tastefully and comfortably fitted up, he corrected the last proofs of *Petrarch* ; but his health declined, and his powers failed rapidly. He became restless and whimsical. On one occasion he surprised his friends by advertising for a young child whom he had met in the streets, and who interested him so much that he desired to “be allowed to see her again.” Soon after, he started suddenly for the Brunnens of Nassau, where he found himself without money, having left a quantity of bank-notes in his bed-room press, which he had forgotten. He wrote to his friend Dr. Beattie, in great dismay, and requested him to enter his

house, and make search for the missing funds. After a minute and unsuccessful examination, the doctor accidentally lighted upon a red-embroidered slipper, in which he was surprised and pleased to find three hundred pounds in bank-notes, twisted as if they were to be used as paper matches.

In his voyage up the Rhine, Campbell met on the steamboat the historian of the middle ages. "Hallam is a most excellent man," said the poet, in one of his letters, "of great acuteness, and of immense research in reading. I believe him to have neither gall nor bitterness; and yet he is a perfect *boa-contradictor*! * * His powers of study are like those of the scholars of the Alexandrian Academy, whose viscera were alleged to be made of brass. He baits Sydney Smith himself, with his provoking accuracy as to matters of fact. Smith once said to me, 'If Hallam were in the midst of a full assembly of scientific men, and if Euclid were to enter the room, with his Elements under his arm, and were to say, "Gentlemen, I suppose no one present doubts the truth of the Forty-fifth Proposition of my First Book of Elements," Mr. Hallam would say, "Yes, *I* have my doubts."'"

In another letter from Germany, he alludes to the admiration of children which appears in several of his poems, and which led to the eccentric advertisement just mentioned:

"What pleases me most about the Germans is, that they indulge me in my ruling passion of admiration of fine children. Their children are not quite so beautiful as ours, but really some of them are great beauties. I have met with one of three, and another of six years old, both of them charming; and, like true young women, they are sensible to admiration. The younger has large round black eyes, that glow with triumph when you admire her; and the other is a *blonde*, that blushes still more interestingly. Every one here, from the highest to the lowest, that has a fine child, seems to take it as a compliment that you stop and shake its little hand; whereas the same thing in England would be resented as a liberty."

Soon after his return to England, he published *The Pilgrim of Glencoe*, with other poems, dedicated to his friend Dr. Beattie. To say that the chief piece in this collection was regarded as a failure, would be but a faint expression of the truth. It is a feeble production, possessing little interest as a story, and no merit as a poem.

His next literary enterprise was a subscription edition of his works ; but, before this was issued, he received the sum of eight hundred pounds, by the death of his only surviving sister, and the plan of publishing by subscription was abandoned. The new edition was transferred to Mr. Moxon. The poet now became more restless and uneasy than ever, and went to various places in France and England in pursuit of health, but derived no benefit from these changes. He felt the advances of age, which were only too visible to his friends. His constitution, never robust, was sensibly undermined ; and in the summer of 1843 he repaired to Boulogne, hoping to emancipate himself from the cares and expenses of London, and pass the remainder of his days in cheerful seclusion.

Not many days were left for him, and those were painful ones, though they were solaced by the kind attentions of an affectionate niece, and towards their close by the presence of his best friend,—Dr. Beattie. He was disappointed in his new residence. It was more expensive than he had anticipated. He found the climate keen and cold, and the winds “chilled his marrow.” The society was very agreeable, though infested by rogues and swindlers. The streets, too, were “semi-perpendicular.” In regard to the importation of books from England, he was vexed by the custom-house restrictions. He missed his club, — a great loss for such a club-haunter as Campbell. His brother and sisters were now all dead. The wife to whom he was tenderly attached had gone before him many years. His only surviving son was a lunatic. He had no “old familiar faces” about him. He was home-sick, and was dying in a foreign land. Not altogether cheerless, however, was his decline. His niece read to him from his favorite authors, and played the airs which he had loved in his youth. The notes which he wrote at this period were good-humored, and his conversation continued cheerful and pleasant to the last.

In June, 1844, a letter from Mary Campbell brought Dr. Beattie and his wife to the chamber of the dying poet. He had now been more than three weeks confined to his bed, and for some time, excepting his physician, Dr. Allatt, had seen no one but his niece and a sister of charity, who watched with him during the night. When his old friends arrived, his words were “Visit of angels from heaven.” He smiled faintly, and spoke with his eye more express-

ively than by his lip. His complaint was of weakness and a morbid sensation of chilliness. The next day he rallied a little, but it was evident that the case was hopeless. At one time, being doubtful if he was conscious of what was said, some one named Hohenlinden, and suggested that the author was a Mr. Robinson. "No," said the poet, calmly and distinctly, "it was one Tom Campbell." On the seventh of June, his respiration was more impeded, and a swelling in his right foot increased. He continued to converse, however, at intervals, in a serene and interesting manner. In reply to the inquiry of Dr. Beattie if his mind was quite easy, he said, with much earnestness and energy, "Yes, I have entire control over my mind;" adding, after a little pause, "I am quite —" The last word was inaudible. He was fully aware of his situation, and, though serious, was placid and composed. No murmur or expression of pain escaped from him during several days which Dr. Beattie passed in his chamber. At last, on its being remarked that he showed great patience under suffering, he said faintly, and for the first time, "*I do suffer.*" A strong religious feeling was now manifested by the poet. Prayers from the Liturgy were read to him at his request, and passages from the Scriptures, which he listened to with deep emotion. A day or two before his death, he was visited by Mr. Moxon, his publisher, and expressed pleasure at seeing him. On the fourteenth of the month, when he seemed sleeping heavily, his lips suddenly moved, and in a slow, distinct whisper he said, "We shall see * * to-morrow," naming a long-departed friend. In the afternoon of the next day he died. When the spirit had left the body his countenance was placid, and fixed in its happiest expression.

While the arrangements required by the laws of France were in progress, the body remained in the drawing-room, the head slightly elevated in the coffin, and crowned with a wreath of laurel and evergreen. This had been placed there by his old English nurse, a soldier's widow, whom Dr. Beattie found sitting by the remains, with the prayer-book in her hand, and Campbell's Poems by her side. The folds of his shroud were scattered with roses, and a bunch of wild-flowers was held in his unconscious grasp. Many of the English residents of Boulogne, friends and strangers, called to give a last look and pay a last tribute of respect to one who had been, for nearly half a century, emphatically the "popular poet" of his country.

On the third of July his body was deposited in the centre of Poet's Corner, in Westminster Abbey. His funeral was most honorably attended. His brother poet, the Rev. Mr. Milman, one of the prebendaries of the church, headed the procession. His old and dear friend Richardson, and the Duke of Argyle, head of his clan, stood by his bier. Sir Robert Peel, then premier, Brougham, Lockhart, Macaulay, Lord Campbell, B. D'Israeli, Horace Smith, Dr. Croly, Thackeray, and many other gentlemen of political and literary distinction, united in rendering the last honors to one whom they admired for his generous and noble qualities as a man no less than for his genius as a poet. A guard of Polish nobles, and a numerous body of private friends and citizens, joined in the sad ceremonies. When the officiating minister arrived at that portion of the ceremony in which dust is consigned to dust, Colonel Szyrma, a member of the Literary Association of Poland, scattered over the coffin of the poet a handful of earth from the grave of Kosciusko, at Cracow. More cordial respect and homage had never marked the obsequies of any literary man, since the Abbey received the ashes of Addison.

The inscription on the coffin was, "Thomas Campbell, LL.D., author of *The Pleasures of Hope*, aged LXVII."

This event was commemorated by a kindred spirit—Horace Smith—in lines worthy to live in the same volume with the immortal productions of him in whose honor they were written.

CAMPBELL'S FUNERAL.

'T is well to see these accidental great,
 Noble by birth, or Fortune's favor blind,
 Gracing themselves in adding grace and state
 To the more noble eminence of mind ;
 And doing homage to a bard
 Whose breast by Nature's gems was starred,
 Whose patent by the hand of God himself was signed.

While monarchs sleep, forgotten, unrevered,
 Time trims the lamp of intellectual fame.
 The builders of the pyramids, who reared
 Mountains of stone, left none to tell their name.
 Though Homer's tomb was never known,
 A mausoleum of his own,
 Long as the world endures, his greatness shall proclaim.

What lauding sepulchre does Campbell want ?
 'Tis his to give, and not derive renown.
 What monumental bronze or adamant
 Like his own deathless Lays can hand him down ?
 Poets outlast their tombs : the bust
 And statue soon revert to dust ;
 The dust they represent still wears the laurel crown.
 The solid abbey walls that seem time-proof,
 Formed to await the final day of doom, —
 The clustered shafts, and arch-supported roof,
 That now enshrine and guard our Campbell's tomb, —
 Become a ruined, shattered fane,
 May fall and bury him again,
 Yet still the bard shall live, his fame-wreath still shall bloom.
 Methought the monumental effigies
 Of elder poets, that were grouped around,
 Leaned from their pedestals with eager eyes,
 To peer into the excavated ground,
 Where lay the gifted, good and brave ;
 While earth from Kosciusko's grave
 Fell on his coffin-plate with Freedom-shrieking sound.
 And over him the kindred dust was strewed
 Of Poet's Corner. O misnomer strange !
 The poet's confine is the amplitude
 Of the whole earth's illimitable range,
 O'er which his spirit flings its flight,
 Shedding an intellectual light —
 A sun that never sets, a moon that knows no change.
 Around his grave in radiant brotherhood,
 As if to form a halo o'er his head,
 Not few of England's master-spirits stood,
 Bards, artists, sages, reverently led
 To wave each separating plea
 Of sect, clime, party and degree,
 All honoring him on whom Nature all honors shed.
 To me, the humblest of the mourning band,
 Who knew the bard through many a changeful year,
 It was a proud, sad privilege to stand
 Beside his grave and shed a parting tear.
 Seven lustres had he been my friend ; —
 Be that my plea when I suspend
 This all-unworthy wreath on such a poet's bier.

CHAPTER VIII.

IN his early years Campbell was eminently handsome, and the portraits of him when somewhat advanced in life show that he still retained a countenance of great beauty. "He was a delicate child," says a writer in the *Quarterly Review*, who seems to have been familiar with his person at various periods of his life, "with a slight form, small, accurate features, a hectic complexion, and eyes such as no one could see and forget; Lawrence's pencil alone could transmit their dark mixture of fire and softness. Many physiologists have noticed the contrast between the organization of the ordinary Gael and that of the aristocracy. Speaking generally, no class of gentry in Europe are above these last, whether you regard the proportions of the frame or the facial lines. Their blood, no doubt, has been largely dashed with intermixtures; and Campbell's countenance, we must own, said more than the heralds have been able to do in support of the story of the 'adventurous Norman' and 'the Lady of the West.'"

Of his personal appearance in his study in his later years, the full-length etching which accompanies this biographical sketch is said to convey a faithful presentment. It is copied from an outline in *Frazer's Magazine*, taken while the poet was editor of the *New Monthly*; and no doubt savors of caricature, notwithstanding the general resemblance. It seems to correspond with the account given by Mr. R. Carruthers, in his *Mornings with Campbell*. "The poet," says this writer, "was breakfasting in his sitting-room, which was filled with books, and had rather a showy appearance. The carpet and tables were *littered* with stray volumes, letters and papers. At this time, he was, like Charles Lamb, a worshipper of the great plant; and tobacco-pipes were mingled with the miscellaneous literary wares. A large print of the queen hung over the fireplace; he drew my attention to it, and said it had been presented to him by her majesty; he valued it very highly. 'Money could not buy it from me,' he remarked. * * He was generally careful as to dress, and had none of Dr. Johnson's indifference to fine linen. His wigs were always nicely adjusted, and scarcely distinguishable from natural



T. Campbell

hair. His appearance was interesting and handsome. Though rather below the middle size, he did not seem little; and his large dark eye and countenance bespoke great sensibility and acuteness. His thin, quivering lip, and delicate nostril, were highly expressive. When he spoke, as Leigh Hunt has remarked, dimples played about his mouth, which, nevertheless, had something restrained and close in it, as if some gentle Puritan had crossed the breed, and left a stamp on his face such as we see in the female Scotch face rather than the male.

* * In personal neatness and fastidiousness, no less than in genius and taste, Campbell in his best days resembled Gray. Each was distinguished by the same careful finish in composition, the same classical predilections and lyric fire, rarely but strikingly displayed. In ordinary life they were both somewhat finical, yet with great freedom and idiomatic plainness in their unreserved communications,—Gray's being evinced in his letters, and Campbell's in conversation."

During his residence at Sydenham, Campbell generally rose late. He breakfasted and studied for an hour or two, and dined at two or three o'clock. He then made calls upon his neighbors, passing a good deal of time with his friends the Mayos, of whose conversation he was fond. After tea, he retired to his study, where he remained till a late hour. His habits at this time were strictly domestic. He had a few literary friends, now and then, to dine with him, giving them a hearty welcome, and a poet's frugal fare. He was hospitable and social. When with company, he liked to sit and chat over his wine. When alone, he never indulged in the pleasures of the table. His household, indeed, was managed with the most prudent economy during the whole of Mrs. Campbell's lifetime. His circumstances were moderate, and he lived accordingly. "And his good, gentle, patient little wife," says Mrs. Grant, "was so frugal, so simple, and so sweet-tempered, that she disarmed poverty of half its evils."

He was very careless about his letters and papers, and when editor of the *New Monthly Magazine* was continually losing the articles designed for the journal. It was his habit to read every note he received, and, if it was convenient at the moment, to send a brief and formal reply. At other times, he would read his letters and thrust them into his coat-pocket, from which they seldom emerged for any purposes of response. He had no method or system in the disposition of his papers. They lay scattered about his table in confusion, and,

by way of clearing up, he would occasionally jumble them into a heap, or thrust them into a box or drawer. In his study, he would place them over the books in his shelves, or in the volumes that he happened to be reading; but they were always missing when wanted. Mrs. Campbell was in the habit of taking possession of all letters and articles intended for the magazine, and sending them to the office. "How should he take care of the papers," she would say, laughingly, to his assistant editor, Mr. Redding, "when he cannot take care of himself? I am obliged to look after him; he had better not have them in the study at all."

Soon after becoming editor of the *New Monthly*, he received, through the Hon. T. P. Courtenay, a poetical contribution from Mr. Canning, then premier. It was an epitaph on his son, George Charles Canning. Shortly afterwards, Mr. Courtenay brought him from the same source a copy of a private letter addressed by Mr. Canning to Mr. Bolton, of Liverpool, explaining the circumstances of his resignation. The letter originated in an article in the *Courier* newspaper, and on its face was obviously confidential. It was handed to Campbell with no view to its publication, but to post him up in the affair, and give the tone to his political comments for the month. He passed over the letter, without reading it, or a moment's reflection, to Mr. Redding, who asked, very naturally, if it was to be inserted entire. Campbell replied in the affirmative. We may judge of the horror of Mr. Courtenay and Mr. Canning, when this confidential letter appeared at full length in the pages of the *New Monthly*, to which it could have been communicated only by the ex-premier or his confidential correspondent. It is needless to say that Mr. Canning had no further contributions for the *New Monthly*.

We have already mentioned an incident illustrating the poet's carelessness about money. On his return from his last visit to Scotland, Mr. Redding met him in the street in London, and walked to his lodgings with him. After sitting a while, a thought struck him, and he began fumbling in his pockets. "Surely," said he, "I can't have lost them, — I had a hundred pounds here, and more, just now." His pockets were searched in vain. He had been set down in the White House Yard, Fetter Lane. He was positive he had the notes there. Thither they repaired, in a fruitless search. Campbell did not know their number, and of course never heard of the missing

notes. They were loose in his pocket, and he had probably pulled them out in the coach or the yard, when he was searching for something else.

This habitual carelessness was inconsistent with a growing fondness for money, which was one of the marks of his decline. Naturally he was one of the most generous men in the world. He seems to have had no expensive habits, but, after satisfying his own moderate wants, always managed to embarrass himself by his charities. His circumstances in his latter years ought to have been entirely comfortable, as the number of his private dependants had diminished. But he had grown acquisitive, or affected to have become so. When he edited the Scenic Annual for 1838, he was conscious that he would be much abused for lending his name to such a work. "But," he said, "as I get two hundred pounds for writing a sheet or two of paper, it will take a great deal of abuse to mount up to that sum." So, when he was engaged in eliminating a Life of Petrarch from the manuscripts of Arch-deacon Coxe, he found it wearisome enough; but the thought of two hundred pounds descending in a golden shower consoled him. "I am the lovely Danae," he said, "and Colburn is my Jupiter." In relation to the same enterprise, he described himself to a friend as working literally as hard as any mechanic, from six to twelve;—but "this treadmill labor," he added, "is the result of sheer avarice, miserly niggardliness! I am principally employed in translating from Italian authors, and could get the whole done by an assistant, I believe, for thirty pounds. But the money—the money! O, my dear M., the thought of parting with it is *unthinkable!* and pounds sterling are to me 'dear as the ruddy drops that warm my heart!'"

If Campbell had been the miser that he pretends, he would never have confessed it to himself, much less to his correspondents. If it were anything more than a whim or caprice, the secret of it is explained in the following extract from a letter to an intimate friend: "Moxon has thrown off ten thousand copies of an edition of all my poems, in double columns, at two shillings a copy. *I hope to make well by it. I am getting more and more avaricious—at the same time, more interested than ever in public charities; above all, in the Mendicity Society.* At present, the payment of the wood-cuts keeps me low, but next year I expect to be rich! Whatever I can now

spare, I mean to go to organized societies for the benefit of my own countrymen. After supporting the Polish Association for nine years, I mean now to take my leave of it, because it interferes with my subscriptions to other institutions. * * * Poor fellows! I heartily pity the Poles still; and there is, no doubt, much suffering among them; but where can you look round, without seeing sufferings? And our own country has the most sacred claim upon us. O, —! were you and I but rich enough, what masses of misery we should alleviate! * * * For my own part, the last years of my checkered life are cheered by the prospect of having a residue to relieve distress, out of an income that has lately increased, and is threatened with no diminution."

Campbell's manner in conversation was lively, and sometimes impetuous. He was never comic, but as light-hearted and cheerful as a boy. He told an amusing story with effect, though he failed in all his printed attempts of this kind. He occasionally put on a Scotch accent, for humor's sake; but his general conversation was free from it. In the domestic circle he is said to have been the "pleasantest company that could be conceived." An instance is related of the way in which he would sometimes abandon himself to his impulses. When he went to Glasgow to be inaugurated as Lord Rector, on reaching the college-green he found the boys pelting each other with snow-balls. He rushed into the mêlée, and flung about his snow-balls right and left with great dexterity, much to the delight of the boys, but to the great scandal of the professors. He was proud of the piece of plate that the Glasgow lads gave him, and referred to the occasion as one of the pleasantest recollections of his life. Of the honor conferred by his college title he was less sensible. He hated the sound of *Doctor Campbell*; and when Pringle, the poet and traveller, reminded him that he must submit to it as an LL.D., he looked grave, and said that "no friend of his would ever call him so."

In his study he kept a tobacco-box, from which he would fill his pipe, and occasionally, when a little abstracted, transfer a small quantity of the weed to his mouth. But this was an exception to his general habit, and rather an indication of absence of mind. Of this latter trait, one or two anecdotes are told. Whenever he wanted to dispose of anything at home in a particularly secure place, he was

sure not to find it again without a good deal of extra trouble. On one occasion, he by note invited his friend Redding to dine with him on the 29th of January. When his guest came, with whom he was intimate enough to take the liberty, Campbell expressed surprise, and insisted that he had invited him for the next day. "I've Tories to-day," he said, "and Whigs to-morrow." Redding would have withdrawn, but Campbell peremptorily forbade it. "You shall have both dinners," he said. "All the party for to-morrow are of the right kind, — stanch Cromwellians, sturdy Roundheads, — and we'll have calf's head, and toast the immortal memory of Old Noll." Campbell would have protested that the mistake in the day was his friend's; but the invitation was in writing, and spoke for itself.

Campbell's politics, however, did not materially interfere with his friendships. He was in the habit of going familiarly to Murray's, where he met with more men of talent than under any other roof, but Rogers' or Lord Holland's. Murray's was then the great resort of the Quarterly reviewers and the literary Tories; but Campbell mingled with them freely. Sometimes he found himself the only Whig present; and on one occasion, it being remarked that he had not remained long on a visit — "I felt myself a sojourner in a strange land," he replied; "I did not like to be the only one of my party." He was warm and earnest in his views of political questions, high-minded and liberal; and, with less impatience of restraint, and a more regular application to business, he might have distinguished himself in public life. He was not successful, however, as a speaker. His ideas flowed faster than his speech, and he soon became excited and almost unintelligible.

He was averse to controversy, and sought to live upon kind terms with all his literary brethren, though he detested Hazlitt, and had no love for the poets of the Lake school. On the publication of Moore's *Life of Byron*, he found two or three passages that annoyed him exceedingly, and, as the champion of Lady Byron, he assailed the author in terms of unnecessary ardor. The noble poet had understood Campbell as speaking in a sarcastic spirit at Lord Holland's, when he said, "Take the incense to Lord Byron, he is used to it," — and had represented him as being "nettled." "What feeling," he said, in a letter to Moore on this subject, "but that of kindness could I have had to Lord Byron? He was always affectionate to me, both

in his writings and in personal interviews; how strange that he should misunderstand my manner on the occasion alluded to! and what temptation could I have to show myself pettish and envious before my inestimable friend Lord Holland? The whole scene described by Lord Byron is a phantom of his imagination. Ah, my dear Moore! if we had him back again, how easily could we settle these matters!" A coldness ensued between the poets, in consequence of Campbell's attack on the biographer; but it formed only a temporary interruption to their friendship.

His disposition to evade discussion is shown by his conduct in regard to the "Pope" controversy. In his *Specimens of the British Poets*, speaking of the several editors of Pope, Campbell had referred to Mr. Bowles, and the stress laid by that critic on the argument that Pope's images are "drawn more from art than nature." Campbell defended Pope, and Mr. Bowles wrote a letter to justify what he called his "invariable principles of poetry." On this, a literary mêlée followed, in which Byron, Gilchrist, Roscoe, the *Quarterly Review*, and at length Moore, were engaged, with no little ardor. On the publication of his third lecture on Poetry, Campbell attached a note to it, in which he says, "When the book in which I dissented from Mr. Bowles' theory of criticism comes to a second edition, I shall have a good deal to say to my reverend friend. I have not misrepresented him, as he imagines; *but I have no leisure to write pamphlets about him.*" When the work in question came to a second edition, Campbell was still less in the vein for controversy. He left the volunteers to fight out the battle, and perhaps never thought of it again.

Campbell was of a delicate organization. Haydon, the painter, in his autobiographical notes, styles him "bilious and shivering." His habits required seclusion even for the perusal of a book. Trifles distracted him. He was exceedingly sensitive, and reserved in the expression of his opinions. Of his own poetry he spoke but seldom, and only when he could not well avoid it. He was a simple-hearted man, of blameless intentions, and with a tender regard for the feelings of all with whom he was called to associate. One who had known him for thirty years, and for more than one-third of that period had been in habits of almost daily association with him, bears the strongest testimony to the beauty and purity of his character. "I believe

a more guileless man," says Mr. Cyrus Redding, "one less capable of imagining evil towards another, never breathed."

His habits of study were discursive. Some ten years elapsed between his commencement of the *Specimens of the British Poets* and its publication. His Lectures on Poetry he laid by for a year and a half, whilst he was editing the *New Monthly Magazine*, to which he contributed meanwhile but a few verses. Many subjects interested him. He was sometimes deep in political economy, and again in German metaphysics and biblical literature. To classical literature he always devoted a good deal of time. From the main subject of his immediate study he was continually diverging into the collateral topics suggested in the course of his reading. This easy diversion rendered him unreliable in any literary undertaking; and hence, perhaps, Campbell's querulous censures of the booksellers. The trade could not depend upon his punctuality, and were not ready to contract for unfinished works at some uncertain future period. Though in jest he toasted Napoleon for having "shot a bookseller," he seems to have been treated with uniform liberality by his publishers.

His memory was well stored with passages from the ancient and modern classics. Greek verses he could repeat thirty or forty in succession, and with the same facility from the English and Italian poets. With French literature he was not so conversant, and the writers in that language he seldom quoted. He was exceedingly fastidious with reference to his own productions. He was not satisfied with effect, but sought to finish and polish till he sometimes impaired and enfeebled his poems. Many of his poems, as they are now printed, are very different from the original impressions. His retouches, however, were chiefly designed to render his verse more complete, or to improve the verbal expression of a thought. Errors of description or in natural history, such as abound in *Gertrude of Wyoming*, he never corrected. Except in the case of *The Pleasures of Hope*, he consulted no one before publication. He said that he "never leaned on the taste of others, with that miserable disregard of his own judgment" which was implied in some of the anecdotes, in regard to his habits of composition, which had found their way into print. His prose manuscripts he seldom copied. His poems he frequently wrote out very fairly and legibly, on paper which he ruled

for the purpose. When he had completed the manuscript of his smaller poems, he would have a few copies printed on slips, to keep by him for alteration and revision. Gertrude of Wyoming, which, of his longer poems, the poet preferred, he wrote in the leisure time of a twelve-month. The Last Man was composed in the space of three forenoons, and it was sent to press with very inconsiderable changes from the original copy. Mr. Redding doubts if he ever wrote anything entirely to his own satisfaction, except the Lines on Kemble.

Generally, he composed with difficulty. He could never accomplish the leading article for a newspaper; a task which requires the possession of a peculiar, not to say rare talent. He could not express his thoughts with sufficient rapidity under the idea of editorial responsibility; and hence it happened that Perry was compelled to assign him to the Correspondence and the Poet's Corner, in his early connection with the *Morning Chronicle*. He sometimes wrote an *impromptu* in verse, though his efforts in this way, we imagine (as he intimates was the case on one of his German visits), were generally got up in the forenoon, to be written in the ladies' albums in the evening. Mr. Redding, however, mentions one that may well have been what it claimed to be.

Some time about the year 1822, the elder Roscoe was introduced to Sir Walter Scott, at Campbell's residence. They had a very pleasant meeting, and the great novelist diverted Mrs. Campbell exceedingly by his stories. Mr. Redding took coffee with them that evening. Campbell was in good spirits, and said, "I have a mind to try an *impromptu*." "I fancy such things are not so much your forte as Theodore Hook's," Redding replied. "Well, I will try," rejoined the poet; "leave me uninterrupted for a few minutes." Redding took up a book. Campbell quickly repeated the following lines:

"Quoth the South to the North, 'In your comfortless sky
Not a nightingale sings.' 'True,' the North made reply,
'But your nightingale's warblings I envy you not,
When I think of the strains of my Burns and my Scott!'"

"There is my *impromptu*," said the poet, "and you imagined I was not equal to making one!" "Now, then, the lines should be put upon paper," Mr. Redding rejoined. And the poet immediately

wrote down the words, with the title "Impromptu by Thomas Campbell." Redding retained the original as a memento of the meeting of Scott, Roscoe and Campbell, and published it in his *Reminiscences of the poet*, in the *New Monthly Magazine*.

Besides the well-known portrait of Campbell by Lawrence, several others were taken at different periods. About the year 1838, he sat to a distinguished American artist, Mr. S. S. Osgood, who has succeeded in the execution of two very faithful likenesses, and to whom we have been indebted for an anecdote well worth preserving. When the artist first saw Campbell, it was at his lodgings, near the head of St. James-street, Piccadilly, up three flights of stairs. The poet received him in his library, in which there was but one window; the walls were covered with well-filled book-cases, and by the hearth was a leopard's skin for a rug. "When I painted my last picture of that distinguished man," says the artist, "now some fourteen years ago, he was plainly exhibiting the lines of sorrow and age on his fine countenance. The dreadful malady with which his only son was visited to one of Campbell's acute sensibilities must have been the most terrible affliction that could befall him. It gave a shock to his whole nervous system, from which he never recovered, and which accounts in some measure for the charge sometimes made against him of indulging to excess in the use of stimulants. A slight indulgence overcame him, in the diseased state of his nervous system. At times I found him one of the most agreeable men I ever encountered; at other times he was thoughtful, with an expression of deep sadness, which indeed never entirely left his countenance, even in his happiest moments. An overwhelming grief had stamped its impress upon his features. * * I made some notes of his conversation at this time; but I have mislaid them, and will not venture to repeat from memory. One thing, however, from its peculiarity, I have not forgotten. You know the way in which his name is generally pronounced in this country. In allusion to this, he once said to me, 'Why do the Americans always call me Camel? I've no hump on my back.' This little fact may be of interest, as showing that his name should be pronounced as it is spelt."

This imperfect personal narrative, we think, furnishes abundant proof that CAMPBELL was a generous, noble-hearted, and high-minded man. Whatever may be the opinions of critics with regard to the

relative merits of his longer didactic and descriptive works, it is, no doubt, the well-established popular judgment, that CAMPBELL stands first and without a rival among the Lyrical Poets of his age. "Many years since," said Washington Irving, in 1841, "we hailed the productions of his muse, as beaming forth like the pure lights of heaven among the meteor exhalations and paler fires with which our literary atmosphere abounds. Since that time many of these meteors and paler fires, that dazzled and bewildered the public eye, have fallen to the earth and passed away,—and still we find *his poems like the stars, shining on with undiminished lustre.*" More fit words for the conclusion of this sketch are nowhere to be found than those of the poet himself, uttered in his old age: "I believe when I am gone justice will be done to me in this way—that I was a pure writer. It is an inexpressible comfort, at my time of life, to be able to look back and feel that I have not written one line against religion or virtue."

POEMS.

PLEASURES OF HOPE.

PART THE FIRST.

ANALYSIS OF PART I.

THE Poem opens with a comparison between the beauty of remote objects in a landscape and those ideal scenes of felicity which the imagination delights to contemplate—the influence of anticipation upon the other passions is next delineated—an allusion is made to the well-known fiction in Pagan tradition, that, when all the guardian deities of mankind abandoned the world, Hope alone was left behind—the consolations of this passion in situations of danger and distress—the seaman on his watch—the soldier marching into battle—allusion to the interesting adventures of Byron.

The inspiration of Hope, as it actuates the efforts of genius, whether in the department of science, or of taste—domestic felicity, how intimately connected with views of future happiness—picture of a mother watching her infant when asleep—pictures of the prisoner, the maniac, and the wanderer.

From the consolations of individual misery a transition is made to prospects of political improvement in the future state of society—the wide field that is yet open for the progress of humanizing arts among uncivilized nations—from these views of amelioration of society, and the extension of liberty and truth over despotic and barbarous countries, by a melancholy contrast of ideas we are led to reflect upon the hard fate of a brave people recently conspicuous in their struggles for independence—description of the capture of Warsaw, of the last contest of the oppressors and the oppressed, and the massacre of the Polish patriots at the bridge of Prague—apostrophe to the self-interested enemies of human improvement—the wrongs of Africa—the barbarous policy of Europeans in India—prophecy in the Hindoo mythology of the expected descent of the Deity to redress the miseries of their race, and to take vengeance on the violators of justice and mercy.

PLEASURES OF HOPE.

PART I.

AT summer eve, when Heaven's ethereal bow
Spans with bright arch the glittering hills below,
Why to yon mountain turns the musing eye,
Whose sunbright summit mingles with the sky?
Why do those cliffs of shadowy tint appear
More sweet than all the landscape smiling near?—
'T is distance lends enchantment to the view,
And robes the mountain in its azure hue.
Thus, with delight, we linger to survey
The promised joys of life's unmeasured way;
Thus, from afar, each dim-discovered scene
More pleasing seems than all the past hath been,
And every form that Fancy can repair
From dark oblivion glows divinely there.

What potent spirit guides the raptured eye
To pierce the shades of dim futurity?
Can Wisdom lend, with all her heavenly power,
The pledge of Joy's anticipated hour?
Ah, no! she darkly sees the fate of man—
Her dim horizon bounded to a span;

Or, if she hold an image to the view,
'Tis Nature pictured too severely true.
With thee, sweet HOPE! resides the heavenly light,
That pours remotest rapture on the sight:
Thine is the charm of life's bewildered way,
That calls each slumbering passion into play.
Waked by thy touch, I see the sister band,
On tiptoe watching, start at thy command,
And fly where'er thy mandate bids them steer,
To Pleasure's path or Glory's bright career.

Primeval HOPE! the Aōnian Muses say,
When Man and Nature mourned their first decay;
When every form of death, and every woe,
Shot from malignant stars to earth below;
When Murder bared her arm, and rampant War
Yoked the red dragons of her iron car;
When Peace and Mercy, banished from the plain,
Sprung on the viewless winds to Heaven again;
All, all forsook the friendless, guilty mind,
But HOPE, the charmer, lingered still behind.

Thus, while Elijah's burning wheels prepare
From Carmel's heights to sweep the fields of air,
The prophet's mantle, ere his flight began,
Dropt on the world — a sacred gift to man.

Auspicious HOPE! in thy sweet garden grow
Wreaths for each toil, a charm for every woe;
Won by their sweets, in Nature's languid hour,
The way-worn pilgrim seeks thy summer bower;
There, as the wild bee murmurs on the wing,
What peaceful dreams thy handmaid spirits bring!
What viewless forms the Æolian organ play,
And sweep the furrowed lines of anxious thought away.

Angel of life ! thy glittering wings explore
Earth's loneliest bounds, and Ocean's wildest shore.
Lo ! to the wintry winds the pilot yields
His bark careering o'er unfathomed fields ;
Now on Atlantic waves he rides afar,
Where Andes, giant of the western star,
With meteor-standard to the winds unfurled,
Looks from his throne of clouds o'er half the world !

Now far he sweeps, where scarce a summer smiles,
On Bhering's rocks, or Greenland's naked isles ;
Cold on his midnight watch the breezes blow,
From wastes that slumber in eternal snow,
And waft, across the waves' tumultuous roar,
The wolf's long howl from Oonalaska's shore.

Poor child of danger, nursling of the storm,
Sad are the woes that wreck thy manly form !
Rocks, waves and winds, the shattered bark delay ;
Thy heart is sad, thy home is far away.

But HOPE can here her moonlight vigils keep,
And sing to charm the spirit of the deep ;
Swift as yon streamer lights the starry pole,
Her visions warm the watchman's pensive soul ;
His native hills that rise in happier climes,
The grot that heard his song of other times,
His cottage home, his bark of slender sail,
His glassy lake, and broomwood-blossomed vale,
Rush on his thought ; he sweeps before the wind,
Treads the loved shore he sighed to leave behind ;
Meets at each step a friend's familiar face,
And flies at last to Helen's long embrace ;
Wipes from her cheek the rapture-speaking tear !
And clasps, with many a sigh, his children dear !

While, long neglected, but at length caressed,
His faithful dog salutes the smiling guest,
Points to the master's eyes (where'er they roam)
His wistful face, and whines a welcome home.

Friend of the brave ! in peril's darkest hour,
Intrepid Virtue looks to thee for power ;
To thee the heart its trembling homage yields,
On stormy floods, and carnage-covered fields,
When front to front the bannered hosts combine,
Halt ere they close, and form the dreadful line.
When all is still on Death's devoted soil,
The march-worn soldier mingles for the toil !
As rings his glittering tube, he lifts on high
The dauntless brow, and spirit-speaking eye,
Hails in his heart the triumph yet to come,
And hears thy stormy music in the drum !

And such thy strength-inspiring aid that bore
The hardy Byron to his native shore —
In horrid climes, where Chiloe's tempests sweep
Tumultuous murmurs o'er the troubled deep,
'T was his to mourn Misfortune's rudest shock,
Scourged by the winds, and cradled on the rock ;
To wake each joyless morn and search again
The famished haunts of solitary men,
Whose race, unyielding as their native storm,
Know not a trace of Nature but the form ;
Yet, at thy call, the hardy tar pursued,
Pale, but intrepid,— sad, but unsubdued,
Pierced the deep woods, and, hailing from afar
The moon's pale planet and the northern star,
Paused at each dreary cry, unheard before,
Hyenas in the wild, and mermaids on the shore ;

Till, led by thee o'er many a cliff sublime,
He found a warmer world, a milder clime,
A home to rest, a shelter to defend,
Peace and repose, a Briton and a friend !

Congenial HOPE ! thy passion-kindling power,
How bright, how strong, in youth's untroubled hour !
On yon proud height, with Genius hand in hand,
I see thee 'light, and wave thy golden wand.

"Go, child of Heaven ! (thy wingéd words proclaim)
'T is thine to search the boundless fields of fame !
Lo ! Newton, priest of Nature, shines afar,
Scans the wide world, and numbers every star !
Wilt thou, with him, mysterious rites apply,
And watch the shrine with wonder-beaming eye ?
Yes, thou shalt mark, with magic art profound,
The speed of light, the circling march of sound ;
With Franklin grasp the lightning's fiery wing,
Or yield the lyre of Heaven another string.

"The Swedish sage admires, in yonder bowers,
His wingéd insects, and his rosy flowers ;
Calls from their woodland haunts the savage train,
With sounding horn, and counts them on the plain ;
So once, at Heaven's command, the wanderers came
To Eden's shade, and heard their various name.

"Far from the world, in yon sequestered clime,
Slow pass the sons of Wisdom, more sublime ;
Calm as the fields of Heaven, his sapient eye
The loved Athenian lifts to realms on high ;
Admiring Plato, on his spotless page,
Stamps the bright dictates of the Father sage :
'Shall Nature bound to Earth's diurnal span
The fire of God, the immortal soul of man ?'

“Turn, child of Heaven, thy rapture-lightened eye
To Wisdom’s walks, the sacred Nine are nigh;
Hark! from bright spires that gild the Delphian height,
From streams that wander in eternal light,
Ranged on their hill, Harmonia’s daughters swell
The mingling tones of horn and harp and shell;
Deep from his vaults the Loxian murmurs flow.
And Pythia’s awful organ peals below.

“Beloved of Heaven! the smiling Muse shall shed
Her moonlight halo on thy beauteous head;
Shall swell thy heart to rapture unconfined,
And breathe a holy madness o’er thy mind.
I see thee roam her guardian power beneath,
And talk with spirits on the midnight heath;
Inquire of guilty wanderers whence they came,
And ask each blood-stained form his earthly name;
Then weave in rapid verse the deeds they tell,
And read the trembling world the tales of hell.

“When Venus, throned in clouds of rosy hue,
Flings from her golden urn the vesper dew,
And bids fond man her glimmering noon employ,
Sacred to love, and walks of tender joy,
A milder mood the goddess shall recall,
And soft as dew thy tones of music fall;
While Beauty’s deeply-pictured smiles impart
A pang more dear than pleasure to the heart,
Warm as thy sighs shall flow the Lesbian strain,
And plead in Beauty’s ear, nor plead in vain.

“Or wilt thou Orphean hymns more sacred deem,
And steep thy song in Mercy’s mellow stream;
To pensive drops the radiant eye beguile—
For Beauty’s tears are lovelier than her smile;—

On Nature's throbbing anguish pour relief,
And teach impassioned souls the joy of grief?

“Yes; to thy tongue shall seraph words be given,
And power on earth to plead the cause of Heaven;
The proud, the cold, untroubled heart of stone,
That never mused on sorrow but its own,
Unlocks a generous store at thy command,
Like Horeb's rocks beneath the prophet's hand.
The living lumber of his kindred earth,
Charmed into soul, receives a second birth,
Feels thy dread power another heart afford,
Whose passion-touched, harmonious strings accord
True as the circling spheres to Nature's plan;
And man, the brother, lives the friend of man.

“Bright as the pillar rose at Heaven's command,
When Israel marched along the desert land,
Blazed through the night on lonely wilds afar,
And told the path,—a never-setting star;
So, heavenly Genius, in thy course divine,
HOPE is thy star, her light is ever thine!”

Propitious Power! when rankling cares annoy
The sacred home of Hymenean joy;
When doomed to Poverty's sequestered dell
The wedded pair of love and virtue dwell,
Unpitied by the world, unknown to fame,
Their woes, their wishes, and their hearts the same,—
O, there, prophetic HOPE! thy smile bestow,
And chase the pangs that worth should never know—
There, as the parent deals his scanty store
To friendless babes, and weeps to give no more,
Tell that his manly race shall yet assuage
Their father's wrongs, and shield his latter age.

What though for him no Hybla sweets distil,
Nor bloomy vines wave purple on the hill;
Tell, that when silent years have passed away,
That when his eye grows dim, his tresses gray,
These busy hands a lovelier cot shall build,
And deck with fairer flowers his little field,
And call from Heaven propitious dew to breathe
Arcadian beauty on the barren heath;
Tell, that while Love's spontaneous smile endears
The days of peace, the sabbath of his years,
Health shall prolong to many a festive hour
The social pleasures of his humble bower.

Lo! at the couch where infant beauty sleeps,
Her silent watch the mournful mother keeps;
She, while the lovely babe unconscious lies,
Smiles on her slumbering child with pensive eyes,
And weaves a song of melancholy joy,—
“Sleep, image of thy father, sleep, my boy!
No lingering hour of sorrow shall be thine;
No sigh that rends thy father's heart and mine;
Bright as his manly sire the son shall be
In form and soul; but, ah! more blest than he!
Thy fame, thy worth, thy filial love at last,
Shall soothe his aching heart for all the past,
With many a smile my solitude repay,
And chase the world's ungenerous scorn away.

“And say, when summoned from the world and thee,
I lay my head beneath the willow tree,
Wilt *thou*, sweet mourner! at my stone appear,
And soothe my parted spirit lingering near?
O, wilt thou come at evening hour to shed
The tears of Memory o'er my narrow bed;

With aching temples on thy hand reclined,
Muse on the last farewell I leave behind,
Breathe a deep sigh to winds that murmur low,
And think on all my love, and all my woe?"

So speaks affection, ere the infant eye
Can look regard, or brighten in reply ;
But when the cherub lip hath learnt to claim
A mother's ear by that endearing name ;
Soon as the playful innocent can prove
A tear of pity, or a smile of love,
Or cons his murmuring task beneath her care,
Or lisps with holy look his evening prayer,
Or gazing, mutely pensive, sits to hear
The mournful ballad warbled in his ear ;
How fondly looks admiring HOPE the while
At every artless tear, and every smile ;
How glows the joyous parent to descry
A guileless bosom, true to sympathy !

Where is the troubled heart consigned to share
Tumultuous toils, or solitary care,
Unblest by visionary thoughts that stray
To count the joys of Fortune's better day !
Lo, nature, life, and liberty relume
The dim-eyed tenant of the dungeon gloom,
A long-lost friend, or hapless child restored,
Smiles at his blazing hearth and social board ;
Warm from his heart the tears of rapture flow,
And virtue triumphs o'er remembered woe.

Chide not his peace, proud Reason ; nor destroy
The shadowy forms of uncreated joy,
That urge the lingering tide of life, and pour
Spontaneous slumber on his midnight hour.

Hark! the wild maniac sings, to chide the gale
That wafts so slow her lover's distant sail;
She, sad spectatress, on the wintry shore
Watched the rude surge his shroudless corse that bore,
Knew the pale form, and, shrieking in amaze,
Clasped her cold hands, and fixed her maddening gaze:
Poor widowed wretch! 't was there she wept in vain,
Till Memory fled her agonizing brain; —
But Mercy gave, to charm the sense of woe,
Ideal peace, that truth could ne'er bestow;
Warm on her heart the joys of Fancy beam,
And aimless HOPE delights her darkest dream.

 Oft when yon moon has climbed the midnight sky,
And the lone sea-bird wakes its wildest cry,
Piled on the steep, her blazing fagots burn
To hail the bark that never can return;
And still she waits, but scarce forbears to weep,
That constant love can linger on the deep.

 And, mark the wretch, whose wanderings never knew
The world's regard, that soothes, though half untrue;
Whose erring heart the lash of sorrow bore,
But found not pity when it erred no more.
Yon friendless man, at whose dejected eye
The unfeeling proud one looks — and passes by,
Condemned on Penury's barren path to roam,
Scorned by the world, and left without a home —
Even he, at evening, should he chance to stray
Down by the hamlet's hawthorn-scented way,
Where, round the cot's romantic glade, are seen
The blossomed bean-field, and the sloping green,
Leans o'er its humble gate, and thinks the while —
O! that for me some home like this would smile,

Some hamlet shade, to yield my sickly form
Health in the breeze, and shelter in the storm !
There should my hand no stinted boon assign
To wretched hearts with sorrow such as mine ! —
That generous wish can soothe unpitied care,
And HOPE half mingles with the poor man's prayer.

HOPE ! when I mourn, with sympathizing mind,
The wrongs of fate, the woes of human kind,
Thy blissful omens bid my spirit see
The boundless fields of rapture yet to be ;
I watch the wheels of Nature's mazy plan,
And learn the future by the past of man.

Come, bright Improvement ! on the car of Time,
And rule the spacious world from clime to clime ;
Thy handmaid arts shall every wild explore,
Trace every wave, and culture every shore.
On Erie's banks, where tigers steal along,
And the dread Indian chants a dismal song,
Where human fiends on midnight errands walk,
And bathe in brains the murderous tomahawk,
There shall the flocks on thymy pasture stray,
And shepherds dance at Summer's opening day ;
Each wandering genius of the lonely glen
Shall start to view the glittering haunts of men,
And silent watch, on woodland heights around,
The village curfew as it tolls profound.

In Libyan groves, where damned rites are done,
That bathe the rocks in blood, and veil the sun,
Truth shall arrest the murderous arm profane,
Wild Obi flies — the veil is rent in twain.

Where barbarous hordes on Seythian mountains roam,
Truth, Mercy, Freedom, yet shall find a home ;

Where'er degraded Nature bleeds and pines,
From Guinea's coast to Sibir's dreary mines,
Truth shall pervade the unfathomed darkness there,
And light the dreadful features of despair.—
Hark! the stern captive spurns his heavy load,
And asks the image back that Heaven bestowed!
Fierce in his eye the fire of valor burns,
And, as the slave departs, the man returns.

O! sacred Truth! thy triumph ceased a while,
And HOPE, thy sister, ceased with thee to smile,
When leagued Oppression poured to Northern wars
Her whiskered pandours and her fierce hussars,
Waved her dread standard to the breeze of morn,
Pealed her loud drum, and twanged her trumpet horn;
Tumultuous horror brooded o'er her van,
Presaging wrath to Poland — and to man!

Warsaw's last champion from her height surveyed,
Wide o'er the fields, a waste of ruin laid,—
O! Heaven! he cried, my bleeding country save! —
Is there no hand on high to shield the brave?
Yet, though destruction sweep those lovely plains,
Rise, fellow-men! our country yet remains!
By that dread name, we wave the sword on high,
And swear for her to live — with her to die!

He said, and on the rampart-heights arrayed
His trusty warriors, few, but undismayed;
Firm-paced and slow, a horrid front they form,
Still as the breeze, but dreadful as the storm;
Low murmuring sounds along their banners fly,
Revenge, or death,— the watch-word and reply;
Then pealed the notes, omnipotent to charm,
And the loud tocsin tolled their last alarm! —

In vain, alas ! in vain, ye gallant few !
From rank to rank your volleyed thunder flew : —
O, bloodiest picture in the book of Time,
Sarmatia fell, unwept, without a crime ;
Found not a generous friend, a pitying foe,
Strength in her arms, nor mercy in her woe !
Dropped from her nerveless grasp the shattered spear,
Closed her bright eye, and curbed her high career : —
HOPE, for a season, bade the world farewell,
And freedom shrieked — as KOSCIUSKO fell !

The sun went down, nor ceased the carnage there,
Tumultuous murder shook the midnight air —
On Prague's proud arch the fires of ruin glow,
His blood-dyed waters murmuring far below ;
The storm prevails, the rampart yields a way,
Bursts the wild cry of horror and dismay !
Hark, as the smouldering piles with thunder fall,
A thousand shrieks for hopeless mercy call !
Earth shook — red meteors flashed along the sky,
And conscious Nature shuddered at the cry !

O ! righteous Heaven ! ere Freedom found a grave,
Why slept the sword, omnipotent to save ?
Where was thine arm, O Vengeance ! where thy rod,
That smote the foes of Zion and of God ;
That crushed proud Ammon, when his iron car
Was yoked in wrath, and thundered from afar ?
Where was the storm that slumbered till the host
Of blood-stained Pharaoh left their trembling coast ;
Then bade the deep in wild commotion flow,
And heaved an ocean on their march below ?

Departed spirits of the mighty dead !
Ye that at Marathon and Leuctra bled !

Friends of the world, restore your swords to man,
 Fight in his sacred cause, and lead the van !
 Yet for Sarmatia's tears of blood atone,
 And make her arm puissant as your own !
 O ! once again to Freedom's cause return
 The patriot TELL — the BRUCE OF BANNOCKBURN !

Yes ! thy proud lords, unpitied land ! shall see
 That man hath yet a soul — and dare be free !
 A little while along thy saddening plains
 The starless night of Desolation reigns ;
 Truth shall restore the light by Nature given,
 And, like Prometheus, bring the fire of Heaven !
 Prone to the dust Oppression shall be hurled,
 Her name, her nature, withered from the world !

Ye that the rising morn invidious mark,
 And hate the light because your deeds are dark ;
 Ye that expanding truth invidious view,
 And think, or wish, the song of HOPE untrue ;
 Perhaps your little hands presume to span
 The march of Genius and the powers of man ;
 Perhaps ye watch, at Pride's unhallowed shrine,
 Her victims, newly slain, and thus divine : —
 " Here shall thy triumph, Genius, cease, and here
 Truth, Science, Virtue, close your short career."

Tyrants ! in vain ye trace the wizard ring ;
 In vain ye limit Mind's unwearied spring :
 What ! can ye lull the wingéd winds asleep,
 Arrest the rolling world, or chain the deep ?
 No ! the wild wave contemns your sceptred hand ;
 It rolled not back when Canute gave command !

Man ! can thy doom no brighter soul allow ?
 Still must thou live a blot on Nature's brow ?

Shall war's polluted banner ne'er be furled ?
Shall crimes and tyrants cease but with the world ?
What ! are thy triumphs, sacred Truth, belied ?
Why then hath Plato lived — or Sidney died ?

Ye fond adorers of departed fame,
Who warm at Scipio's worth, or Tully's name !
Ye that, in fancied vision, can admire
The sword of Brutus, and the Theban lyre !
Rapt in historic ardor, who adore
Each classic haunt, and well-remembered shore,
Where Valor tuned, amidst her chosen throng,
The Thracian trumpet, and the Spartan song ;
Or, wandering thence, behold the later charms
Of England's glory, and Helvetia's arms !
See Roman fire in Hampden's bosom swell,
And fate and freedom in the shaft of Tell !
Say, ye fond zealots to the worth of yore,
Hath Valor left the world — to live no more ?
No more shall Brutus bid a tyrant die,
And sternly smile with vengeance in his eye ;
Hampden no more, when suffering freedom calls,
Encounter Fate, and triumph as he falls ;
Nor Tell disclose, through peril and alarm,
The might that slumbers in a peasant's arm ?

Yes, in that generous cause, forever strong,
The patriot's virtue, and the poet's song,
Still, as the tide of ages rolls away,
Shall charm the world, unconscious of decay.

Yes, there are hearts, prophetic HOPE may trust,
That slumber yet in uncreated dust,
Ordained to fire the adoring sons of earth
With every charm of wisdom and of worth ;

Ordained to light, with intellectual day,
The mazy wheels of nature as they play,
Or, warm with Fancy's energy, to glow,
And rival all but Shakspeare's name below.

And say, supernal Powers ! who deeply scan
Heaven's dark decrees, unfathomed yet by man,
When shall the world call down, to cleanse her shame,
That embryo spirit, yet without a name,—
That friend of Nature, whose avenging hands
Shall burst the Libyan's adamantine bands !
Who, sternly marking on his native soil
The blood, the tears, the anguish, and the toil,
Shall bid each righteous heart exult, to see
Peace to the slave, and vengeance on the free !

Yet, yet, degraded men ! the expected day
That breaks your bitter cup is far away ;
Trade, wealth and fashion, ask you still to bleed,
And holy men give Scripture for the deed ;
Scourged, and debased, no Briton stoops to save
A wretch, a coward ; yes, because a slave ! —

Eternal Nature ! when thy giant hand
Had heaved the floods, and fixed the trembling land,
When life sprang startling at thy plastic call,
Endless her forms, and man the lord of all !
Say, was that lordly form inspired by thee,
To wear eternal chains and bow the knee ?
Was man ordained the slave of man to toil,
Yoked with the brutes, and fettered to the soil ;
Weighed in a tyrant's balance with his gold ?
No, Nature stamped us in a heavenly mould !
She bade no wretch his thankless labor urge,
Nor, trembling, take the pittance and the scourge !

No homeless Libyan, on the stormy deep,
To call upon his country's name, and weep ! —

Lo ! once in triumph, on his boundless plain,
The quivered chief of Congo loved to reign ;
With fires proportioned to his native sky,
Strength in his arm, and lightning in his eye ;
Scoured with wild feet his sun-illumined zone,
The spear, the lion, and the woods, his own !
Or led the combat, bold without a plan,
An artless savage, but a fearless man !

The plunderer came ; alas, no glory smiles
For Congo's chief, on yonder Indian Isles !
Forever fallen, no son of Nature now,
With Freedom chartered on his manly brow !
Faint, bleeding, bound, he weeps the night away,
And when the sea-wind wafts the dewless day
Starts, with a bursting heart, forevermore
To curse the sun that lights their guilty shore !

The shrill horn blew ; at that alarum knell
His guardian angel took a last farewell !
That funeral dirge to darkness hath resigned
The fiery grandeur of a generous mind !
Poor fettered man ! I hear thee whispering low
Unhallowed vows to Guilt, the child of Woe,
Friendless thy heart ; and canst thou harbor there
A wish but death,—a passion but despair ?

The widowed Indian, when her lord expires,
Mounts the dread pile, and braves the funeral fires !
So falls the heart at Thraldom's bitter sigh !
So Virtue dies, the spouse of Liberty !

But not to Libya's barren climes alone,
To Chili, or the wild Siberian zone,

Belong the wretched heart and haggard eye,
Degraded worth, and poor misfortune's sigh! —
Ye orient realms, where Ganges' waters run!
Prolific fields, dominions of the sun!
How long your tribes have trembled and obeyed!
How long was Timour's iron sceptre swayed,
Whose marshalled hosts, the lions of the plain,
From Scythia's northern mountains to the main,
Raged o'er your plundered shrines and altars bare,
With blazing torch and gory cimitar, —
Stunned with the cries of death each gentle gale,
And bathed in blood the verdure of the vale!
Yet could no pangs the immortal spirit tame,
When Brama's children perished for his name;
The martyr smiled beneath avenging power,
And braved the tyrant in his torturing hour!

When Europe sought your subject realms to gain,
And stretched her giant sceptre o'er the main,
Taught her proud barks the winding way to shape,
And braved the stormy Spirit of the Cape;
Children of Brama, then was Mercy nigh
To wash the stain of blood's eternal dye?
Did Peace descend, to triumph and to save,
When freeborn Britons crossed the Indian wave?
Ah, no! — to more than Rome's ambition true,
The Nurse of Freedom gave it not to you!
She the bold route of Europe's guilt began,
And, in the march of nations, led the van!

Rich in the gems of India's gaudy zone,
And plunder piled from kingdoms not their own,
Degenerate trade, thy minions could despise
The heart-born anguish of a thousand cries;

Could lock, with impious hands, their teeming store,
While famished nations died along the shore ;
Could mock the groans of fellow-men, and bear
The curse of kingdoms peopled with despair ;
Could stamp disgrace on man's polluted name,
And barter, with their gold, eternal shame !

But hark ! as bowed to earth the Bramin kneels,
From heavenly climes propitious thunder peals !
Of India's fate her guardian spirits tell,
Prophetic murmurs breathing on the shell,
And solemn sounds, that awe the listening mind,
Roll on the azure paths of every wind.

“ Foes of mankind ! (her guardian spirits say)
Revolving ages bring the bitter day,
When Heaven's unerring arm shall fall on you,
And blood for blood these Indian plains bedew ;
Nine times have Brama's wheels of lightning hurled
His awful presence o'er the alarmed world ;
Nine times hath Guilt, through all his giant frame,
Convulsive trembled, as the Mighty came ;
Nine times hath suffering Mercy spared in vain,—
But heaven shall burst her starry gates again !
He comes ! dread Brama shakes the sunless sky
With murmuring wrath, and thunders from on high,
Heaven's fiery horse, beneath his warrior form,
Paws the light clouds, and gallops on the storm !
Wide waves his flickering sword ; his bright arms glow
Like summer suns, and light the world below !
Earth, and her trembling isles in Ocean's bed,
Are shook ; and Nature rocks beneath his tread !

“ To pour redress on India's injured realm,
The oppressor to dethrone, the proud to whelm ;

To chase destruction from her plundered shore
With arts and arms that triumphed once before,
The tenth Avatar comes ! at Heaven's command
Shall Seriswattee wave her hallowed wand !
And Camdeo bright, and Ganesa sublime,
Shall bless with joy their own propitious clime ! —
Come, Heavenly Powers ! primeval peace restore !
Love ! — Mercy ! — Wisdom ! — rule forevermore ! ”

PART THE SECOND.

ANALYSIS OF PART II.

APOSTROPHE to the power of Love — its intimate connection with generous and social Sensibility — allusion to that beautiful passage, in the beginning of the Book of Genesis, which represents the happiness of Paradise itself incomplete till love was superadded to its other blessings — the dreams of future felicity which a lively imagination is apt to cherish, when Hope is animated by refined attachment — this disposition to combine, in one imaginary scene of residence, all that is pleasing in our estimate of happiness, compared to the skill of the great artist who personified perfect beauty, in the picture of Venus, by an assemblage of the most beautiful features he could find — a summer and winter evening described, as they may be supposed to arise in the mind of one who wishes, with enthusiasm, for the union of friendship and retirement.

Hope and Imagination inseparable agents — even in those contemplative moments when our imagination wanders beyond the boundaries of this world, our minds are not unattended with an impression that we shall some day have a wider and more distinct prospect of the universe, instead of the partial glimpse we now enjoy.

The last and most sublime influence of Hope is the concluding topic of the poem — the predominance of a belief in a future state over the terrors attendant on dissolution — the baneful influence of that sceptical philosophy which bars us from such comforts — allusion to the fate of a suicide — Episode of Conrad and Ellenore — conclusion.

PART II.

IN joyous youth, what soul hath never known
Thought, feeling, taste, harmonious to its own?
Who hath not paused while Beauty's pensive eye
Asked from his heart the homage of a sigh?
Who hath not owned, with rapture-smitten frame,
The power of grace, the magic of a name?

There be, perhaps, who barren hearts avow,
Cold as the rocks on Torneo's hoary brow;
There be, whose loveless wisdom never failed,
In self-adoring pride securely mailed; —
But, triumph not, ye peace-enamored few!
Fire, Nature, Genius, never dwelt with you!
For you no fancy consecrates the scene
Where rapture uttered vows, and wept between;
'T is yours, unmoved, to sever and to meet;
No pledge is sacred, and no home is sweet!

Who that would ask a heart to dulness wed,
The waveless calm, the slumber of the dead?
No; the wild bliss of Nature needs alloy,
And fear and sorrow fan the fire of joy!
And say, without our hopes, without our fears,
Without the home that plighted love endears,
Without the smile from partial beauty won,
O, what were man? — a world without a sun.

Till Hymen brought his love-delighted hour,
There dwelt no joy in Eden's rosy bower!

In vain the viewless seraph lingering there,
At starry midnight charmed the silent air ;
In vain the wild-bird carolled on the steep,
To hail the sun, slow wheeling from the deep ;
In vain, to soothe the solitary shade,
Aërial notes in mingling measure played ;
The summer wind that shook the spangled tree,
The whispering wave, the murmur of the bee ; —
Still slowly passed the melancholy day,
And still the stranger wist not where to stray.
The world was sad ; the garden was a wild !
And man, the hermit, sighed, till woman smiled !

True, the sad power to generous hearts may bring
Delirious anguish on his fiery wing ;
Barred from delight by Fate's untimely hand,
By wealthless lot, or pitiless command ;
Or doomed to gaze on beauties that adorn
The smile of triumph or the frown of scorn ;
While Memory watches o'er the sad review
Of joys that faded like the morning dew ;
Peace may depart, and life and nature seem
A barren path, a wildness, and a dream !

But can the noble mind forever brood,
The willing victim of a weary mood,
On heartless cares that squander life away,
And cloud young Genius brightening into day ?
Shame to the coward thought that e'er betrayed
The noon of manhood to a myrtle shade !
If HOPE's creative spirit cannot raise
One trophy sacred to thy future days,
Scorn the dull crowd that haunt the gloomy shrine,
Of hopeless love to murmur and repine !

But, should a sigh of milder mood express
Thy heart-warm wishes, true to happiness,
Should Heaven's fair Harbinger delight to pour
Her blissful visions on thy pensive hour,
No tear to blot thy memory's pictured page,
No fears but such as fancy can assuage ;
Though thy wild heart some hapless hour may miss
The peaceful tenor of unvaried bliss
(For love pursues an ever-devious race,
True to the winding lineaments of grace) ;
Yet still may HOPE her talisman employ
To snatch from Heaven anticipated joy,
And all her kindred energies impart,
That burn the brightest in the purest heart.

When first the Rhodian's mimic art arrayed
The queen of Beauty in her Cyprian shade,
The happy master mingled on his piece
Each look that charmed him in the fair of Greece.
To faultless Nature true, he stole a grace
From every finer form and sweeter face ;
And as he sojourned on the Ægean isles,
Wooded all their love, and treasured all their smiles !
Then glowed the tints, pure, precious, and refined,
And mortal charms seemed heavenly when combined ;
Love on the picture smiled ! Expression poured
Her mingling spirit there, and Greece adored !

So thy fair hand, enamored Fancy, gleans
The treasured pictures of a thousand scenes ;
Thy pencil traces on the lover's thought
Some cottage-home, from towns and toil remote,
Where love and lore may claim alternate hours,
With Peace embosomed in Idalian bowers ;

Remote from busy Life's bewildered way,
O'er all his heart shall Taste and Beauty sway;
Free on the sunny slope, or winding shore,
With hermit steps to wander and adore!
There shall he love, when genial morn appears,
Like pensive Beauty smiling in her tears,
To watch the brightening roses of the sky,
And muse on Nature with a poet's eye! —
And when the sun's last splendor lights the deep,
The woods and waves, and murmuring winds asleep,
When fairy harps the Hesperian planet hail,
And the lone cuckoo sighs along the vale,
His path shall be where streamy mountains swell
Their shadowy grandeur o'er the narrow dell,
Where mouldering piles and forests intervene,
Mingling with darker tints the living green;
No circling hills his ravished eye to bound,
Heaven, Earth and Ocean, blazing all around.

The moon is up, — the watch-tower dimly burns, —
And down the vale his sober step returns;
But pauses oft, as winding rocks convey
The still sweet fall of music far away;
And oft he lingers from his home a while
To watch the dying notes, and start, and smile!

Let Winter come, let polar spirits sweep
The darkening world, and tempest-troubled deep!
Though boundless snows the withered heath deform,
And the dim sun scarce wanders through the storm,
Yet shall the smile of social love repay,
With mental light, the melancholy day;
And, when its short and sullen noon is o'er,
The ice-chained waters slumbering on the shore,

How bright the fagots in his little hall
Blaze on the hearth, and warm the pictured wall !

How blest he names, in Love's familiar tone,
The kind fair friend, by nature marked his own ;
And, in the waveless mirror of his mind,
Views the fleet years of pleasure left behind,
Since when her empire o'er his heart began,
Since first he called her his before the holy man !

Trim the gay taper in his rustic dome,
And light the wintry paradise of home ;
And let the half-uncurtained window hail
Some way-worn man benighted in the vale !
Now, while the moaning night-wind rages high,
As sweep the shot-stars down the troubled sky,
While fiery hosts in Heaven's wide circle play,
And bathe in lurid light the milky-way,
Safe from the storm, the meteor, and the shower,
Some pleasing page shall charm the solemn hour,—
With pathos shall command, with wit beguile,
A generous tear of anguish, or a smile,—
Thy woes, Arion, and thy simple tale,
O'er all the heart shall triumph and prevail !
Charmed as they read the verse too sadly true,
How gallant Albert, and his weary crew,
Heaved all their guns, their foundering bark to save,
And toiled, and shrieked, and perished on the wave !

Yes, at the dead of night, by Lonna's steep,
The seaman's cry was heard along the deep ;
There on his funeral waters, dark and wild,
The dying father blessed his darling child ;
O, Mercy, shield her innocence ! he cried,
Spent on the prayer his bursting heart, and died !

Or they will learn how generous worth sublimes
The robber Moor, and pleads for all his crimes !
How poor Amelia kissed, with many a tear,
His hand, blood-stained, but ever, ever dear !
Hung on the tortured bosom of her lord,
And wept and prayed perdition from his sword !
Nor sought in vain — at that heart-piercing cry
The strings of Nature cracked with agony !
He, with delirious laugh, the dagger hurled,
And burst the ties that bound him to the world !
Turn from his dying words, that smite with steel
The shuddering thoughts, or wind them on the wheel —
Turn to the gentler melodies that suit
Thalia's harp, or Pan's Arcadian lute ;
Or, down the stream of Truth's historic page,
From clime to clime descend, from age to age !

Yet there, perhaps, may darker scenes obtrude
Than Fancy fashions in her wildest mood ;
There shall he pause, with horrent brow, to rate
What millions died — that Caesar might be great !
Or learn the fate that bleeding thousands bore,
Marched by their Charles to Dneiper's swampy shore ;
Faint in his wounds, and shivering in the blast,
The Swedish soldier sunk — and groaned his last !
File after file the stormy showers benumb,
Freeze every standard-sheet, and hush the drum !
Horseman and horse confessed the bitter pang,
And arms and warriors fell with hollow clang !
Yet, ere he sunk in Nature's last repose,
Ere life's warm torrent to the fountain froze,
The dying man to Sweden turned his eye,
Thought of his home, and closed it with a sigh ;

Imperial Pride looked sullen on his plight,
And Charles beheld — nor shuddered at the sight !

Above, below, in Ocean, Earth, and Sky,
Thy fairy worlds, Imagination, lie,
And HOPE attends, companion of the way,
Thy dream by night, thy visions of the day !
In yonder pensile orb, and every sphere
That gems the starry girdle of the year —
In those unmeasured worlds, she bids thee tell,
Pure from their God, created millions dwell,
Whose names and natures, unrevealed below,
We yet shall learn, and wonder as we know ;
For, as Iona's saint, a giant form,
Throned on her towers, conversing with the storm
(When o'er each Runic altar, weed-entwined,
The vesper-clock tolls mournful to the wind),
Counts every wave-worn isle, and mountain hoar,
From Kilda to the green Ierne's shore ;
So, when thy pure and renovated mind
This perishable dust hath left behind,
Thy seraph eye shall count the starry train,
Like distant isles embosomed in the main ;
Rapt to the shrine where motion first began,
And light and life in mingling torrent ran ;
From whence each bright rotundity was hurled,
The throne of God — the centre of the world !

O, vainly wise, the moral Muse hath sung
That suasive HOPE hath but a Siren tongue !
True ; she may sport with life's untutored day,
Nor heed the solace of its last decay,
The guileless heart her happy mansion spurn,
And part, like Ajut — never to return !

But yet, methinks, when Wisdom shall assuage
The grief and passions of our greener age,
Though dull the close of life, and far away
Each flower that hailed the dawning of the day;
Yet o'er her lovely hopes, that once were dear,
The time-taught spirit, pensive, not severe,
With milder griefs her aged eye shall fill,
And weep their falsehood, though she loves them still!

Thus, with forgiving tears, and reconciled,
The King of Judah mourned his rebel child!
Musing on days when yet the guiltless boy
Smiled on his sire, and filled his heart with joy;
My Absalom! the voice of Nature cried,
O, that for thee thy father could have died!
For bloody was the deed, and rashly done,
That slew my Absalom! — my son! — my son!

Unfading HOPE! when life's last embers burn,
When soul to soul and dust to dust return,
Heaven to thy charge resigns the awful hour!
O, then thy kingdom comes! Immortal Power!
What though each spark of earth-born rapture fly
The quivering lip, pale cheek, and closing eye!
Bright to the soul thy seraph hands convey
The morning dream of life's eternal day —
Then, then, the triumph and the trance begin,
And all the phoenix spirit burns within!

O, deep-enchancing prelude to repose,
The dawn of bliss, the twilight of our woes!
Yet half I hear the panting spirit sigh,
It is a dread and awful thing to die!
Mysterious worlds, untravelled by the sun!
Where Time's far-wandering tide has never run,

From your unfathomed shades, and viewless spheres,
 A warning comes, unheard by other ears.
 'Tis Heaven's commanding trumpet, long and loud,
 Like Sinai's thunder, pealing from the cloud !
 While Nature hears, with terror-mingled trust,
 The shock that hurls her fabric to the dust ;
 And, like the trembling Hebrew, when he trod
 The roaring waves, and called upon his God,
 With mortal terrors clouds immortal bliss,
 And shrieks, and hovers o'er the dark abyss !

Daughter of Faith, awake, arise, illumine
 The dread unknown, the chaos of the tomb !
 Melt and dispel, ye spectre-doubts, that roll
 Cimmerian darkness o'er the parting soul !
 Fly, like the moon-eyed herald of Dismay,
 Chased on his night-steed by the star of day !
 The strife is o'er — the pangs of Nature close,
 And life's last rapture triumphs o'er her woes.
 Hark ! as the spirit eyes, with eagle gaze,
 The noon of Heaven, undazzled by the blaze,
 On heavenly winds, that waft her to the sky,
 Float the sweet tones of star-born melody ;
 Wild as that hallowed anthem sent to hail
 Bethlehem's shepherds in the lonely vale,
 When Jordan hushed his waves, and midnight still
 Watched on the holy towers of Zion hill !

Soul of the just ! companion of the dead !
 Where is thy home, and whither art thou fled ?
 Back to its heavenly source thy being goes,
 Swift as the comet wheels to whence he rose ;
 Doomed on his airy path a while to burn,
 And doomed, like thee, to travel and return.

Hark ! from the world's exploding centre driven,
With sounds that shook the firmament of Heaven,
Careers the fiery giant, fast and far,
On bickering wheels, and adamantine car ;
From planet whirled to planet more remote,
He visits realms beyond the reach of thought ;
But wheeling homeward, when his course is run,
Curbs the red yoke, and mingles with the sun !
So hath the traveller of earth unfurled
Her trembling wings, emerging from the world ;
And o'er the path by mortal never trod
Sprung to her source — the bosom of her God !

O, lives there, Heaven, beneath thy dread expanse,
One hopeless, dark idolater of Chance,
Content to feed, with pleasures unrefined,
The lukewarm passions of a lowly mind ;
Who, mouldering earthward, 'reft of every trust
In joyless union wedded to the dust,
Could all his parting energy dismiss,
And call this barren world sufficient bliss ?
There live, alas ! of heaven-directed mien,
Of cultured soul, and sapient eye serene,
Who hail thee, Man ! the pilgrim of a day,
Spouse of the worm, and brother of the clay,
Frail as the leaf in Autumn's yellow bower,
Dust in the wind, or dew upon the flower ;
A friendless slave, a child without a sire,
Whose mortal life and momentary fire
Light to the grave his chance-created form,
As ocean-wrecks illuminate the storm ;
And, when the gun's tremendous flash is o'er,
To night and silence sink forevermore !

Are these the pompous tidings ye proclaim,
Lights of the world, and demi-gods of Fame?
Is this your triumph — this your proud applause,
Children of Truth, and champions of her cause?
For this hath Science searched, on weary wing,
By shore and sea, each mute and living thing!
Launched with Iberia's pilot from the steep,
To worlds unknown, and isles beyond the deep?
Or round the cope her living chariot driven,
And wheeled in triumph through the signs of Heaven.
O, star-eyed Science! hast thou wandered there,
To waft us home the message of despair?
Then bind the palm, thy sage's brow to suit,
Of blasted leaf, and death-distilling fruit!
Ah me! the laurelled wreath that Murder rears,
Blood-nursed, and watered by the widow's tears,
Seems not so foul, so tainted, and so dread,
As waves the night-shade round the sceptic head.
What is the bigot's torch, the tyrant's chain?
I smile on death, if heaven-ward HOPE remain!
But, if the warring winds of Nature's strife
Be all the faithless charter of my life,
If Chance awaked, inexorable power,
This frail and feverish being of an hour;
Doomed o'er the world's precarious scene to sweep,
Swift as the tempest travels on the deep,
To know Delight but by her parting smile,
And toil, and wish, and weep a little while;
Then melt, ye elements, that formed in vain
This troubled pulse, and visionary brain!
Fade, ye wild flowers, memorials of my doom,
And sink, ye stars, that light me to the tomb!

Truth, ever lovely,—since the world began,
The foe of tyrants, and the friend of man,—
How can thy words from balmy slumber start
Reposing Virtue, pillowed on the heart !
Yet, if thy voice the note of thunder rolled,
And that were true which Nature never told,
Let Wisdom smile not on her conquered field,
No rapture dawns, no treasure is revealed !
O, let her read, nor loudly, nor elate,
The doom that bars us from a better fate ;
But, sad as angels for the good man's sin,
Weep to record, and blush to give it in !

And well may Doubt, the mother of Dismay,
Pause at her martyr's tomb, and read the lay.
Down by the wilds of yon deserted vale,
It darkly hints a melancholy tale !
There, as the homeless madman sits alone,
In hollow winds he hears a spirit moan ;
And there, they say, a wizard orgie crowds,
When the moon lights her watch-tower in the clouds.
Poor lost Alonzo ! Fate's neglected child !
Mild be the doom of Heaven —as thou wert mild !
For, O ! thy heart in holy mould was cast,
And all thy deeds were blameless but the last.
Poor lost Alonzo ! still I seem to hear
The clod that struck thy hollow-sounding bier !
When Friendship paid, in speechless sorrow drowned,
Thy midnight rites, but not on hallowed ground !

Cease, every joy, to glimmer on my mind,
But leave, O, leave the light of HOPE behind !
What though my wingéd hours of bliss have been,
Like angel-visits, few and far between,

Her musing mood shall every pang appease,
 And charm — when pleasures lose the power to please !
 Yes ; let each rapture, dear to Nature, flee :
 Close not the light of Fortune's stormy sea —
 Mirth, Music, Friendship, Love's propitious smile,
 Chase every care, and charm a little while,
 Ecstatic throbs the fluttering heart employ,
 And all her strings are harmonized to joy ! —
 But why so short is Love's delighted hour ?
 Why fades the dew on Beauty's sweetest flower ?
 Why can no hymned charm of music heal
 The sleepless woes impassioned spirits feel ?
 Can Fancy's fairy hands no veil create,
 To hide the sad realities of fate ? —

No ! not the quaint remark, the sapient rule,
 Nor all the pride of Wisdom's worldly school,
 Have power to soothe, unaided and alone,
 The heart that vibrates to a feeling tone !
 When stepdame Nature every bliss recalls,
 Fleet as the meteor o'er the desert falls ;
 When, ' reft of all, yon widowed sire appears
 A lonely hermit in the vale of years ;
 Say, can the world one joyous thought bestow
 To Friendship, weeping at the couch of Woe ?
 No ! but a brighter soothes the last adieu, —
 Souls of impassioned mould, she speaks to you !
 Weep not, she says, at Nature's transient pain,
 Congenial spirits part to meet again !

What plaintive sobs thy filial spirit drew,
 What sorrow choked thy long and last adieu !
 Daughter of Conrad ? when he heard his knell,
 And bade his country and his child farewell,

Doomed the long isles of Sidney-cove to see,
The martyr of his crimes, but true to thee ?
Thrice the sad father tore thee from his heart,
And thrice returned, to bless thee, and to part ;
Thrice from his trembling lips he murmured low
The plaint that owned unutterable woe ;
Till Faith, prevailing o'er his sullen doom,
As bursts the morn on night's unfathomed gloom,
Lured his dim eye to deathless hopes sublime,
Beyond the realms of Nature and of Time !

" And weep not thus," he cried, " young Ellenore,
My bosom bleeds, but soon shall bleed no more !
Short shall this half-extinguished spirit burn,
And soon these limbs to kindred dust return !
But not, my child, with life's precarious fire,
The immortal ties of Nature shall expire ;
These shall resist the triumph of decay,
When time is o'er, and worlds have passed away !
Cold in the dust this perished heart may lie,
But that which warmed it once shall never die !
That spark unburied in its mortal frame,
With living light, eternal, and the same,
Shall beam on Joy's interminable years,
Unveiled by darkness — unassuaged by tears !

" Yet, on the barren shore and stormy deep,
One tedious watch is Conrad doomed to weep ;
But when I gain the home without a friend,
And press the uneasy couch where none attend,
This last embrace, still cherished in my heart,
Shall calm the struggling spirit ere it part !
Thy darling form shall seem to hover nigh,
And hush the groan of life's last agony !

“ Farewell ! when strangers lift thy father’s bier,
And place my nameless stone without a tear ;
When each returning pledge hath told my child
That Conrad’s tomb is on the desert piled ;
And when the dream of troubled Fancy sees
Its lonely rank grass waving in the breeze ;
Who then will soothe thy grief, when mine is o’er ?
Who will protect thee, helpless Ellenore ?
Shall secret scenes thy filial sorrows hide,
Scorned by the world, to factious guilt allied ?
Ah ! no ; methinks the generous and the good
Will woo thee from the shades of solitude !
O’er friendless grief Compassion shall awake,
And smile on innocence, for Mercy’s sake ! ”

Inspiring thought of rapture yet to be,
The tears of Love were nopeless, but for thee !
If in that frame no deathless spirit dwell,
If that faint murmur be the last farewell,
If Fate unite the faithful but to part,
Why is their memory sacred to the heart ?
Why does the brother of my childhood seem
Restored a while in every pleasing dream ?
Why do I joy the lonely spot to view,
By artless friendship blessed when life was new ?

Eternal HOPE ! when yonder spheres sublime
Pealed their first notes to sound the march of Time,
Thy joyous youth began — but not to fade.—
When all the sister planets have decayed ;
When wrapt in fire the realms of ether glow,
And Heaven’s last thunder shakes the world below ;
Thou, undismayed, shalt o’er the ruins smile,
And light thy torch at Nature’s funeral pile !

THEODRIC ;

A DOMESTIC TALE.

'T WAS sunset, and the Ranz des Vaches was sung,
And lights were o'er the Helvetian mountains flung,
That gave the glacier tops their richest glow,
And tinged the lakes like molten gold below :
Warmth flushed the wonted regions of the storm,
Where, Phoenix-like, you saw the eagle's form
That high in Heaven's vermilion wheeled and soared,
Woods nearer frowned, and cataracts dashed and roared
From heights browsed by the bounding bouquetin ;
Herds tinkling roamed the long-drawn vales between,
And hamlets glittered white, and gardens flourished green :
'T was transport to inhale the bright sweet air !
The mountain-bee was revelling in its glare,
And roving with his minstrelsy across
The scented wild weeds, and enamelled moss.
Earth's features so harmoniously were linked,
She seemed one great glad form, with life instinct,
That felt Heaven's ardent breath, and smiled below
Its flush of love, with consentaneous glow.

A Gothic church was near ; the spot around
Was beautiful, even though sepulchral ground ;
For there nor yew nor cypress spread their gloom,
But roses blossomed by each rustic tomb.

Amidst them one of spotless marble shone, —
A maiden's grave, — and 't was inscribed thereon,
That young and loved she died whose dust was there :

“ Yes,” said my comrade, “ young she died, and fair !
Grace formed her, and the soul of gladness played
Once in the blue eyes of that mountain-maid :
Her fingers witched the chords they passed along,
And her lips seemed to kiss the soul in song :
Yet wooed and worshipped as she was, till few
Aspired to hope, 't was sadly, strangely true,
That heart, the martyr of its fondness, burned,
And died of love that could not be returned.

Her father dwelt where yonder castle shines
O'er clustering trees and terrace-mantling vines :
As gay as ever, the laburnum's pride
Waves o'er each walk where she was wont to glide, —
And still the garden whence she graced her brow
As lovely blooms, though trode by strangers now.
How oft, from yonder window o'er the lake,
Her song of wild Helvetian swell and shake
Has made the rudest fisher bend his ear,
And rest enchanted on his oar to hear !
Thus bright, accomplished, spirited, and bland,
Well-born, and wealthy for that simple land,
Why had no gallant native youth the art
To win so warm — so exquisite a heart ?
She, 'midst these rocks inspired with feelings strong
By mountain-freedom — music — fancy — song,
Herself descended from the brave in arms,
And conscious of romance-inspiring charms,
Dreamt of heroic beings ; hoped to find
Some extant spirit of chivalric kind ;

And, scorning wealth, looked cold even on the claim
Of manly worth, that lacked the wreath of fame.

Her younger brother, sixteen summers old,
And much her likeness both in mind and mould,
Had gone, poor boy ! in soldiership to shine,
And bore an Austrian banner on the Rhine.

'T was when, alas ! our empire's evil star
Shed all the plagues, without the pride, of war;
When patriots bled, and bitterer anguish crossed
Our brave, to die in battles foully lost.

The youth wrote home the rout of many a day ;
Yet still he said, and still with truth could say,
One corps had ever made a valiant stand,—
The corps in which he served,—THEODRIC'S band.

His fame, forgotten chief ! is now gone by,
Eclipsed by brighter orbs in Glory's sky ;
Yet once it shone, and veterans, when they show
Our fields of battle twenty years ago,
Will tell you feats his small brigade performed,
In charges nobly faced and trenches stormed.

Time was when songs were chanted to his fame,
And soldiers loved the march that bore his name :
The zeal of martial hearts was at his call,
And that Helvetian's, UDOLPH'S, most of all.

'T was touching, when the storm of war blew wild,
To see a blooming boy — almost a child —
Spur fearless at his leader's words and signs,
Brave death in reconnoitring hostile lines,
And speed each task, and tell each message clear,
In scenes where war-trained men were stunned with fear.

THEODRIC praised him, and they wept for joy
In yonder house, when letters from the boy

Thanked Heaven for life, and more, to use his phrase,
Than twenty lives — his own commander's praise.
Then followed glowing pages, blazoning forth
The fancied image of his leader's worth,
With such hyperboles of youthful style
As made his parents dry their tears and smile :
But differently far his words impressed
A wondering sister's well-believing breast ; —
She caught the illusion, blessed THEODRIC'S name,
And wildly magnified his worth and fame ;
Rejoicing life's reality contained
One heretofore her fancy had but feigned,
Whose love could make her proud ! — and time and chance
To passion raised that day-dream of Romance.

Once, when with hasty charge of horse and man
Our arrière-guard had checked the Gallic van,
THEODRIC, visiting the outposts, found
His UDOLPH wounded, weltering on the ground :
Sore crushed, half-swooning, half-upraised he lay,
And bent his brow, fair boy ! and grasped the clay.
His fate moved even the common soldier's ruth —
THEODRIC succored him ; nor left the youth
To vulgar hands, but brought him to his tent,
And lent what aid a brother would have lent.

Meanwhile, to save his kindred half the smart
The war-gazette's dread blood-roll might impart,
He wrote the event to them ; and soon could tell
Of pains assuaged and symptoms auguring well ;
And last of all, prognosticating cure,
Enclosed the leech's vouching signature.

Their answers, on whose pages you might note
That tears had fallen whilst trembling fingers wrote,

Gave boundless thanks for benefits conferred,
Of which the boy, in secret, sent them word,
Whose memory Time, they said, would never blot ;
But which the giver had himself forgot.

In time, the stripling, vigorous and healed,
Resumed his barb and banner in the field,
And bore himself right soldier-like, till now
The third campaign had manlier bronzed his brow,
When peace, though but a scanty pause for breath,—
A curtain-drop between the acts of death,—
A check in frantic war's unfinished game,
Yet dearly bought, and direly welcome, came.
The camp broke up, and UDOLPH left his chief
As with a son's or younger brother's grief ;
But journeying home, how rapt his spirits rose !
How light his footsteps crushed St. Gothard's snows !
How dear seemed even the waste and wild Shreekhorn,
Though wrapt in clouds, and frowning as in scorn
Upon a downward world of pastoral charms ;
Where, by the very smell of dairy-farms,
And fragrance from the mountain-herbage blown,
Blindfold his native hills he could have known !

His coming down yon lake,— his boat in view
Of windows where love's fluttering kerchief flew,—
The arms spread out for him—the tears that burst —
('T was JULIA'S, 't was his sister's, met him first) ;
Their pride to see war's medal at his breast,
And all their rapture's greeting, may be guessed.

Ere long, his bosom triumphed to unfold
A gift he meant their gayest room to hold,—
The picture of a friend in warlike dress ;
And who it was he first bade JULIA guess.

'Yes,' she replied, 't was he, methought in sleep,
When you were wounded, told me not to weep.'
The painting long in that sweet mansion drew
Regards its living semblance little knew.

Meanwhile THEODRIC, who had years before
Learnt England's tongue, and loved her classic lore,
A glad enthusiast now explored the land,
Where Nature, Freedom, Art, smile hand in hand ;
Her women fair ; her men robust for toil ;
Her vigorous souls, high-cultured as her soil ;
Her towns, where civic independence flings
The gauntlet down to senates, courts, and kings ;
Her works of art, resembling magic's powers ;
Her mighty fleets, and learning's beauteous bowers,—
These he had visited, with wonder's smile,
And scarce endured to quit so fair an isle.
But how our fates from unmomentous things
May rise, like rivers out of little springs !
A trivial chance postponed his parting day,
And public tidings caused, in that delay,
An English Jubilee. 'T was a glorious sight !
At eve stupendous London, clad in light,
Poured out triumphant multitudes to gaze ;
Youth, age, wealth, penury, smiling in the blaze ;
The illumined atmosphere was warm and bland,
And Beauty's groups, the fairest of the land,
Conspicuous, as in some wide festive room,
In open chariots passed with pearl and plume.
Amidst them he remarked a lovelier mien
Than e'er his thoughts had shaped, or eyes had seen ;
The throng detained her till he reined his steed,
And, ere the beauty passed, had time to read

The motto and the arms her carriage bore.
Led by that clue, he left not England's shore
Till he had known her ; and to know her well
Prolonged, exalted, bound, enchantment's spell ;
For with affections warm, intense, refined,
She mixed such calm and holy strength of mind,
That, like Heaven's image in the smiling brook,
Celestial peace was pictured in her look.
Hers was the brow, in trials unperplexed,
That cheered the sad, and tranquillized the vexed ;
She studied not the meanest to eclipse,
And yet the wisest listened to her lips ;
She sang not, knew not Music's magic skill,
But yet her voice had tones that swayed the will.
He sought — he won her — and resolved to make
His future home in England, for her sake.

Yet, ere they wedded, matters of concern
To CÆSAR'S court commanded his return,
A season's space,—and on his Alpine way,
He reached those bowers, that rang with joy that day ;
The boy was half beside himself,—the sire,
All frankness, honor, and Helvetian fire,
Of speedy parting would not hear him speak ;
And tears bedewed and brightened JULIA'S cheek.

Thus, loth to wound their hospitable pride,
A month he promised with them to abide ;
As blithe he trod the mountain-sward as they,
And felt his joy make even the young more gay.
How jocund was their breakfast-parlor, fanned
By yon blue water's breath,—their walks how bland !
Fair JULIA seemed her brother's softened sprite —
A gem reflecting Nature's purest light,—

And with her graceful wit there was inwrought
A wildly sweet unworldliness of thought,
That almost child-like to his kindness drew,
And twin with UDOLPH in his friendship grew.
But did his thoughts to love one moment range? —
No, he who had loved CONSTANCE could not change!
Besides, till grief betrayed her undesigned,
The unlikely thought could scarcely reach his mind,
That eyes so young on years like his should beam
Unwooded devotion back for pure esteem.

True she sang to his very soul, and brought
Those trains before him of luxuriant thought,
Which only Music's heaven-born art can bring,
To sweep across the mind with angel wing.
Once, as he smiled amidst that waking trance,
She paused o'ercome, he thought it might be chance,
And, when his first suspicions dimly stole,
Rebuked them back like phantoms from his soul.
But when he saw his caution gave her pain,
And kindness brought suspense's rack again,
Faith, honor, friendship, bound him to unmask
Truths which her timid fondness feared to ask.

And yet with gracefully ingenuous power
Her spirit met the explanatory hour; —
Even conscious beauty brightened in her eyes,
That told she knew their love no vulgar prize;
And pride like that of one more woman-grown,
Enlarged her mien, enriched her voice's tone.
'T was then she struck the keys, and music made
That mocked all skill her hand had e'er displayed.
Inspired and warbling, rapt from things around,
She looked the very Muse of magic sound,

Painting in sound the forms of joy and woe,
Until the mind's eye saw them melt and glow.
Her closing strain composed and calm she played,
And sang no words to give its pathos aid ;
But grief seemed lingering in its lengthened swell,
And like so many tears the trickling touches fell.
Of CONSTANCE then she heard THEODRIC speak,
And steadfast smoothness still possessed her cheek.
But when he told her how he oft had planned
Of old a journey to their mountain-land,
That might have brought him hither years before,
' Ah, then,' she cried, ' you knew not England's shore !
And had you come — and wherefore did you not ?'
' Yes,' he replied, ' it would have changed our lot !'
Then burst her tears through pride's restraining bands,
And with her handkerchief, and both her hands,
She hid her voice and wept.— Contrition stung
THEODRIC for the tears his words had wrung.
' But no,' she cried, ' unsay not what you've said,
Nor grudge one prop on which my pride is stayed ;
To think I could have merited your faith
Shall be my solace even unto death !'
' JULIA,' THEODRIC said, with purposed look
Of firmness, ' my reply deserved rebuke ;
But, by your pure and sacred peace of mind,
And by the dignity of womankind,
Swear that when I am gone you'll do your best
To chase this dream of fondness from your breast.'
The abrupt appeal electrified her thought ; —
She looked to Heaven as if its aid she sought,
Dried hastily the tear-drops from her cheek,
And signified the vow she could not speak.

Ere long he communed with her mother mild ;
' Alas,' she said, ' I warned — conjured my child,
And grieved for this affection from the first,
But like fatality it has been nursed ;
For when her filled eyes on your picture fixed,
And when your name in all she spoke was mixed,
'T was hard to chide an over-grateful mind !
Then each attempt a likelier choice to find
Made only fresh-rejected suitors grieve,
And UDOLPH'S pride — perhaps her own — believe
That, could she meet, she might enchant even you.
You came. — I augured the event, 't is true,
But how was UDOLPH'S mother to exclude
The guest that claimed our boundless gratitude ?
And that unconscious you had cast a spell
On JULIA'S peace, my pride refused to tell ;
Yet in my child's illusion I have seen,
Believe me well, how blameless you have been ;
Nor can it cancel, howsoe'er it end,
Our debt of friendship to our boy's best friend.'
At night he parted with the aged pair ;
At early morn rose JULIA to prepare
The last repast her hands for him should make ;
And UDOLPH to convoy him o'er the lake.
The parting was to her such bitter grief,
That of her own accord she made it brief ;
But, lingering at her window, long surveyed
His boat's last glimpses melting into shade.

THEODRIC sped to Austria, and achieved
His journey's object. Much was he relieved
When UDOLPH'S letters told that JULIA'S mind
Had borne his loss firm, tranquil, and resigned.

He took the Rhenish route to England, high,
Elate with hopes, fulfilled their ecstacy,
And interchanged with CONSTANCE'S own breath
The sweet eternal vows that bound their faith.

To paint that being to a grovelling mind
Were like portraying pictures to the blind.
'T was needful even infectiously to feel
Her temper's fond and firm and gladsome zeal,
To share existence with her, and to gain
Sparks from her love's electrifying chain
Of that pure pride, which, lessening to her breast
Life's ills, gave all its joys a treble zest,
Before the mind completely understood
That mighty truth — how happy are the good !

Even when her light forsook him, it bequeathed
Ennobling sorrow ; and her memory breathed
A sweetness that survived her living days,
As odorous scents outlast the censer's blaze.

Or, if a trouble dimmed their golden joy,
'T was outward dross, and not infused alloy ;
Their home knew but affection's looks and speech —
A little Heaven, above dissension's reach.
But 'midst her kindred there were strife and gall ;
Save one congenial sister, they were all
Such foils to her bright intellect and grace,
As if she had engrossed the virtue of her race.
Her nature strove the unnatural feuds to heal,
Her wisdom made the weak to her appeal ;
And, though the wounds she cured were soon unclosed,
Unwearied still her kindness interposed.

Oft on those errands though she went in vain,
And home, a blank without her, gave him pain,

He bore her absence for its pious end.
But public grief his spirit came to bend;
For war laid waste his native land once more,
And German honor bled at every pore.
O, were he there, he thought, to rally back
One broken band, or perish in the wrack!
Nor think that CONSTANCE sought to move and melt
His purpose; like herself she spoke and felt:—
'Your fame is mine, and I will bear all woe
Except its loss!—but with you let me go
To arm you for, to embrace you from, the fight,
Harm will not reach me—hazards will delight!'—
He knew those hazards better; one campaign
In England he conjured her to remain,
And she expressed assent, although her heart
In secret had resolved *they* should not part.

How oft the wisest on misfortune's shelves
Are wrecked by errors most unlike themselves!
That little fault, *that* fraud of love's romance,
That plan's concealment, wrought their whole mischance.
He knew it not preparing to embark,
But felt extinct his comfort's latest spark,
When, 'midst those numbered days, she made repair
Again to kindred worthless of her care.
'T is true she said the tidings she would write
Would make her absence on his heart sit light;
But, haplessly, revealed not yet her plan,
And left him in his home a lonely man.

Thus damped in thoughts, he mused upon the past;
'T was long since he had heard from UDOLPH last,
And deep misgivings on his spirit fell
That all with UDOLPH's household was not well.

'T was that too true prophetic mood of fear
That augurs griefs inevitably near,
Yet makes them not less startling to the mind
When come. Least looked-for then of human kind
His UDOLPH ('t was, he thought at first, his sprite),
With mournful joy that morn surprised his sight.
How changed was UDOLPH ! Scarce THEODRIC durst
Inquire his tidings,— he revealed the worst.
' At first,' he said, ' as JULIA bade me tell,
She bore her fate high-mindedly and well,
Resolved from common eyes her grief to hide,
And from the world's compassion saved our pride ;
But still her health gave way to secret woe,
And long she pined — for broken hearts die slow !
Her reason went, but came, returning like
The warning of her death-hour — soon to strike ;
And all for which she now, poor sufferer ! sighs,
Is once to see THEODRIC ere she dies.
Why should I come to tell you this caprice ?
Forgive me ! for my mind has lost its peace.
I blame myself, and ne'er shall cease to blame,
That my insane ambition for the name
Of brother to THEODRIC founded all
Those high-built hopes that crushed her by their fall.
I made her slight her mother's counsel sage,
But now my parents droop with grief and age ;
And, though my sister's eyes mean no rebuke,
They overwhelm me with their dying look.
The journey 's long, but you are full of ruth ;
And she who shares your heart, and knows its truth,
Has faith in your affection far above
The fear of a poor dying object's love.'

'She has, my UDOLPH,' he replied, 't is true;
And oft we talk of JULIA — oft of you.'
Their converse came abruptly to a close;
For scarce could each his troubled looks compose,
When visitants, to CONSTANCE near akin
(In all but traits of soul), were ushered in.
They brought not her, nor 'midst their kindred band
The sister who alone, like her, was bland;
But said — and smiled to see it give him pain —
That CONSTANCE would a fortnight yet remain.
Vexed by their tidings, and the haughty view
They cast on UDOLPH as the youth withdrew,
THEODRIC blamed his CONSTANCE'S intent.—
The demons went, and left him as they went
To read, when they were gone beyond recall,
A note from her loved hand explaining all.
She said that with their house she only staid
That parting peace might with them all be made;
But prayed for love to share his foreign life,
And shun all future chance of kindred strife.
He wrote with speed, his soul's consent to say:
The letter missed her on her homeward way.
In six hours CONSTANCE was within his arms:
Moved, flushed, unlike her wonted calm of charms,
And breathless, with uplifted hands outspread,
Burst into tears upon his neck, and said,—
'I knew that those who brought your message laughed,
With poison of their own to point the shaft;
And this my one kind sister thought, yet loth
Confessed she feared 't was true you had been wroth.
But here you are, and smile on me; my pain
Is gone, and CONSTANCE is herself again.'

His ecstasy, it may be guessed, was much ;
Yet pain's extreme and pleasure's seemed to touch.
What pride ! embracing beauty's perfect mould ;
What terror ! lest his few rash words mistold
Had agonized her pulse to fever's heat ;
But calmed again so soon it healthful beat,
And such sweet tones were in her voice's sound,
Composed herself, she breathed composure round.

Fair being ! with what sympathetic grace
She heard, bewailed and pleaded, JULIA'S case ;
Implored he would her dying wish attend,
'And go,' she said, 'to-morrow with your friend ;
I'll wait for your return on England's shore,
And then we'll cross the deep, and part no more.'

To-morrow both his soul's compassion drew
To JULIA'S call, and CONSTANCE urged anew
That not to heed her now would be to bind
A load of pain for life upon his mind.
He went with UDOLPH — from his CONSTANCE went —
Stifling, alas ! a dark presentiment
Some ailment lurked, even whilst she smiled, to mock
His fears of harm from yester-morning's shock.
Meanwhile a faithful page he singled out,
To watch at home, and follow straight his route,
If aught of threatened change her health should show.
— With UDOLPH then he reached the house of woe.

That winter's eve, how darkly Nature's brow
Scowled on the scenes it lights so lovely now !
The tempest, raging o'er the realms of ice,
Shook fragments from the rifted precipice ;
And whilst their falling echoed to the wind,
The wolf's long howl in dismal discord joined.

While white yon water's foam was raised in clouds
That whirled like spirits wailing in their shrouds :
Without was Nature's elemental din —
And beauty died, and friendship wept, within !

Sweet JULIA, though her fate was finished half,
Still knew him — smiled on him with feeble laugh —
And blessed him, till she drew her latest sigh !
But, lo ! while UDOLPH's bursts of agony,
And age's tremulous wailings, round him rose,
What accents pierced him deeper yet than those !
'T was tidings, by his English messenger,
Of CONSTANCE — brief and terrible they were.
She still was living when the page set out
From home, but whether now was left in doubt.
Poor JULIA ! saw he then thy death's relief —
Stunned into stupor more than wrung with grief ?
It was not strange ; for in the human breast
Two master-passions cannot coëxist,
And that alarm which now usurped his brain
Shut out not only peace, but other pain.
'T was fancying CONSTANCE underneath the shroud
That covered JULIA made him first weep loud,
And tear himself away from them that wept.
Fast hurrying homeward, night nor day he slept,
Till, launched at sea, he dreamt that his soul's saint
Clung to him on a bridge of ice, pale, faint,
O'er cataracts of blood. Awake, he blessed
The shore ; nor hope left utterly his breast,
Till, reaching home, terrific omen ! there
The straw-laid street preluded his despair —
The servant's look — the table that revealed
His letter sent to CONSTANCE last, still sealed,—

Though speech and hearing left him, told too clear
That he had now to suffer — not to fear.
He felt as if he ne'er should cease to feel —
A wretch live-broken on misfortune's wheel :
Her death's cause — he might make his peace with Heaven,
Absolved from guilt, but never self-forgiven.

The ocean has its ebbings — so has grief ;
'T was vent to anguish, if 't was not relief,
To lay his brow even on her death-cold cheek.
Then first he heard her one kind sister speak :
She bade him, in the name of Heaven, forbear
With self-reproach to deepen his despair :

'T was blame,' she said, ' I shudder to relate,
But none of yours, that caused our darling's fate ;
Her mother (must I call her such ?) foresaw,
Should CONSTANCE leave the land, she would withdraw
Our House's charm against the world's neglect —
The only gem that drew it some respect.
Hence, when you went, she came and vainly spoke
To change her purpose — grew incensed, and broke
With execrations from her kneeling child.
Start not ! your angel from her knee rose mild,
Feared that she should not long the scene outlive,
Yet bade even you the unnatural one forgive.
Till then her ailment had been slight, or none ;
But fast she drooped, and fatal pains came on :
Foreseeing their event, she dictated
And signed these words for you.' The letter said —

'THEODRIC, this is destiny above
Our power to baffle ; bear it, then, my love !
Rave not to learn the usage I have borne,
For one true sister left me not forlorn ;

And though you 're absent in another land,
Sent from me by my own well-meant command,
Your soul, I know, as firm is knit to mine
As these clasped hands in blessing you now join :
Shape not imagined horrors in my fate —
Even now my sufferings are not very great ;
And when your grief's first transports shall subside,
I call upon your strength of soul and pride
To pay my memory, if 'tis worth the debt,
Love's glorying tribute — not forlorn regret :
I charge my name with power to conjure up
Reflection's balmy, not its bitter cup.
My pardoning angel, at the gates of Heaven,
Shall look not more regard than you have given
To me ; and our life's union has been clad
In smiles of bliss as sweet as life e'er had.
Shall gloom be from such bright remembrance cast ?
Shall bitterness outflow from sweetness past ?
No ! imaged in the sanctuary of your breast,
There let me smile, amidst high thoughts at rest ;
And let contentment on your spirit shine,
As if its peace were still a part of mine :
For, if you war not proudly with your pain,
For you I shall have worse than lived in vain.
But I conjure your manliness to bear
My loss with noble spirit — not despair ;
I ask you by our love to promise this,
And kiss these words, where I have left a kiss —
The latest from my living lips for yours.'—

Words that will solace him while life endures :
For though his spirit from affliction's surge
Could ne'er to life, as life had been, emerge,

Yet still that mind whose harmony elate
Rang sweetness, even beneath the crush of fate,—
That mind in whose regard all things were placed
In views that softened them, or lights that graced,
That soul's example could not but dispense
A portion of its own blessed influence;
Invoking him to peace and that self-sway
Which Fortune cannot give, nor take away:
And though he mourned her long, 'twas with such woe
As if her spirit watched him still below."

TRANSLATIONS.

MARTIAL ELEGY.

FROM THE GREEK OF TYRTÆUS.

How glorious fall the valiant, sword in hand,
In front of battle for their native land !
But, O ! what ills await the wretch that yields,
A recreant outcast from his country's fields !
The mother whom he loves shall quit her home,
An aged father at his side shall roam ;
His little ones shall weeping with him go,
And a young wife participate his woe ;
While, scorned and scowled upon by every face,
They pine for food, and beg from place to place.

Stain of his breed, dishonoring manhood's form,
All ills shall cleave to him :— Affliction's storm
Shall blind him wandering in the vale of years,
Till, lost to all but ignominious fears,
He shall not blush to leave a recreant's name,
And children, like himself, inured to shame.

But we will combat for our fathers' land,
And we will drain the life-blood where we stand,
To save our children :— fight ye side by side,
And serried close, ye men of youthful pride,

Disdaining fear, and deeming light the cost
Of life itself in glorious battle lost.

Leave not our sires to stem the unequal fight,
Whose limbs are nerved no more with buoyant might ;
Nor, lagging backward, let the younger breast
Permit the man of age (a sight unblessed)
To welter in the combat's foremost thrust,
His hoary head dishevelled in the dust,
And venerable bosom bleeding bare.

But youth's fair form, though fallen, is ever fair,
And beautiful in death the boy appears,
The hero boy, that dies in blooming years :
In man's regret he lives, and woman's tears,
More sacred than in life, and lovelier far
For having perished in the front of war.

SONG OF HYBRIAS THE CRETAN.

MY wealth 's a burly spear and brand,
And a right good shield of hides untanned,
Which on my arm I buckle ;
With these I plough, I reap, I sow,
With these I make the sweet vintage flow,
And all around me truckle.

But your wights that take no pride to wield
A massy spear and well-made shield,
Nor joy to draw the sword :

O, I bring those heartless, hapless drones,
Down in a trice on their marrow-bones,
To call me King and Lord.

FRAGMENT.

FROM THE GREEK OF ALCMAN.

THE mountain summits sleep : glens, cliffs, and caves
Are silent — all the black earth's reptile brood —
The bees — the wild beasts of the mountain wood :
In depths beneath the dark red ocean's waves
Its monsters rest, whilst wrapt in bower and spray
Each bird is hushed that stretched its pinions to the day.

SPECIMENS [OF TRANSLATIONS FROM MEDEA.

Σκαιους δε λεγων, κουνδέν τι σοφους

Τους προσθε βροτους ουκ αν αμαρτοις.

MEDEA, v. 194, p. 33, Glasg. edit.

TELL me, ye bards, whose skill sublime
First charmed the ear of youthful Time,
With numbers wrapt in heavenly fire,
Who bade delighted Echo swell
The trembling transports of the lyre,
The murmur of the shell —
Why to the burst of Joy alone
Accords sweet Music's soothing tone ?

Why can no bard, with magic strain,
In slumbers steep the heart of pain ?
While varied tones obey your sweep,
The mild, the plaintive, and the deep,
Bends not despairing Grief to hear
Your golden lute, with ravished ear ?
Has all your art no power to bind
The fiercer pangs that shake the mind,
And lull the wrath at whose command
Murder bares her gory hand ?
When, flushed with joy, the rosy throng
Weave the light dance, ye swell the song !
Cease, ye vain warblers ! cease to charm
The breast with other raptures warm !
Cease, till your hand with magic strain
In slumbers steep the heart of pain !

SPEECH OF THE CHORUS,

IN THE SAME TRAGEDY,

TO DISSUADE MEDEA FROM HER PURPOSE OF PUTTING HER CHILDREN TO DEATH, AND
FLYING FOR PROTECTION TO ATHENS.

O HAGGARD queen ! to Athens dost thou guide
Thy glowing chariot, steeped in kindred gore ;
Or seek to hide thy foul infanticide
Where Peace and Mercy dwell forevermore ?

The land where Truth, pure, precious and sublime,
Woos the deep silence of sequestered bowers,
And warriors, matchless since the first of time,
Rear their bright banners o'er unconquered towers !

Where joyous youth, to Music's mellow strain,
Twines in the dance with nymphs forever fair,
While Spring eternal on the liliated plain
Waves amber radiance through the fields of air!

The tuneful Nine (so sacred legends tell)
First waked their heavenly lyre these scenes among :
Still in your greenwood bowers they love to dwell ;
Still in your vales they swell the choral song !

But there the tuneful, chaste, Pierian fair,
The guardian nymphs of green Parnassus, now
Sprung from Harmonia, while her graceful hair
Waved in high auburn o'er her polished brow !

ANTISTROPHE I.

Where silent vales, and glades of green array,
The murmuring wreaths of cool Cephissus lave,
There, as the Muse hath sung, at noon of day,
The Queen of Beauty bowed to taste the wave ;
And blessed the stream, and breathed across the land
The soft sweet gale that fans yon summer bowers ;
And there the sister Loves, a smiling band,
Crowned with the fragrant wreaths of rosy flowers !
“ And go,” she cries, “ in yonder valleys rove,
With Beauty's torch the solemn scenes illumine ;
Wake in each eye the radiant light of Love,
Breathe on each cheek young Passion's tender bloom !

“Entwine, with myrtle chains, your soft control,
To sway the hearts of Freedom’s darling kind !
With glowing charms enrapture Wisdom’s soul,
And mould to grace ethereal Virtue’s mind.”

STROPHE II.

The land where Heaven’s own hallowed waters play,
Where friendship binds the generous and the good,
Say, shall it hail thee from thy frantic way,
Unholy woman ! with thy hands embued

In thine own children’s gore ? O, ere they bleed,
Let Nature’s voice thy ruthless heart appal !
Pause at the bold, irrevocable deed —
The mother strikes — the guiltless babes shall fall !

Think what remorse thy maddening thoughts shall sting,
When dying pangs their gentle bosoms tear !
Where shalt thou sink, when lingering echoes ring
The screams of horror in thy tortured ear ?

No, let thy bosom melt to Pity’s cry,—
In dust we kneel — by sacred Heaven implore —
O, stop thy lifted arm, ere yet they die,
Nor dip thy horrid hands in infant gore !

ANTISTROPHE II.

Say, how shalt thou that barbarous soul assume,
Undamped by horror at the daring plan ?
Hast thou a heart to work thy children's doom ?
Or hands to finish what thy wrath began ?

When o'er each babe you look a last adieu,
And gaze on Innocence that smiles asleep,
Shall no fond feeling beat to Nature true,
Charm thee to pensive thought — and bid thee weep ?

When the young suppliants clasp their parent dear,
Heave the deep sob; and pour the artless prayer,
Ay, thou shalt melt; — and many a heart-shed tear
Gush o'er the hardened features of despair !

Nature shall throb in every tender string,
Thy trembling heart the ruffian's task deny ;
Thy horror-smitten hands afar shall fling
The blade, undrenched in blood's eternal dye.

CHORUS.

Hallowed Earth ! with indignation
Mark, O mark, the murderous deed !
Radiant eye of wide creation,
Watch the accursed infanticide !

Yet, ere Colchia's rugged daughter
Perpetrate the dire design,
And consign to kindred slaughter
Children of thy golden line !

Shall mortal hand, with murder gory,
Cause immortal blood to flow ?
Sun of Heaven ! — arrayed in glory
Rise, forbid, avert the blow !

In the vales of placid gladness
Let no rueful maniac range ;
Chase afar the fiend of Madness,
Wrest the dagger from Revenge !

Say, hast thou, with kind protection,
Reared thy smiling race in vain ;
Fostering Nature's fond affection,
Tender cares, and pleasing pain ?

Hast thou, on the troubled ocean,
Braved the tempest loud and strong,
Where the waves, in wild commotion,
Roar Cyanean rocks among ?

Didst thou roam the paths of danger,
Hymenean joys to prove ?
Spare, O sanguinary stranger,
Pledges of thy sacred love !

Ask not Heaven's commiseration,
After thou hast done the deed ;
Mercy, pardon, expiation,
Perish when thy victims bleed.

O'CONNOR'S CHILD ;

OR,

"THE FLOWER OF LOVE LIES BLEEDING."

I.

O, ONCE the harp of Innisfail
Was strung full high to notes of gladness ;
But yet it often told a tale
Of more prevailing sadness.
Sad was the note, and wild its fall,
As winds that moan at night forlorn
Along the isles of Fion-Gall,
When, for O'Connor's child to mourn,
The harper told how lone, how far
From any mansion's twinkling star,
From any path of social men,
Or voice, but from the fox's den,
The lady in the desert dwelt ;
And yet no wrongs nor fears she felt ;
Say, why should dwell in place so wild
O'Connor's pale and lovely child ?

II.

Sweet lady ! she no more inspires
Green Erin's hearts with beauty's power,
As, in the palace of her sires,
She bloomed a peerless flower.
Gone from her hand and bosom, gone,
The royal broach, the jewelled ring,

That o'er her dazzling whiteness shone,
Like dew on lilies of the spring.
Yet why, though fallen her brother's kerne,
Beneath De Bourgo's battle stern,
While yet in Leinster unexplored,
Her friends survive the English sword;
Why lingers she from Erin's host,
So far on Galway's shipwrecked coast;
Why wanders she a huntress wild —
O'Connor's pale and lovely child?

III.

And, fixed on empty space, why burn
Her eyes with momentary wildness;
And wherefore do they then return
To more than woman's mildness?
Dishevelled are her raven locks;
On Connocht Moran's name she calls;
And oft amidst the lonely rocks
She sings sweet madrigals.
Placed 'midst the fox-glove and the moss,
Behold a parted warrior's cross!
That is the spot where, evermore,
The lady, at her shieling door,
Enjoys that, in communion sweet,
The living and the dead can meet,
For, lo! to love-lorn fantasy,
The hero of her heart is nigh.

IV.

Bright as the bow that spans the storm,
In Erin's yellow vesture clad,

A son of light — a lovely form,
 He comes and makes her glad ;
 Now on the grass-green turf he sits,
 His tasselled horn beside him laid ;
 Now o'er the hills in chase he flits,
 The hunter and the deer a shade !
 Sweet mourner ! these are shadows vain
 That cross the twilight of her brain ;
 Yet she will tell you she is blest,
 Of Connocht Moran's tomb possessed,
 More richly than in Aghrim's bower,
 When bards high-praised her beauty's power,
 And kneeling pages offered up
 The mórat in a golden cup.

V.

“ A hero's bride ! this desert bower,
 It ill befits thy gentle breeding ;
 And wherefore dost thou love this flower
 To call — ‘ My love lies bleeding ’ ? ” —
 “ This purple flower my tears have nursed ;
 A hero's blood supplied its bloom ;
 I love it, for it was the first
 That grew on Connocht Moran's tomb.
 O, hearken, stranger, to my voice !
 This desert mansion is my choice !
 And blest, though fatal, be the star
 That led me to its wilds afar ;
 For here these pathless mountains free
 Gave shelter to my love and me ;
 And every rock and every stone
 Bore witness that he was my own.

VI.

O'Connor's child, I was the bud
Of Erin's royal tree of glory ;
But woe to them that wrapt in blood
The tissue of my story !
Still as I clasp my burning brain,
A death-scene rushes on my sight ;
It rises o'er and o'er again,
The bloody feud — the fatal night,
When, chafing Connocht Moran's scorn,
They called my hero basely born,
And bade him choose a meaner bride
Than from O'Connor's house of pride.
Their tribe, they said, their high degree,
Was sung in Tara's psaltery ;
Witness their Eath's victorious brand,
And Cathal of the bloody hand ;
Glory (they said) and power and honor
Were in the mansion of O'Connor ;
But he, my loved one, bore in field
A humbler crest, a meaner shield.

VII.

Ah, brothers ! what did it avail,
That fiercely and triumphantly
Ye fought the English of the Pale,
And stemmed De Bourgo's chivalry ?
And what was it to love and me
That barons by your standard rode,
Or beal-fires for your jubilee
Upon a hundred mountains glowed ?

What though the lords of tower and dome
From Shannon to the North-sea foam,—
Thought ye your iron hands of pride
Could break the knot that love had tied ?
No ; let the eagle change his plume,
The leaf its hue, the flower its bloom ;
But ties around this heart were spun,
That could not, would not, be undone !

VIII.

At bleating of the wild watch-fold
Thus sang my love,—‘ O, come with me,
Our bark is on the lake, behold
Our steeds are fastened to the tree.
Come far from Castle-Connor’s clans :—
Come with thy belted forestere,
And I, beside the lake of swans,
Shall hunt for thee the fallow-deer ;
And build thy hut, and bring thee home
The wild-fowl and the honey-comb ;
And berries from the wood provide,
And play my clarshech by thy side.
Then come, my love ! ’ — How could I stay ?
Our nimble stag-hounds tracked the way,
And I pursued, by moonless skies,
The light of Connocht Moran’s eyes.

IX.

And fast and far, before the star
Of day-spring, rushed we through the glade,
And saw at dawn the lofty bawn
Of Castle-Connor fade.

Sweet was to us the hermitage
Of this unploughed, untrodden shore ;
Like birds all joyous from the cage,
For man's neglect we loved it more ;
And well he knew, my huntsman dear,
To search the game with hawk and spear ;
While I, his evening food to dress,
Would sing to him in happiness.
But, O, that midnight of despair !
When I was doomed to rend my hair ;
The night, to me, of shrieking sorrow !
The night, to him, that had no morrow !

X.

When all was hushed at eventide,
I heard the baying of their beagle ;
Be hushed ! my Connocht Moran cried,
'T is but the screaming of the eagle.
Alas ! 't was not the eyrie's sound ;
Their bloody bands had tracked us out ;
Up-listening starts our couchant hound,—
And, hark ! again, that nearer shout
Brings faster on the murderers.
Spare — spare him — Brazil — Desmond fierce !
In vain — no voice the adder charms ;
Their weapons crossed my sheltering arms ;
Another's sword has laid him low —
Another's and another's ;
And every hand that dealt the blow —
Ah me ! it was a brother's !
Yes, when his moanings died away,
Their iron hands had dug the clay,

And o'er his burial turf they trod,
And I beheld — O God ! O God ! —
His life-blood oozing from the sod.

XI.

Warm in his death-wounds sepulchred,
Alas ! my warrior's spirit brave
Nor mass nor ulla-lulla heard,
Lamenting, soothe his grave.
Dragged to their hated mansion back,
How long in thralldom's grasp I lay
I know not, for my soul was black,
And knew no change of night or day.
One night of horror round me grew ;
Or if I saw, or felt, or knew,
'T was but when those grim visages,
The angry brothers of my race,
Glared on each eye-ball's aching throb,
And checked my bosom's power to sob,
Or when my heart with pulses drear
Beat like a death-watch to my ear.

XII.

But Heaven, at last, my soul's eclipse
Did with a vision bright inspire ;
I woke, and felt upon my lips
A prophetess's fire.
Thrice in the east a war-drum beat,
I heard the Saxon's trumpet sound,
And ranged, as to the judgment-seat,
My guilty, trembling brothers round.

Clad in the helm and shield they came ;
For now De Bourgo's sword and flame
Had ravaged Ulster's boundaries,
And lighted up the midnight skies.
The standard of O'Connor's sway
Was in the turret where I lay ;
That standard, with so dire a look,
As ghastly shone the moon and pale,
I gave — that every bosom shook
Beneath its iron mail.

XIII.

And go ! (I cried) the combat seek,
Ye hearts that unappalléd bore
The anguish of a sister's shriek —
Go ! and return no more !
For sooner guilt the ordeal brand
Shall grasp unhurt, than ye shall hold
The banner with victorious hand,
Beneath a sister's curse unrolled.
O stranger ! by my country's loss !
And by my love ! and by the cross !
I swear I never could have spoke
The curse that severed nature's yoke,
But that a spirit o'er me stood,
And fired me with the wrathful mood ;
And frenzy to my heart was given,
To speak the malison of Heaven.

XIV.

They would have crossed themselves, all mute ;
They would have prayed to burst the spell ;

But at the stamping of my foot
Each hand down powerless fell !
And go to Athunree ! (I cried)
High lift the banner of your pride !
But know that where its sheet unrolls
The weight of blood is on your souls !
Go where the havoc of your kerne
Shall float as high as mountain fern !
Men shall no more your mansion know :
The nettles on your hearth shall grow !
Dead, as the green oblivious flood
That mantles by your walls, shall be
The glory of O'Connor's blood !
Away ! away to Athunree !
Where, downward when the sun shall fall,
The raven's wing shall be your pall !
And not a vassal shall unlace
The vizor from your dying face !

XV.

A bolt that overhung our dome
Suspended till my curse was given,
Soon as it passed these lips of foam,
Pealed in the blood-red heaven.
Dire was the look that o'er their backs
The angry parting brothers threw :
But now, behold ! like cataracts,
Come down the hills in view
O'Connor's pluméd partisans ;
Thrice ten Kilnagorvian clans
Were marching to their doom :

A sudden storm their plumage tossed,
A flash of lightning o'er them crossed,
And all again was gloom !

XVI.

Stranger ! I fled the home of grief,
At Connocht Moran's tomb to fall ;
I found the helmet of my chief,
His bow still hanging on our wall,
And took it down, and vowed to rove
This desert place a huntress bold ;
Nor would I change my buried love
For any heart of living mould.
No ! for I am a hero's child ;
I'll hunt my quarry in the wild ;
And still my home this mansion make,
Of all unheeded and unheeding,
And cherish, for my warrior's sake,
'The flower of love lies bleeding.' "

LOCHIEL'S WARNING.

WIZARD — LOCHIEL.

WIZARD.

LOCHIEL, Lochiel ! beware of the day
When the Lowlands shall meet thee in battle array !
For a field of the dead rushes red on my sight,
And the clans of Culloden are scattered in fight.
They rally, they bleed, for their kingdom and crown ;
Woe, woe to the riders that trample them down !
Proud Cumberland prances, insulting the slain,
And their hoof-beaten bosoms are trod to the plain.
But hark ! through the fast-flashing lightning of war,
What steed to the desert flies frantic and far ?
'T is thine, O Glenullin ! whose bride shall await,
Like a love-lighted watch-fire, all night at the gate.
A steed comes at morning : no rider is there ;
But its bridle is red with the sign of despair.
Weep, Albin ! to death and captivity led !
O weep, but thy tears cannot number the dead !
For a merciless sword on Culloden shall wave,
Culloden ! that reeks with the blood of the brave.

LOCHIEL.

Go, preach to the coward, thou death-telling seer !
Or, if gory Culloden so dreadful appear,
Draw, dotard, around thy old wavering sight
This mantle, to cover the phantoms of fright !

WIZARD.

Ha ! laugh'st thou, Lochiel, my vision to scorn ?
Proud bird of the mountain, thy plume shall be torn !
Say, rushed the bold eagle exultingly forth,
From his home, in the dark-rolling clouds of the north ?
Lo ! the death-shot of foemen outspeeding, he rode
Companionless, bearing destruction abroad ;
But down let him stoop from his havoc on high !
Ah ! home let him speed,—for the spoiler is nigh.
Why flames the far summit ? Why shoot to the blast
Those embers, like stars from the firmament cast ?
'T is the fire-shower of ruin, all dreadfully driven
From 'his eyrie, that beacons the darkness of heaven.
O, crested Lochiel ! the peerless in might,
Whose banners arise on the battlements' height,
Heaven's fire is around thee, to blast and to burn ;
Return to thy dwelling ! all lonely return !
For the blackness of ashes shall mark where it stood,
And a wild mother scream o'er her famishing brood.

LOCHIEL.

False Wizard, avaunt ! I have marshalled my clan,
Their swords are a thousand, their bosoms are one !
They are true to the last of their blood and their breath,
And like reapers descend to the harvest of death.
Then welcome be Cumberland's steed to the shock !
Let him dash his proud foam like a wave on the rock !
But woe to his kindred, and woe to his cause,
When Albin her claymore indignantly draws ;
When her bonnetted chieftains to victory crowd,
Clanronald the dauntless, and Moray the proud,
All plaided and plumed in their tartan array —

WIZARD.

—— Lochiel, Lochiel ! beware of the day ;
For, dark and despairing, my sight I may seal,
But man cannot coyer what God would reveal ;
'T is the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,
And coming events cast their shadows before.
I tell thee, Culloden's dread echoes shall ring
With the bloodhounds that bark for thy fugitive king.
Lo ! anointed by Heaven with the vials of wrath,
Behold, where he flies on his desolate path !
Now in darkness and billows he sweeps from my sight :
Rise, rise, ye wild tempests, and cover his flight !
'T is finished. Their thunders are hushed on the moors :
Culloden is lost, and my country deplores.
But where is the iron-bound prisoner ? Where ?
For the red eye of battle is shut in despair.
Say, mounts he the ocean-wave, banished, forlorn,
Like a limb from his country cast bleeding and torn ?
Ah no ! for a darker departure is near ;
The war-drum is muffled, and black is the bier ;
His death-bell is tolling : O ! mercy, dispel
Yon sight, that it freezes my spirit to tell !
Life flutters convulsed in his quivering limbs,
And his blood-streaming nostril in agony swims.
Accursed be the fagots, that blaze at his feet,
Where his heart shall be thrown, ere it ceases to beat,
With the smoke of its ashes to poison the gale ——

LOCHIEL.

—— Down, soothless insulter ! I trust not the tale :
For never shall Albin a destiny meet,
So black with dishonor, so foul with retreat.

Though my perishing ranks should be strewed in their gore,
Like ocean-weeds heaped on the surf-beaten shore,
Lochiel, untainted by flight or by chains,
While the kindling of life in his bosom remains,
Shall victor exult, or in death be laid low,
With his back to the field, and his feet to the foe !
And leaving in battle no blot on his name,
Look proudly to Heaven from the death-bed of fame !

YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND.

A NAVAL ODE.

I.

YE Mariners of England !
That guard our native seas ;
Whose flag has braved, a thousand years,
The battle and the breeze !
Your glorious standard launch again
To match another foe !
And sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow ;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

II.

The spirits of your fathers
Shall start from every wave !
For the deck it was their field of fame,
And Ocean was their grave :

Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell,
Your manly hearts shall glow,
As ye sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow ;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

III.

Britannia needs no bulwarks,
No towers along the steep ;
Her march is o'er the mountain-waves,
Her home is on the deep.
With thunders from her native oak,
She quells the floods below,
As they roar on the shore,
When the stormy winds do blow ;
When the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

IV.

The meteor flag of England
Shall yet terrific burn ;
Till danger's troubled night depart,
And the star of peace return.
Then, then, ye ocean-warriors !
Our song and feast shall flow
To the fame of your name,
When the storm has ceased to blow ;
When the fiery fight is heard no more,
And the storm has ceased to blow.

BATTLE OF THE BALTIC.

I.

OF Nelson and the North,
Sing the glorious day's renown,
When to battle fierce came forth
All the might of Denmark's crown,
And her arms along the deep proudly shone;
By each gun the lighted brand,
In a bold, determined hand,
And the prince of all the land
Led them on.—

II.

Like leviathans afloat,
Lay their bulwarks on the brine;
While the sign of battle flew
On the lofty British line:
It was ten of April morn by the chime:
As they drifted on their path,
There was silence deep as death;
And the boldest held his breath,
For a time.—

III.

But the might of England flushed
To anticipate the scene;
And her van the fleeter rushed
O'er the deadly space between.
'Hearts of oak!' our captain cried; when each gun

From its adamantine lips
Spread a death-shade round the ships,
Like the hurricane eclipse
Of the sun.

IV.

Again ! again ! again !
And the havoc did not slack,
Till a feeble cheer the Dane
To our cheering sent us back ; —
Their shots along the deep slowly boom ; —
Then ceased — and all is wail,
As they strike the shattered sail ;
Or, in conflagration pale,
Light the gloom. —

V.

Out spoke the victor then,
As he hailed them o'er the wave ;
“ Ye are brothers ! ye are men !
And we conquer but to save : —
So peace instead of death let us bring ;
But yield, proud foe, thy fleet,
With the crews, at England's feet,
And make submission meet
To our king.” —

VI.

Then Denmark blessed our chief,
That he gave her wounds repose ;
And the sounds of joy and grief
From her people wildly rose,

As death withdrew his shades from the day.
While the sun looked smiling bright
O'er a wide and woful sight,
Where the fires of funeral light
Died away.

VII.

Now joy, Old England, raise !
For the tidings of thy might,
By the festal cities' blaze,
Whilst the wine-cup shines in light ;
And yet amidst that joy and uproar,
Let us think of them that sleep,
Full many a fathom deep,
By thy wild and stormy steep,
Elsinore !

VIII.

Brave hearts ! to Britain's pride
Once so faithful and so true,
On the deck of fame that died ; —
With the gallant good Riou ; *
Soft sigh the winds of Heaven o'er their grave !
While the billow mournful rolls,
And the mermaid's song condoles,
Singing glory to the souls
Of the brave !

* Captain Riou, justly entitled the gallant and the good by Lord Nelson, when he wrote home his despatches.

HOHENLINDEN.

ON Linden, when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow,
And dark as winter was the flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

But Linden saw another sight,
When the drum beat, at dead of night,
Commanding fires of death to light
The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast arrayed,
Each horseman drew his battle-blade,
And furious every charger neighed,
To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills with thunder riven,
Then rushed the steed to battle driven,
And louder than the bolts of heaven
Far flashed the red artillery.

But redder yet that light shall glow
On Linden's hills of stained snow,
And bloodier yet the torrent flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

'T is morn, but scarce yon level sun
Can pierce the war-clouds, rolling dun,
Where furious Frank, and fiery Hun,
Shout in their sulphurous canopy.

The combat deepens. On, ye brave,
Who rush to glory, or the grave !
Wave, Munich ! all thy banners wave,
And charge with all thy chivalry !

Few, few, shall part where many meet !
The snow shall be their winding-sheet,
And every turf beneath their feet
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.

GLENARA.

O HEARD ye yon pibroch sound sad in the gale,
Where a band cometh slowly with weeping and wail ?
'T is the chief of Glenara laments for his dear ;
And her sire, and the people, are called to her bier.

Glenara came first with the mourners and shroud ;
Her kinsmen they followed, but mourned not aloud ;
Their plaids all their bosoms were folded around ;
They marched all in silence,— they looked on the ground.

In silence they reached over mountain and moor,
To a heath, where the oak-tree grew lonely and hoar.
“ Now here let us place the gray stone of her cairn :
Why speak ye no word ? ” — said Glenara the stern.

“ And tell me, I charge you ! ye clan of my spouse,
Why fold ye your mantles, why cloud ye your brows ? ”
So spake the rude chieftain : — no answer is made,
But each mantle, unfolding, a dagger displayed.

"I dreamt of my lady, I dreamt of her shroud,"
Cried a voice from the kinsmen, all wrathful and loud :
"And empty that shroud and that coffin did seem :
Glenara, Glenara ! now read me my dream !"

O ! pale grew the cheek of that chieftain, I ween,
When the shroud was unclosed, and no lady was seen ;
When a voice from the kinsmen spoke louder in scorn,—
'T was the youth who had loved the fair Ellen of Lorn :

"I dreamt of my lady, I dreamt of her grief,
I dreamt that her lord was a barbarous chief :
On a rock of the ocean fair Ellen did seem ;
Glenara ! Glenara ! now read me my dream !"

In dust low the traitor has knelt to the ground,
And the desert revealed where his lady was found ;
From a rock of the ocean that beauty is borne —
Now joy to the house of fair Ellen of Lorn !

EXILE OF ERIN.

THERE came to the beach a poor Exile of Erin,
The dew on his thin robe was heavy and chill :
For his country he sighed, when at twilight repairing
To wander alone by the wind-beaten hill :
But the day-star attracted his eye's sad devotion,
For it rose o'er his own native isle of the ocean,
Where once, in the fire of his youthful emotion,
He sang the bold anthem of Erin go bragh.

Sad is my fate ! said the heart-broken stranger ;
The wild deer and wolf to a covert can flee,
But I have no refuge from famine and danger,
A home and a country remain not to me.
Never again, in the green sunny bowers,
Where my forefathers lived, shall I spend the sweet hours,
Or cover my harp with the wild-woven flowers,
And strike to the numbers of Erin go bragh !

Erin, my country ! though sad and forsaken,
In dreams I revisit thy sea-beaten shore ;
But, alas ! in a far foreign land I awaken,
And sigh for the friends who can meet me no more !
O cruel fate ! wilt thou never replace me
In a mansion of peace, where no perils can chase me ?
Never again shall my brothers embrace me ?
They died to defend me, or live to deplore !

Where is my cabin-door, fast by the wild wood ?
Sisters and sire ! did ye weep for its fall ?
Where is the mother that looked on my childhood ?
And where is the bosom friend, dearer than all ?
O, my sad heart ! long abandoned by pleasure,
Why did it dote on a fast-fading treasure ?
Tears, like the rain-drop, may fall without measure,
But rapture and beauty they cannot recall.

Yet, all its sad recollections suppressing,
One dying wish my lone bosom can draw :
Erin ! an exile bequeaths thee his blessing !
Land of my forefathers ! Erin go bragh !

Buried and cold, when my heart stills her motion,
Green be thy fields, sweetest isle of the ocean !
And thy harp-striking bards sing aloud, with devotion,
Erin mavournin — Erin go bragh ! *

LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER.

A CHIEFTAIN, to the Highlands bound,
Cries, " Boatman, do not tarry !
And I 'll give thee a silver pound
To row us o'er the ferry." —

" Now who be ye, would cross Lochgyle,
This dark and stormy water ?"
" O, I 'm the chief of Ulva's isle,
And this Lord Ullin's daughter. —

" And fast before her father's men
Three days we 've fled together,
For should he find us in the glen,
My blood would stain the heather.

" His horsemen hard behind us ride ;
Should they our steps discover,
Then who will cheer my bonny bride
When they have slain her lover ? " —

Out spoke the hardy Highland wight,
" I 'll go, my chief — I 'm ready : —
It is not for your silver bright ;
But for your winsome lady :

* Ireland my darling, Ireland forever.

"And by my word ! the bonny bird
In danger shall not tarry :
So, though the waves are raging white,
I'll row you o'er the ferry."—

By this the storm grew loud apace,
The water-wraith was shrieking ;
And in the scowl of heaven each face
Grew dark as they were speaking.

But still as wilder blew the wind,
And as the night grew drearer,
Adown the glen rode arméd men,
Their trampling sounded nearer.—

"O haste thee, haste !" the lady cries,
"Though tempests round us gather ;
I'll meet the raging of the skies,
But not an angry father !" —

The boat has left a stormy land,
A stormy sea before her, —
When, O ! too strong for human hand,
The tempest gathered o'er her.—

And still they rowed amidst the roar
Of waters fast prevailing :
Lord Ullin reached that fatal shore,
His wrath was changed to wailing.—

For sore dismayed, through storm and shade,
His child he did discover : —
One lovely hand she stretched for aid,
And one was round her lover.

“Come back ! come back !” he cried, in grief,
“Across this stormy water :
And I ’ll forgive your Highland chief,
My daughter ! O my daughter !”—

’T was vain : — the loud waves lashed the shore,
Return or aid preventing : —
The waters wild went o’er his child,
And he was left lamenting.

ODE TO THE MEMORY OF BURNS.

SOUL of the Poet ! wheresoe’er,
Reclaimed from earth, thy genius plume
Her wings of immortality :
Suspend thy harp in happier sphere,
And with thine influence illumine
The gladness of our jubilee.

And fly like fiends from secret spell,
Discord and Strife, at BURNS’S name,
Exorcised by his memory ;
For he was chief of bards that swell
The heart with songs of social flame,
And high delicious revelry.

And love’s own strain to him was given,
To warble all its ecstasies
With Pythian words unsought, unwilling,—
Love, the surviving gift of Heaven,
The choicest sweet of Paradise,
In life’s else bitter cup distilled.

Who that has melted o'er his lay
To Mary's soul, in Heaven above,
But pictured sees, in fancy strong,
The landscape and the livelong day
That smiled upon their mutual love? —
Who that has felt forgets the song?

Nor skilled one flame alone to fan :
His country's high-souled peasantry
What patriot-pride he taught! — how much
To weigh the inborn worth of man!
And rustic life and poverty
Grow beautiful beneath his touch.

Him, in his clay-built cot, the Muse
Entranced, and showed him all the forms,
Of fairy-light and wizard gloom
(That only gifted Poet views),
The Genii of the floods and storms,
And martial shades from Glory's tomb.

On Bannock-field what thoughts arouse
The swain whom BURNS'S song inspires!
Beat not his Caledonian veins,
As o'er the heroic turf he ploughs,
With all the spirit of his sires,
And all their scorn of death and chains?

And see the Scottish exile, tanned
By many a far and foreign clime,
Bend o'er his home-born verse, and weep
In memory of his native land,
With love that scorns the lapse of time,
And ties that stretch beyond the deep.

Encamped by Indian rivers wild,
The soldier resting on his arms,
In BURNS'S carol sweet recalls
The scenes that blessed him when a child,
And glows and gladdens at the charms
Of Scotia's woods and waterfalls.

O deem not, 'midst this worldly strife,
An idle art the Poet brings :
Let high Philosophy control,
And sages calm, the stream of life,
'T is he refines its fountain-springs,
The nobler passions of the soul.

It is the Muse that consecrates
The native banner of the brave,
Unfurling, at the trumpet's breath,
Rose, thistle, harp ; 't is she elates
To sweep the field or ride the wave,
A sunburst in the storm of death.

And thou, young hero, when thy pall
Is crossed with mournful sword and plume,
When public grief begins to fade,
And only tears of kindred fall,
Who but the bard shall dress thy tomb,
And greet with fame thy gallant shade ?

Such was the soldier — BURNS, forgive
That sorrows of mine own intrude
In strains to thy great memory due.
In verse like thine, O ! could he live,

The friend I mourned — the brave — the good —
Edward that died at Waterloo ! *

Farewell, high chief of Scottish song !
That couldst alternately impart
Wisdom and rapture in thy page,
And brand each vice with satire strong,
Whose lines are mottoes of the heart,
Whose truths electrify the sage.

Farewell ! and ne'er may Envy dare
To wring one baleful poison drop
From the crushed laurels of thy bust :
But while the lark sings sweet in air,
Still may the grateful pilgrim stop,
To bless the spot that holds thy dust !

LINES ·

WRITTEN ON VISITING A SCENE IN ARGYLESKIRE.

At the silence of twilight's contemplative hour,
I have mused, in a sorrowful mood,
On the wind-shaken weeds that embosom the bower
Where the home of my forefathers stood.
All ruined and wild is their roofless abode,
And lonely the dark raven's sheltering tree :
And travelled by few is the grass-covered road,
Where the hunter of deer and the warrior trode,
To his hills that encircle the sea.

* Major Edward Hodge, of the 7th Hussars, who fell at the head of his squadron in the attack of the Polish Lancers.

Yet, wandering, I found on my ruinous walk,
By the dial-stone aged and green,
One rose of the wilderness left on its stalk,
To mark where a garden had been.
Like a brotherless hermit, the last of its race,
All wild in the silence of nature, it drew,
From each wandering sunbeam, a lonely embrace,
For the night-weed and thorn overshadowed the place
Where the flower of my forefathers grew.

Sweet bud of the wilderness ! emblem of all
That remains in this desolate heart !
The fabric of bliss to its centre may fall,
But patience shall never depart !
Though the wilds of enchantment, all vernal and bright,
In the days of delusion by fancy combined
With the vanishing phantoms of love and delight,
Abandon my soul, like a dream of the night,
And leave but a desert behind.

Be hushed, my dark spirit ! for wisdom condemns
When the faint and the feeble deplore ;
Be strong as the rock of the ocean that stems
A thousand wild waves on the shore !
Through the perils of chance, and the scowl of disdain,
May thy front be unaltered, thy courage elate !
Yea ! even the name I have worshipped in vain
Shall awake not the sigh of remembrance again :
To bear is to conquer our fate.

THE SOLDIER'S DREAM.

Our bugles sang truce — for the night-cloud had lowered,
And the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky ;
And thousands had sunk on the ground overpowered,
The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die.

When reposing that night on my pallet of straw,
By the wolf-scaring fagot that guarded the slain,
At the dead of the night a sweet vision I saw,
And thrice ere the morning I dreamt it again.

Methought from the battle-field's dreadful array
Far, far I had roamed on a desolate track :
'T was Autumn,— and sunshine arose on the way
To the home of my fathers, that welcomed me back.

I flew to the pleasant fields traversed so oft
In life's morning march, when my bosom was young ;
I heard my own mountain-goats bleating aloft,
And knew the sweet strain that the corn-reapers sung.

Then pledged we the wine-cup, and fondly I swore
From my home and my weeping friends never to part ;
My little ones kissed me a thousand times o'er,
And my wife sobbed aloud in her fulness of heart.

Stay, stay with us,— rest, thou art weary and worn !
And fain was their war-broken soldier to stay ;—
But sorrow returned with the dawning of morn,
And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away.

TO THE RAINBOW.

TRIUMPHAL arch, that fill'st the sky,
When storms prepare to part,
I ask not proud Philosophy
To teach me what thou art —

Still seem, as to my childhood's sight,
A midway station given
For happy spirits to alight
Betwixt the earth and heaven.

Can all that Optics teach unfold
Thy form to please me so,
As when I dreamt of gems and gold
Hid in thy radiant bow?

When Science from Creation's face
Enchantment's veil withdraws,
What lovely visions yield their place
To cold material laws!

And yet, fair bow, no fabling dreams,
But words of the Most High,
Have told why first thy robe of beams
Was woven in the sky.

When o'er the green undeluged earth
Heaven's covenant thou didst shine,
How came the world's gray fathers forth
To watch thy sacred sign!

And when its yellow lustre smiled
O'er mountains yet untrod,
Each mother held aloft her child
To bless the bow of God.

Methinks, thy jubilee to keep,
The first-made anthem rang
On earth delivered from the deep,
And the first poet sang.

Nor ever shall the Muse's eye
Unraptured greet thy beam :
Theme of primeval prophecy,
Be still the prophet's theme !

The earth to thee her incense yields,
The lark thy welcome sings,
When glittering in the freshened fields
The snowy mushroom springs.

How glorious is thy girdle, cast
O'er mountain, tower, and town,
Or mirrored in the ocean vast,
A thousand fathoms down !

As fresh in yon horizon dark,
As young thy beauties seem,
As when the eagle from the ark
First sported in thy beam :

For, faithful to its sacred page,
Heaven still rebuilds thy span,
Nor lets the type grow pale with age
That first spoke peace to man.

THE LAST MAN.

ALL worldly shapes shall melt in gloom,
The Sun himself must die,
Before this mortal shall assume
Its Immortality !
I saw a vision in my sleep,
That gave my spirit strength to sweep
Adown the gulf of Time !
I saw the last of human mould
That shall Creation's death behold,
As Adam saw her prime !

The Sun's eye had a sickly glare,
The Earth with age was wan,
The skeletons of nations were
Around that lonely man !
Some had expired in fight,— the brands
Still rusted in their bony hands ;
In plague and famine some !
Earth's cities had no sound nor tread ;
And ships were drifting with the dead
To shores where all was dumb !

Yet, prophet-like, that lone one stood,
With dauntless words and high,
That shook the sere leaves from the wood
As if a storm passed by.
Saying, We are twins in death, proud Sun !
Thy face is cold, thy race is run,
'T is Mercy bids thee go ;

For thou ten thousand thousand years
Hast seen the tide of human tears,
That shall no longer flow.

What though beneath thee man put forth
His pomp, his pride, his skill ;
And arts that made fire, flood and earth,
The vassals of his will ? —
Yet mourn I not thy parted sway,
Thou dim, discrownéd king of day ;
For all those trophied arts,
And triumphs that beneath thee sprang,
Healed not a passion or a pang
Entailed on human hearts.

Go, let oblivion's curtain fall
Upon the stage of men,
Nor with thy rising beams recall
Life's tragedy again :
Its piteous pageants bring not back,
Nor waken flesh, upon the rack
Of pain anew to writhe ;
Stretched in disease's shapes abhorred,
Or mown in battle by the sword,
Like grass beneath the scythe.

Even I am weary in yon skies
To watch thy fading fire ;
Test of all sunless agonies,
Behold not me expire.
My lips that speak thy dirge of death —
Their rounded gasp and gurgling breath
To see thou shalt not boast.

The eclipse of Nature spreads my pall,—
The majesty of Darkness shall
Receive my parting ghost !

This spirit shall return to Him
Who gave its heavenly spark ;
Yet think not, Sun, it shall be dim
When thou thyself art dark !
No ! it shall live again, and shine
In bliss unknown to beams of thine,
By Him recalled to breath,
Who captive led captivity,
Who robbed the grave of Victory,
And took the sting from Death !

Go, Sun, while Mercy holds me up
On Nature's awful waste
To drink this last and bitter cup
Of grief that man shall taste —
Go, tell the night that hides thy face,
Thou saw'st the last of Adam's race,
On Earth's sepulchral clod,
The darkening universe defy
To quench his Immortality,
Or shake his trust in God !

A DREAM.

WELL may sleep present us fictions,
Since our waking moments teem
With such fanciful convictions
As make life itself a dream.—
Half our daylight faith's a fable;
Sleep disports with shadows too,
Seeming in their turn as stable
As the world we wake to view.
Ne'er by day did Reason's mint
Give my thoughts a clearer print
Of assured reality,
Than was left by Fantasy
Stamped and colored on my sprite,
In a dream of yesternight.

In a bark, methought, lone steering,
I was cast on Ocean's strife;
This, 't was whispered in my hearing,
Meant the sea of life.
Sad regrets from past existence
Came, like gales of chilling breath;
Shadowed in the forward distance
Lay the land of Death.
Now seeming more, now less remote,
On that dim-seen shore, methought,
I beheld two hands a space
Slow unshroud a spectre's face;
And my flesh's hair upstood,—
'T was mine own similitude.—

But my soul revived at seeing
 Ocean, like an emerald spark,
 Kindle, while an air-dropt being
 Smiling steered my bark.
 Heaven-like — yet he looked as human
 As supernal beauty can,
 More compassionate than woman,
 Lordly more than man.
 And as some sweet clarion's breath
 Stirs the soldier's scorn of death,
 So his accents bade me brook
 The spectre's eyes of icy look,
 Till it shut them — turned its head,
 Like a beaten foe, and fled.

"Types not this," I said, "fair spirit !
 That my death-hour is not come ?
 Say, what days shall I inherit ? —
 Tell my soul their sum."

"No," he said, "yon phantom's aspect,
 Trust me, would appall thee worse,
 Held in clearly-measured prospect : —
 Ask not for a curse !

Make not — for I overhear
 Thine unspoken thoughts as clear
 As thy mortal ear could catch
 The close-brought tickings of a watch —
 Make not the untold request
 That's now revolving in thy breast.

"'T is to live again, remeasuring
 Youth's years, like a scene rehearsed,

In thy second life-time treasuring
Knowledge from the first.
Hast thou felt, poor self-deceiver !
Life's career so void of pain,
As to wish its fitful fever
New begun again ?
Could experience, ten times thine,
Pain from Being disentwine —
Threads by Fate together spun ?
Could thy flight Heaven's lightning shun ?
No, nor could thy foresight's glance
'Scape the myriad shafts of Chance.

"Wouldst thou bear again Love's trouble —
Friendship's death-dissevered ties ;
Toil to grasp or miss the bubble
Of Ambition's prize ?
Say thy life's new-guided action
Flowed from Virtue's fairest springs —
Still would Envy and Detraction
Double not their stings ?
Worth itself is but a charter
To be mankind's distinguished martyr."
—I caught the moral, and cried, "Hail !
Spirit ! let us onward sail
Envyng, fearing, hating none —
Guardian Spirit, steer me on !"

VALEDICTORY STANZAS TO J. P. KEMBLE, Esq.

COMPOSED FOR A PUBLIC MEETING, HELD JUNE, 1817.

PRIDE of the British stage,
A long and last adieu !
Whose image brought the heroic age
Revived to Fancy's view.
Like fields refreshed with dewy light
When the sun smiles his last,
Thy parting presence makes more bright
Our memory of the past ;
And memory conjures feelings up
That wine or music need not swell,
As high we lift the festal cup
To Kemble — fare thee well !

His was the spell o'er hearts
Which only Acting lends,—
The youngest of the sister Arts,
Where all their beauty blends :
For ill can Poetry express
Full many a tone of thought sublime,
And Painting, mute and motionless,
Steals but a glance of time.
But, by the mighty actor brought,
Illusion's perfect triumphs come,—
Verse ceases to be airy thought,
And Sculpture to be dumb.

Time may again revive,
But ne'er eclipse the charm,

When Cato spoke in him alive,
Or Hotspur kindled warm.
What soul was not resigned entire
To the deep sorrows of the Moor,—
What English heart was not on fire
With him at Agincourt?
And yet a majesty possessed
His transport's most impetuous tone,
And to each passion of the breast
The Graces gave their zone.

High were the task — too high,
Ye conscious bosoms here!
In words to paint your memory
Of Kemble and of Lear;
But who forgets that white discrowned head,
Those bursts of Reason's half-extinguished glare —
Those tears upon Cordelia's bosom shed,
In doubt more touching than despair,
If 't was reality he felt?
Had Shakspeare's self amidst you been,
Friends, he had seen you melt,
And triumphed to have seen!

And there was many an hour
Of blended kindred fame,
When Siddons's auxiliar power
And sister magic came.
Together at the Muse's side
The tragic paragons had grown —
They were the children of her pride,
The columns of her throne,

And undivided favor ran
From heart to heart in their applause,
Save for the gallantry of man
In lovelier woman's cause.

Fair as some classic dome,
Robust and richly graced,
Your KEMBLE'S spirit was the home
Of genius and of taste;
Taste, like the silent dial's power,
That, when supernal light is given,
Can measure inspiration's hour,
And tell its height in heaven.
At once ennobled and correct,
His mind surveyed the tragic page,
And what the actor could effect
The scholar could presage.

These were his traits of worth :
And must we lose them now ?
And shall the scene no more show forth
His sternly-pleasing brow ?
Alas, the moral brings a tear ! —
'Tis all a transient hour below ;
And we that would detain thee here
Ourselves as fleetly go !
Yet shall our latest age
This parting scene review :
Pride of the British stage,
A long and last adieu !

GERTRUDE OF WYOMING.

ADVERTISEMENT.

MOST of the popular histories of England, as well as of the American war, give an authentic account of the desolation of Wyoming, in Pennsylvania, which took place in 1778, by an incursion of the Indians. The scenery and incidents of the following Poem are connected with that event. The testimonies of historians and travellers concur in describing the infant colony as one of the happiest spots of human existence, for the hospitable and innocent manners of the inhabitants, the beauty of the country, and the luxuriant fertility of the soil and climate. In an evil hour, the junction of European with Indian arms converted this terrestrial paradise into a frightful waste. Mr. Isaac Weld informs us that the ruins of many of the villages, perforated with balls, and bearing marks of conflagration, were still preserved by the recent inhabitants, when he travelled through America, in 1796.

GERTRUDE OF WYOMING.

PART I.

I.

ON Susquehanna's side, fair Wyoming !
Although the wild-flower on thy ruined wall,
And roofless homes, a sad remembrance bring
Of what thy gentle people did befall ;
Yet thou wert once the loveliest land of all
That see the Atlantic wave their morn restore.
Sweet land ! may I thy lost delights recall,
And paint thy Gertrude in her bowers of yore,
Whose beauty was the love of Pennsylvania's shore !

II.

Delightful Wyoming ! beneath thy skies,
The happy shepherd swains had naught to do,
But feed their flocks on green declivities,
Or skim perchance thy lake with light canoe,
From morn till evening's sweeter pastime grew,
With timbrel, when beneath the forests brown
Thy lovely maidens would the dance renew ;
And aye those sunny mountains half-way down
Would echo flagelet from some romantic town.

III.

Then, where of Indian hills the daylight takes
His leave, how might you the flamingo see
Disporting like a meteor on the lakes —
And playful squirrel on his nut-grown tree !
And every sound of life was full of glee,
From merry mock-bird's song, or hum of men ;
While hearkening, fearing naught their revelry,
The wild deer arched his neck from glades, and then,
Unhunted, sought his woods and wilderness again.

IV.

And scarce had Wyoming of war or crime
Heard, but in transatlantic story rung,
For here the exile met from every clime,
And spoke in friendship every distant tongue :
Men from the blood of warring Europe sprung
Were but divided by the running brook ;
And happy where no Rhenish trumpet sung,
On plains no sieging mine's volcano shook,
The blue-eyed German changed his sword to pruning-hook.

V.

Nor far some Andalusian saraband
Would sound to many a native roundelay —
But who is he that yet a dearer land
Remembers, over hills and far away ?
Green Albin ! * what though he no more survey
Thy ships at anchor on the quiet shore,
Thy pellochs † rolling from the mountain bay,

* Scotland.

† The Gaelic appellation for the porpoise.

Thy lone sepulchral cairn upon the moor,
And distant isles that hear the loud Corbrechtan * roar !

VI.

Alas ! poor Caledonia's mountaineer,
That want's stern edict e'er, and feudal grief,
Had forced him from a home he loved so dear !
Yet found he here a home and glad relief,
And plied the beverage from his own fair sheaf;
That fired his Highland blood with mickle glee :
And England sent her men, of men the chief,
Who taught those sires of Empire yet to be,
To plant the tree of life,—to plant fair Freedom's tree !

VII.

Here was not mingled in the city's pomp
Of life's extremes the grandeur and the gloom ;
Judgment awoke not here her dismal tromp,
Nor sealed in blood a fellow-creature's doom,
Nor mourned the captive in a living tomb.
One venerable man, beloved of all,
Sufficed, where innocence was yet in bloom,
To sway the strife, that seldom might befall :
And Albert was their judge, in patriarchal hall.

VIII.

How reverend was the look, serenely aged,
He bore, this gentle Pennsylvanian sire,
Where all but kindly fervors were assuaged,
Undimmed by weakness' shade, or turbid ire !
And though, amidst the calm of thought entire,

* The great whirlpool of the western Hebrides.

Some high and haughty features might betray
A soul impetuous once, 't was earthly fire
That fled composure's intellectual ray,
As Ætna's fires grow dim before the rising day.

IX.

I boast no song in magic wonders rife,
But yet, O Nature! is there naught to prize,
Familiar in thy bosom scenes of life?
And dwells in daylight truth's salubrious skies
No form with which the soul may sympathize? —
Young, innocent, on whose sweet forehead mild
The parted ringlet shone in simplest guise,
An inmate in the home of Albert smiled,
Or blessed his noonday walk — she was his only child.

X.

The rose of England bloomed on Gertrude's cheek —
What though these shades had seen her birth, her sire
A Briton's independence taught to seek
Far western worlds; and there his household fire
The light of social love did long inspire,
And many a halcyon day he lived to see
Unbroken but by one misfortune dire,
When fate had reft his mutual heart — but she
Was gone — and Gertrude climbed a widowed father's knee.

XI.

A loved bequest, — and I may half impart —
To them that feel the strong paternal tie,
How like a new existence to his heart
That living flower uprose beneath his eye,
Dear as she was from cherub infancy,

From hours when she would round his garden play,
To time when, as the ripening years went by,
Her lovely mind could culture well repay,
And more engaging grew, from pleasing day to day.

XII.

I may not paint those thousand infant charms
(Unconscious fascination, undesigned!) :
The orison repeated in his arms,
For God to bless her sire and all mankind ;
The book, the bosom on his knee reclined,
Or how sweet fairy-lore he heard her con
(The playmate ere the teacher of her mind) :
All uncompanied else her heart had gone
Till now, in Gertrude's eyes, their ninth blue summer shone.

XIII.

And summer was the tide, and sweet the hour,
When sire and daughter saw, with fleet descent,
An Indian from his bark approach their bower,
Of buskined limb, and swarthy lineament ;
The red wild feathers on his brow were blent,
And bracelets bound the arm that helped to light
A boy, who seemed, as he beside him went,
Of Christian vesture, and complexion bright,
Let by his dusky guide, like morning brought by night.

XIV.

Yet pensive seemed the boy for one so young —
The dimple from his polished cheek had fled ;
When, leaning on his forest-bow unstrung,
The Oneyda warrior to the planter said,
And laid his hand upon the stripling's head,

"Peace be to thee! my words this belt approve;
The paths of peace my steps have hither led:
This little nursling, take him to thy love,
And shield the bird unfledged, since gone the parent dove.

XV.

Christian! I am the foeman of thy foe;
Our wampum league thy brethren did embrace:
Upon the Michigan, three moons ago,
We launched our pirogues for the bison chase,
And with the Hurons planted for a space,
With true and faithful hands, the olive-stalk;
But snakes are in the bosoms of their race,
And though they held with us a friendly talk,
The hollow peace-tree fell beneath their tomahawk!

XVI.

It was encamping on the lake's far port,
A cry of Areouski * broke our sleep,
Where stormed an ambushed foe thy nation's fort,
And rapid, rapid whoops came o'er the deep;
But long thy country's war-sign on the steep
Appeared through ghastly intervals of light,
And deathfully their thunders seemed to sweep,
Till utter darkness swallowed up the sight,
As if a shower of blood had quenched the fiery fight!

XVII.

It slept — it rose again — on high their tower
Sprung upwards like a torch to light the skies,
Then down again it rained an ember shower,
And louder lamentations heard we rise:

* The Indian God of War.

As when the evil Manitou that dries
The Ohio woods, consumes them in his ire,
In vain the desolated panther flies,
And howls amidst his wilderness of fire :
Alas ! too late, we reached and smote those Hurons dire !

XVIII.

But as the fox beneath the nobler hound,
So died their warriors by our battle-brand ;
And from the tree we, with her child, unbound
A lonely mother of the Christian land : —
Her lord — the captain of the British band —
Amidst the slaughter of his soldiers lay.
Scarce knew the widow our delivering hand ;
Upon her child she sobbed, and swooned away,
Or shrieked unto the God to whom the Christians pray.

XIX.

Our virgins fed her with their kindly bowls
Of fever-balm and sweet sagamité ;
But she was journeying to the land of souls,
And lifted up her dying head to pray
That we should bid an ancient friend convey
Her orphan to his home of England's shore ;
And take, she said, this token far away,
To one that will remember us of yore,
When he beholds the ring that Waldegrave's Julia wore.

XX.

And I, the eagle of my tribe, have rushed
With this lorn dove." — A sage's self-command
Had quelled the tears from Albert's heart that gushed ;
But yet his cheek — his agitated hand —

That showered upon the stranger of the land
No common boon, in grief but ill beguiled
A soul that was not wont to be unmanned ;
“ And stay,” he cried, “ dear pilgrim of the wild,
Preserver of my old, my boon companion’s child !

XXI.

Child of a race whose name my bosom warms,
On earth’s remotest bounds how welcome here !
Whose mother oft, a child, has filled these arms,
Young as thyself, and innocently dear,
Whose grandsire was my early life’s compeer.
Ah, happiest home of England’s happy clime !
How beautiful even now thy scenes appear,
As in the noon and sunshine of my prime !
How gone like yesterday these thrice ten years of time !

XXII.

And Julia ! when thou wert like Gertrude now,
‘ Can I forget thee, favorite child of yore ?
Or thought I, in thy father’s house, when thou
Wert lightest-hearted on his festive floor,
And first of all his hospitable door
To meet and kiss me at my journey’s end ?
But where was I when Waldegrave was no more ?
And thou didst pale thy gentle head extend
In woes, that even the tribe of deserts was thy friend ! ”

XXIII.

He said — and strained unto his heart the boy ; —
Far differently the mute Oneyda took
His calumet of peace, and cup of joy ;
As monumental bronze unchanged his look ;

A soul that pity touched, but never shook ;
Trained from his tree-rocked cradle to his bier
The fierce extreme of good and ill to brook
Impassive — fearing but the shame of fear —
A stoic of the woods — a man without a tear.

XXIV.

Yet deem not goodness on the savage stock
Of Outalissi's heart disdained to grow ;
As lives the oak unwithered on the rock
By storms above, and barrenness below ;
He scorned his own, who felt another's woe ;
And ere the wolf-skin on his back he flung,
Or laced his moccasins, in act to go,
A song of parting to the boy he sung,
Who slept on Albert's couch, nor heard his friendly tongue.

XXV.

“ Sleep, wearied one ! and in the dreaming land
Shouldst thou to-morrow with thy mother meet,
O ! tell her spirit that the white man's hand
Hath plucked the thorns of sorrow from thy feet ;
While I in lonely wilderness shall greet
Thy little foot-prints — or by traces know
The fountain, where at noon I thought it sweet
To feed thee with the quarry of my bow,
And poured the lotus-horn, or slew the mountain roe.

XXVI.

Adieu ! sweet scion of the rising sun !
But should affliction's storms thy blossom mock,
Then come again, my own adopted one !
And I will graft thee on a noble stock ;

The crocodile, the condor of the rock,
Shall be the pastime of thy sylvan wars ;
And I will teach thee in the battle's shock,
To pay with Huron blood thy father's scars,
And gratulate his soul rejoicing in the stars ! ”

XXVII.

So finished he the rhyme (howe'er uncouth)
That true to nature's fervid feelings ran
(And song is but the eloquence of truth) :
Then forth uprose that lone wayfaring man ;
But dauntless he, nor chart, nor journey's plan
In woods required, whose trained eye was keen,
As eagle of the wilderness, to scan
His path by mountain, swamp, or deep ravine,
Or ken far friendly huts on good savannas green.

XXVIII.

Old Albert saw him from the valley's side —
His pirogue launched — his pilgrimage begun —
Far, like the red-bird's wing he seemed to glide ;
Then dived, and vanished in the woodlands dun.
Oft, to that spot by tender memory won,
Would Albert climb the promontory's height,
If but a dim sail glimmered in the sun ;
But never more, to bless his longing sight,
Was Outalissi hailed, with bark and plumage bright.

PART II.

I.

A VALLEY from the river shore withdrawn
Was Albert's home, two quiet woods between,
Whose lofty verdure overlooked his lawn;
And waters to their resting-place serene
Came freshening, and reflecting all the scene
(A mirror in the depth of flowery shelves):
So sweet a spot of earth, you might (I ween)
Have guessed some congregation of the elves,
To sport by summer moons, had shaped it for themselves.

II.

Yet wanted not the eye far scope to muse,
Nor vistas opened by the wandering stream;
Both where at evening Alleghany views,
Through ridges burning in her western beam,
Lake after lake interminably gleam:
And past those settlers' haunts the eye might roam
Where earth's unliving silence all would seem;
Save where on rocks the beaver built his dome,
Or buffalo remote lowed far from human home.

III.

But silent not that adverse eastern path,
Which saw Aurora's hills the horizon crown;
There was the river heard, in bed of wrath
(A precipice of foam from mountains brown),
Like tumults heard from some far distant town;

But softening in approach he left his gloom,
And murmured pleasantly, and laid him down
To kiss those easy-curving banks of bloom,
That lent the windward air an exquisite perfume.

IV.

It seemed as if those scenes sweet influence had
On Gertrude's soul, and kindness like their own
Inspired those eyes, affectionate and glad,
That seemed to love whate'er they looked upon ;
Whether with Hebe's mirth her features shone,
Or if a shade more pleasing them o'ercast
(As if for heavenly musing meant alone) ;
Yet so becomingly the expression past,
That each succeeding look was lovelier than the last.

V.

Nor guess I, was that Pennsylvanian home,
With all its picturesque and balmy grace,
And fields that were a luxury to roam,
Lost on the soul that looked from such a face !
Enthusiast of the woods ! when years apace
Had bound thy lovely waist with woman's zone,
The sunrise path, at morn, I see thee trace
To hills with high magnolia overgrown,
And joy to breathe the groves, romantic and alone.

VI.

The sunrise drew her thoughts to Europe forth,
That thus apostrophized its viewless scene :
"Land of my father's love, my mother's birth !
The home of kindred I have never seen !
We know not other — oceans are between :

Yet say, far friendly hearts ! from whence we came,
Of us does oft remembrance intervene ?
My mother sure — my sire a thought may claim ; —
But Gertrude is to you an unregarded name.

VII.

And yet, loved England ! when thy name I trace
In many a pilgrim's tale and poet's song,
How can I choose but wish for one embrace
Of them, the dear unknown, to whom belong
My mother's looks, — perhaps her likeness strong ?
O, parent ! with what reverential awe,
From features of thy own related throng,
An image of thy face my soul could draw !
And see thee once again whom I too shortly saw !”

VIII.

Yet deem not Gertrude sighed for foreign joy ;
To soothe a father's couch her only care,
And keep his reverend head from all annoy :
For this, methinks, her homeward steps repair,
Soon as the morning wreath had bound her hair ;
While yet the wild deer trod in spangling dew,
While boatmen carolled to the fresh-blown air,
And woods a horizontal shadow threw,
And early fox appeared in momentary view.

IX.

Apart there was a deep untrodden grot,
Where oft the reading hours sweet Gertrude wore ;
Tradition had not named its lonely spot ;
But here (methinks) might India's sons explore
Their fathers' dust, or lift, perchance of yore,

Their voice to the great Spirit :— rocks sublime
To human art a sportive semblance bore,
And yellow lichens colored all the clime,
Like moonlight battlements, and towers decayed by time.

X.

But high in amphitheatre above,
Gay-tinted woods their massy foliage threw ;
Breathed but an air of heaven, and all the grove
As if instinct with living spirit grew,
Rolling its verdant gulfs of every hue ;
And now suspended was the pleasing din,
Now from a murmur faint it swelled anew,
Like the first note of organ heard within
Cathedral aisles, ere yet its symphony begin.

XI.

It was in this lone valley she would charm
The lingering noon, where flowers a couch had strewn ;
Her cheek reclining, and her snowy arm
On hillock by the pine-tree half o'ergrown :
And aye that volume on her lap is thrown,
Which every heart of human mould endears ;
With Shakspeare's self she speaks and smiles alone,
And no intruding visitation fears,
To shame the unconscious laugh, or stop her sweetest tears.

XII.

And naught within the grove was heard or seen
But stock-doves plaining through its gloom profound,
Or winglet of the fairy humming-bird,
Like atoms of the rainbow fluttering round ;
When, lo ! there entered to its inmost ground

A youth, the stranger of a distant land ;
He was, to weet, for eastern mountains bound ;
But late the equator suns his cheek had tanned,
And California's gales his roving bosom fanned.

XIII.

A steed, whose rein hung loosely o'er his arm,
He led dismounted ; ere his leisure pace,
Amid the brown leaves, could her ear alarm,
Close he had come, and worshipped for a space
Those downcast features : — she her lovely face
Uplift on one, whose lineaments and frame
Wore youth and manhood's intermingled grace :
Iberian seemed his boot — his robe the same,
And well the Spanish plume his lofty looks became.

XIV.

For Albert's home he sought — her finger fair
Has pointed where the father's mansion stood.
Returning from the copse he soon was there ;
And soon has Gertrude hied from dark-green wood ;
Nor joyless, by the converse, understood
Between the man of age and pilgrim young,
That gay congeniality of mood,
And early liking from acquaintance sprung ;
Full fluently conversed their guest in England's tongue.

XV.

And well could he his pilgrimage of taste
Unfold, — and much they loved his fervid strain,
While he each fair variety retraced
Of climes, and manners, o'er the eastern main.
Now happy Switzer's hills, — romantic Spain, —

Gay lilled fields of France,— or, more refined,
The soft Ausonia's monumental reign ;
Nor less each rural image he designed
Than all the city's pomp and home of human kind.

XVI.

Anon some wilder portraiture he draws ;
Of Nature's savage glories he would speak,—
The loneliness of earth that overawes,—
Where, resting by some tomb of old Cacique,
The lama-driver on Peruvia's peak
Nor living voice nor motion marks around ;
But storks that to the boundless forest shriek,
Or wild-cane arch high flung o'er gulf profound,
That fluctuates when the storms of El Dorado sound.

XVII.

Pleased with his guest, the good man still would ply
Each earnest question, and his converse court ;
But Gertrude, as she eyed him, knew not why
A strange and troubling wonder stopt her short.
“ In England thou hast been,— and, by report,
An orphan's name (quoth Albert) may'st have known.
Sad tale ! — when latest fell our frontier fort —
One innocent — one soldier's child — alone
Was spared, and brought to me, who loved him as my own.

XVIII.

Young Henry Waldegrave ! three delightful years
These very walls his infant sports did see,
But most I loved him when his parting tears
Alternately bedewed my child and me :
His sorest parting, Gertrude, was from thee ;

Nor half its grief his little heart could hold ;
By kindred he was sent for o'er the sea,
They tore him from us when but twelve years old,
And scarcely for his loss have I been yet consoled ! ”

XIX.

His face the wanderer hid — but could not hide
A tear, a smile, upon his cheek that dwell ;
“ And speak ! mysterious stranger ! (Gertrude cried)
It is ! — it is ! — I knew — I knew him well !
'T is Waldegrave's self, of Waldegrave come to tell ! ”
A burst of joy the father's lips declare !
But Gertrude, speechless, on his bosom fell ;
At once his open arms embraced the pair,
Was never group more blest in this wide world of care.

XX.

“ And will ye pardon then (replied the youth)
Your Waldegrave's feignéd name, and false attire ?
I durst not in the neighborhood, in truth,
The very fortunes of your house inquire ;
Lest one that knew me might some tidings dire
Impart, and I my weakness all betray,
For had I lost my Gertrude and my sire,
I meant but o'er your tombs to weep a day,
Unknown I meant to weep, unknown to pass away.

XXI.

But here ye live, ye bloom, — in each dear face,
The changing hand of time I may not blame ;
For there, it hath but shed more reverend grace,
And here, of beauty perfected the frame :
And well I know your hearts are still the same —

They could not change — ye look the very way,
As when an orphan first to you I came.
And have ye heard of my poor guide, I pray ?
Nay, wherefore weep ye, friends, on such a joyous day ?”

XXII.

“ And art thou here ? or is it but a dream ?
And wilt thou, Waldegrave, wilt thou leave us more ? ” —
“ No, never ! thou that yet dost lovelier seem
Than aught on earth — than even thyself of yore —
I will not part thee from thy father’s shore ;
But we shall cherish him with mutual arms,
And hand in hand again the path explore
Which every ray of young remembrance warms,
While thou shalt be my own, with all thy truth and
 charms ! ”

XXIII.

At morn, as if beneath a galaxy
Of over-arching groves in blossoms white,
Where all was odorous scent and harmony,
And gladness to the heart, nerve, ear and sight :
There, if, O gentle Love ! I read aright
The utterance that sealed thy sacred bond,
’T was listening to these accents of delight,
She hid upon his breast those eyes, beyond
Expression’s power to paint, all languishingly fond —

XXIV.

“ Flower of my life, so lovely and so lone !
Whom I would rather in this desert meet,
Scorning, and scorned by fortune’s power, than own
Her pomp and splendors lavished at my feet !
Turn not from me thy breath more exquisite

Than odors cast on heaven's own shrine — to please —
Give me thy love, than luxury more sweet,
And more than all the wealth that loads the breeze,
When Coromandel's ships return from Indian seas."

XXV.

Then would that home admit them — happier far
Than grandeur's most magnificent saloon,
While, here and there, a solitary star
Flushed in the darkening firmament of June ;
And silence brought the soul-felt hour, full soon,
Ineffable, which I may not portray ;
For never did the hymenean moon
A paradise of hearts more sacred sway,
In all that slept beneath her soft voluptuous ray.

PART III.

I.

O LOVE ! in such a wilderness as this,
Where transport and security entwine,
Here is the empire of thy perfect bliss,
And here thou art a god indeed divine.
Here shall no forms abridge, no hours confine,
The views, the walks, that boundless joy inspire !
Roll on, ye days of raptured influence, shine !
Nor, blind with ecstasy's celestial fire,
Shall love behold the spark of earth-born time expire.

II.

Three little moons, how short ! amidst the grove
And pastoral savannas they consume !
While she, beside her buskined youth to rove,
Delights, in fancifully wild costume,
Her lovely brow to shade with Indian plume ;
And forth in hunter-seeming vest they fare ;
But not to chase the deer in forest gloom ;
'T is but the breath of heaven — the blessed air —
And interchange of hearts unknown, unseen to share.

III.

What though the sportive dog oft round them note,
Or fawn, or wild bird bursting on the wing ;
Yet who, in Love's own presence, would devote
To death those gentle throats that wake the spring,
Or writhing from the brook its victim bring ?
No ! — nor let fear one little warbler rouse ;
But, fed by Gertrude's hand, still let them sing,
Acquaintance of her path, amidst the boughs,
That shade even now her love, and witnessed first her vows.

IV.

Now labyrinths, which but themselves can pierce,
Methinks, conduct them to some pleasant ground,
Where welcome hills shut out the universe,
And pines their lawny walk encompass round ;
There, if a pause delicious converse found,
'T was but when o'er each heart the idea stole
(Perchance a while in joy's oblivion drowned),
That come what may, while life's glad pulses roll,
Indissolubly thus should soul be knit to soul.

V.

And in the visions of romantic youth,
What years of endless bliss are yet to flow !
But mortal pleasure, what art thou in truth ?
The torrent's smoothness, ere it dash below !
And must I change my song ? and must I show,
Sweet Wyoming ! the day when thou wert doomed,
Guiltless, to mourn thy loveliest bowers laid low !
When where of yesterday a garden bloomed,
Death overspread his pall, and blackening ashes gloomed !

VI.

Sad was the year, by proud oppression driven,
When Transatlantic Liberty arose,
Not in the sunshine and the smile of heaven,
But wrapt in whirlwinds, and begirt with woes,
Amidst the strife of fratricidal foes ;
Her birth-star was the light of burning plains ;
Her baptism is the weight of blood that flows
From kindred hearts — the blood of British veins —
And famine tracks her steps, and pestilential pains.

VII.

Yet ere the storm of death had raged remote,
Or siege unseen in heaven reflects its beams,
Who now each dreadful circumstance shall note
That fills pale Gertrude's thoughts, and nightly dreams !
Dismal to her the forge of battle gleams
Portentous light ! and music's voice is dumb ;
Save where the fife its shrill reveillé screams,
Or midnight streets reëcho to the drum,
That speaks of maddening strife, and bloodstained fields
to come.

VIII.

It was in truth a momentary pang ;
Yet how comprising myriad shapes of woe !
First when in Gertrude's ear the summons rang,
A husband to the battle doomed to go !
" Nay, meet not thou (she cried) thy kindred foe !
But peaceful let us seek fair England's strand !"
" Ah, Gertrude, thy beloved heart, I know,
Would feel like mine the stigmatizing brand !
Could I forsake the cause of Freedom's holy band !

IX.

But shame — but flight — a recreant's name to prove,
To hide in exile ignominious fears ;
Say, even if this I brooked, the public love
Thy father's bosom to his home endears :
And how could I his few remaining years,
My Gertrude, sever from so dear a child ?"
So, day by day, her boding heart he cheers :
At last that heart to hope is half beguiled,
And, pale through tears suppressed, the mournful beauty
smiled.

X.

Night came,— and in their lighted bower, full late,
The joy of converse had endured — when, hark !
Abrupt and loud, a summons shook their gate ;
And, heedless of the dog's obstreperous bark,
A form had rushed amidst them from the dark,
And spread his arms,—and fell upon the floor :
Of aged strength his limbs retained the mark ;
But desolate he looked, and famished poor,
As ever shipwrecked wretch lone left on desert shore.

XI.

Uprisen, each wondering brow is knit and arched :
 A spirit from the dead they deem him first :
 To speak he tries ; but quivering, pale and parched,
 From lips, as by some powerless dream accursed,
 Emotions unintelligible burst ;
 And long his filméd eye is red and dim ;
 At length the pity-proffered cup his thirst
 Had half assuaged, and nerved his shuddering limb,
 When Albert's hand he grasped ; — but Albert knew not
 him —

XII.

“ And hast thou then forgot ” (he cried forlorn,
 And eyed the group with half-indignant air),
 “ O ! hast thou, Christian chief, forgot the morn
 When I with thee the cup of peace did share ?
 Then stately was this head, and dark this hair,
 That now is white as Appalachia's snow ;
 But if the weight of fifteen years' despair,
 And age hath bowed me, and the torturing foe,
 Bring me my boy — and he will his deliverer know ! ” —

XIII.

It was not long, with eyes and heart of flame,
 Ere Henry to his loved Oneyda flew :
 “ Bless thee, my guide ! ” — but backward, as he came,
 The chief his old bewildered head withdrew,
 And grasped his arm, and looked and looked him through.
 'T was strange — nor could the group a smile control —
 The long, the doubtful scrutiny to view ;
 At last delight o'er all his features stole,
 “ It is — my own,” he cried, and clasped him to his soul.

XIV.

"Yes! thou recall'st my pride of years, for then
The bowstring of my spirit was not slack,
When, spite of woods, and floods, and ambushed men,
I bore thee like the quiver on my back,
Fleet as the whirlwind hurries on the rack:
Nor foeman then, nor cougar's crouch I feared,
For I was strong as mountain cataract:
And dost thou not remember how we cheered,
Upon the last hill-top, when white men's huts appeared?"

XV.

Then welcome to my death-song, and my death!
Since I have seen thee, and again embraced."
And longer had he spent his toil-worn breath;
But with affectionate and eager haste
Was every arm outstretched around their guest,
To welcome and to bless his aged head.
Soon was the hospitable banquet placed;
And Gertrude's lovely hands a balsam shed
On wounds with fevered joy that more profusely bled.

XVI.

"But this is not a time,"—he started up,
And smote his breast with woe-denouncing hand—
"This is no time to fill the joyous cup,
The Mammoth comes,—the foe,—the Monster Brandt,—
With all his howling desolating band;—
These eyes have seen their blade and burning pine
Awake at once and silence half your land.
Red is the cup they drink; but not with wine:
Awake, and watch to-night, or see no morning shine!"

XVII.

Scorning to wield the hatchet for his bribe,
'Gainst Brandt himself I went to battle forth :
Accursed Brandt ! he left of all my tribe
Nor man, nor child, nor thing of living birth :
No ! not the dog that watched my household hearth
Escaped that night of blood, upon our plains !
All perished ! — I alone am left on earth !
To whom nor relative nor blood remains,
No ! — not a kindred drop that runs in human veins !

XVIII.

But go ! — and rouse your warriors, for, if right
These old bewildered eyes could guess, by signs
Of striped and starréd banners, on yon height
Of eastern cedars, o'er the creek of pines,
Some fort embattled by your country shines :
Deep roars the innavigable gulf below
Its squaréd rock, and palisaded lines.
Go ! seek the light its warlike beacons show ;
Whilst I in ambush wait, for vengeance, and the foe ! ”

XIX.

Scarce had he uttered — when Heaven's verge extreme
Reverberates the bomb's descending star, —
And sounds that mingled laugh, and shout, and scream,
To freeze the blood, in one discordant jar,
Rung to the pealing thunderbolts of war.
Whoop after whoop with rack the ear assailed ;
As if unearthly fiends had burst their bar ;
While rapidly the marksman's shot prevailed :
And aye, as if for death, some lonely trumpet wailed.

XX.

Then looked they to the hills, where fire o'erhung
The bandit groups, in one Vesuvian glare ;
Or swept, far seen, the tower, whose clock unrun
Told legible that midnight of despair.
She faints,— she falters not,— the heroic fair,—
As he the sword and plume in haste arrayed.
One short embrace — he clasped his dearest care —
But hark ! what nearer war-drum shakes the glade ?
Joy, joy ! Columbia's friends are trampling through the shade!

XXI.

Then came of every race the mingled swarm,
Far rung the groves and gleamed the midnight grass,
With flambeau, javelin, and naked arm ;
As warriors wheeled their culverins of brass,
Sprung from the woods, a bold athletic mass,
Whom virtue fires, and liberty combines :
And first the wild Moravian yagers pass,
His pluméd host the dark Iberian joins —
And Scotia's sword beneath the Highland thistle shines.

XXII.

And in the buskined hunters of the deer,
To Albert's home, with shout and cymbal throng : —
Roused by their warlike pomp, and mirth, and cheer,
Old Outalissi woke his battle-song,
And, beating with his war-club cadence strong,
Tells how his deep-stung indignation smarts,
Of them that wrapt his house in flames, ere long,
To whet a dagger on their stony hearts,
And smile avenged ere yet his eagle spirit parts.—

XXIII.

Calm, opposite the Christian father rose,
 Pale on his venerable brow its rays
 Of martyr light the conflagration throws ;
 One hand upon his lovely child he lays,
 And one the uncovered crowd to silence sways ;
 While, though the battle flash is faster driven,—
 Unawed, with eye unstartled by the blaze,
 He for his bleeding country prays to Heaven,—
 Prays that the men of blood themselves may be forgiven.

XXIV.

Short time is now for gratulating speech :
 And yet, beloved Gertrude, ere began
 Thy country's flight, yon distant towers to reach,
 Looked not on thee the rudest partisan
 With brow relaxed to love ? And murmurs ran,
 As round and round their willing ranks they drew,
 From beauty's sight to shield the hostile van. .
 Grateful, on them a placid look she threw,
 Nor wept, but as she bade her mother's grave adieu !

XXV.

Past was the flight, and welcome seemed the tower,
 That like a giant standard-bearer frowned
 Defiance on the roving Indian power,
 Beneath, each bold and promontory mound
 With embrasure embossed, and armor crowned,
 And arrowy frieze, and wedgéd ravelin,
 Wove like a diadem its tracery round
 The lofty summit of that mountain green ;
 Here stood secure the group, and eyed a distant scene.

XXVI.

A scene of death ! where fires beneath the sun,
And blended arms, and white pavilions glow ;
And for the business of destruction done,
Its requiem the war-horn seemed to blow :
There, sad spectatress of her country's woe !
The lovely Gertrude, safe from present harm,
Had laid her cheek, and clasped her hands of snow
On Waldegrave's shoulder, half within his arm
Enclosed, that felt her heart, and hushed its wild alarm !

XXVII.

But short that contemplation — sad and short
The pause to bid each much-loved scene adieu !
Beneath the very shadow of the fort,
Where friendly swords were drawn, and banners flew,
Ah who could deem that foot of Indian crew
Was near ? — yet there, with lust of murderous deeds,
Gleamed like a basilisk, from woods in view,
The ambushed foeman's eye — his volley speeds,
And Albert — Albert falls ! the dear old father bleeds !

XXVIII.

And tranced in giddy horror Gertrude swooned ;
Yet, while she clasps him lifeless to her zone,
Say, burst they, borrowed from her father's wound,
These drops ? — O, God ! the life-blood is her own !
And faltering, on her Waldegrave's bosom thrown —
“ Weep not, O Love ! ” — she cries, “ to see me bleed —
Thee, Gertrude's sad survivor, thee alone
Heaven's peace commiserate ; for scarce I heed
These wounds ; — yet thee to leave is death, is death indeed !

XXIX.

Clasp me a little longer on the brink
Of fate ! while I can feel thy dear caress ;
And when this heart hath ceased to beat — O ! think,
And let it mitigate thy woe's excess,
That thou hast been to me all tenderness,
And friend to more than human friendship just.
O ! by that retrospect of happiness,
And by the hopes of an immortal trust,
God shall assuage thy pangs — when I am laid in dust !

XXX.

Go, Henry, go not back, when I depart,
The scene thy bursting tears too deep will move,
Where my dear father took thee to his heart,
And Gertrude thought it ecstasy to rove
With thee, as with an angel, through the grove
Of peace, imagining her lot was cast
In heaven ; for ours was not like earthly love.
And must this parting be our very last ?
No ! I shall love thee still, when death itself is past.—

XXXI.

Half could I bear, methinks, to leave this earth,—
And thee, more loved than aught beneath the sun,
If I had lived to smile but on the birth
Of one dear pledge ; — but shall there then be none,
In future times — no gentle little one,
To clasp thy neck, and look, resembling me ?
Yet seems it, even while life's last pulses run,
A sweetness in the cup of death to be,
Lord of my bosom's love ! to die beholding thee ! ”

XXXII.

Hushed were his Gertrude's lips ! but still their bland
And beautiful expression seemed to melt
With love that could not die ! and still his hand
She presses to the heart no more that felt.
Ah, heart ! where once each fond affection dwelt,
And features yet that spoke a soul more fair.
Mute, gazing, agonizing, as he knelt,—
Of them that stood encircling his despair,
He heard some friendly words ; — but knew not what they
were.

XXXIII.

For now, to mourn their judge and child, arrives
A faithful band. With solemn rites between
'T was sung, how they were lovely in their lives,
And in their deaths had not divided been.
Touched by the music, and the melting scene,
Was scarce one tearless eye amidst the crowd : —
Stern warriors, resting on their swords, were seen
To veil their eyes, as passed each much-loved shroud —
While woman's softer soul in woe dissolved aloud.

XXXIV.

Then mournfully the parting bugle bid
Its farewell, o'er the grave of worth and truth ;
Prone to the dust, afflicted Waldegrave hid
His face on earth ; — him watched, in gloomy ruth,
His woodland guide ; but words had none to soothe
The grief that knew not consolation's name :
Casting his Indian mantle o'er the youth,
He watched, beneath its folds, each burst that came
Convulsive, ague-like, across his shuddering frame !

XXXV.

“And I could weep;”—the Oneyda chief
 His descant wildly thus begun :
 “But that I may not stain with grief
 The death-song of my father’s son,
 Or bow this head in woe !
 For by my wrongs, and by my wrath !
 To-morrow Areouski’s breath
 (That fires yon heaven with storms of death)
 Shall light us to the foe :
 And we shall share, my Christian boy !
 The foeman’s blood, the avenger’s joy !

XXXVI.

But thee, my flower, whose breath was given
 By milder genii o’er the deep,
 The spirits of the white man’s heaven
 Forbid not thee to weep : —
 Nor will the Christian host,
 Nor will thy father’s spirit grieve,
 To see thee, on the battle’s eve,
 Lamenting, take a mournful leave
 Of her who loved thee most :
 She was the rainbow to thy sight !
 Thy sun — thy heaven — of lost delight !

XXXVII.

To-morrow let us do or die !
 But when the bolt of death is hurled,
 Ah ! whither then with thee to fly,
 Shall Outalissi roam the world ?
 Seek we thy once-loved home ?

The hand is gone that cropt its flowers :
Unheard their clock repeats its hours !
Cold is the hearth within their bowers !
And should we thither roam,
Its echoes, and its empty tread,
Would sound like voices from the dead !

XXXVIII.

Or shall we cross yon mountains blue,
Whose streams my kindred nation quaffed,
And by my side, in battle true,
A thousand warriors drew the shaft ?
Ah ! there, in desolation cold,
The desert serpent dwells alone,
Where grass o'ergrows each mouldering bone,
And stones themselves to ruin grown,
Like me, are death-like old.
Then seek we not their camp,— for there
The silence dwells of my despair !

XXXIX.

But hark, the trump ! — to-morrow thou
In glory's fires shalt dry thy tears ;
Even from the land of shadows now
My father's awful ghost appears,
Amidst the clouds that round us roll ;
He bids my soul for battle thirst —
He bids me dry the last — the first —
The only tears that ever burst
From Outalissi's soul ;
Because I may not stain with grief
The death-song of an Indian chief ! ”

LINES.

WRITTEN AT THE REQUEST OF THE HIGHLAND SOCIETY OF LONDON,
WHEN MET TO COMMEMORATE THE 21ST OF MARCH,
THE DAY OF VICTORY IN EGYPT.

PLEDGE to the much-loved land that gave us birth !
Invincible romantic Scotia's shore !

Pledge to the memory of her parted worth !
And first, amidst the brave, remember Moore !

And be it deemed not wrong that name to give,
In festive hours, which prompts the patriot's sigh !
Who would not envy such as Moore to live ?
And died he not as heroes wish to die ?

Yes, though too soon attaining glory's goal,
To us his bright career too short was given ;
Yet in a mighty cause his phoenix soul
Rose on the flames of victory to Heaven !

How oft (if beats in subjugated Spain
One patriot heart) in secret shall it mourn
For him ! — How oft on far Corunna's plain
Shall British exiles weep upon his urn !

Peace to the mighty dead ! — our bosom thanks
In sprightlier strains the living may inspire !
Joy to the chiefs that lead old Scotia's ranks,
Of Roman garb and more than Roman fire !

Triumphant be the thistle still unfurled,
Dear symbol wild ! on Freedom's hills it grows,
Where Fingal stemmed the tyrants of the world,
And Roman eagles found unconquered foes.

Joy to the band * this day on Egypt's coast,
 Whose valor tamed proud France's tricolor,
 And wrenched the banner from her bravest host,
 Baptized Invincible in Austria's gore !

Joy for the day on red Vimeira's strand,
 When, bayonet to bayonet opposed,
 First of Britannia's host her Highland band
 Gave but the death-shot once, and foremost closed !

Is there a son of generous England here
 Or fervid Erin ? — he with us shall join,
 To pray that in eternal union dear
 The rose, the shamrock, and the thistle twine !

Types of a race who shall the invader scorn,
 As rocks resist the billows round their shore ;
 Types of a race who shall to time unborn
 Their country leave unconquered as of yore !

STANZAS

TO THE MEMORY OF THE SPANISH PATRIOTS LATEST KILLED IN RESIST-
 ING THE REGENCY AND THE DUKE OF ANGOULÊME.

BRAVE men who at the Trocadero fell —
 Beside your cannons conquered not, though slain,
 There is a victory in dying well
 For Freedom, — and ye have not died in vain ;
 For, come what may, there shall be hearts in Spain

* The 42d Regiment.

To honor, ay, embrace your martyred lot,
Cursing the Bigot's and the Bourbon's chain,
And looking on your graves, though trophied not,
As holier hallowed ground than priests could make the spot!

What though your cause be baffled — freemen cast
In dungeons — dragged to death, or forced to flee!
Hope is not withered in affliction's blast —
The patriot's blood 's the seed of Freedom's tree;
And short your orgies of revenge shall be,
Cowled demons of the Inquisitorial cell!
Earth shudders at your victory, — for ye
Are worse than common fiends from Heaven that fell,
The baser, ranker sprung, *Autochthones* of Hell!

Go to your bloody rites again — bring back
The hall of horrors and the assessor's pen,
Recording answers shrieked upon the rack;
Smile o'er the gaspings of spine-broken men; —
Preach, perpetrate damnation in your den; —
Then let your altars, ye blasphemers! peal
With thanks to Heaven, that let you loose again,
To practise deeds with torturing fire and steel
No eye may search — no tongue may challenge or reveal!

Yet laugh not in your carnival of crime
Too proudly, ye oppressors! — Spain was free,
Her soil has felt the foot-prints, and her clime
Been winnowed by the wings of Liberty;
And these even parting scatter as they flee
Thoughts — influences, to live in hearts unborn,
Opinions that shall wrench the prison-key

From Persecution — show her mask off-torn,
And tramp her bloated head beneath the foot of Scorn.

Glory to them that die in this great cause !
Kings, Bigots, can inflict no brand of shame,
Or shape of death, to shroud them from applause : —
No ! — manglers of the martyr's earthly frame !
Your hangmen fingers cannot touch his fame !
Still in your prostrate land there shall be some
Proud hearts, the shrines of Freedom's vestal flame.
Long trains of ill may pass unheeded, dumb,
But vengeance is behind, and justice is to come.

SONG OF THE GREEKS.

AGAIN to the battle, Achaians !
Our hearts bid the tyrants defiance !
Our land, the first garden of Liberty's tree —
It has been, and shall yet be, the land of the free :
For the cross of our faith is replanted,
The pale, dying crescent is daunted,
And we march that the foot-prints of Mahomet's slaves
May be washed out in blood from our forefathers' graves.
Their spirits are hovering o'er us,
And the sword shall to glory restore us.

Ah ! what though no succor advances,
Nor Christendom's chivalrous lances
Are stretched in our aid — be the combat our own !
And we 'll perish or conquer more proudly alone !

For we've sworn by our country's assaulters,
By the virgins they've dragged from our altars,
By our massacred patriots, our children in chains,
By our heroes of old, and their blood in our veins,
That, living, we shall be victorious,
Or that, dying, our deaths shall be glorious.

A breath of submission we breathe not ;
The sword that we've drawn we will sheathe not !
Its scabbard is left where our martyrs are laid,
And the vengeance of ages has whetted its blade.
Earth may hide — waves engulf — fire consume us,
But they shall not to slavery doom us :
If they rule, it shall be o'er our ashes and graves ;
But we've smote them already with fire on the waves,
And new triumphs on land are before us,

To the charge ! — Heaven's banner is o'er us.
This day shall ye blush for its story,
Or brighten your lives with its glory.
Our women, O, say, shall they shriek in despair,
Or embrace us from conquest with wreaths in their hair ?
Accursed may his memory blacken,
If a coward there be that would slacken
Till we've trampled the turban, and shown ourselves worth
Being sprung from and named for the godlike of earth.
Strike home, and the world shall revere us
As heroes descended from heroes.

Old Greece lightens up with emotion
Her inlands, her isles of the ocean ;
Fanes rebuilt and fair towns shall with jubilee ring,
And the Nine shall new-hallow their Helicon's spring :

Our hearths shall be kindled in gladness,
 That were cold and extinguished in sadness ;
 Whilst our maidens shall dance with their white-waving
 arms,
 Singing joy to the brave that delivered their charms,
 When the blood of yon Mussulman cravens
 Shall have purpled the beaks of our ravens.

ODE TO WINTER.

WHEN first the fiery-mantled sun
 His heavenly race began to run,
 Round the earth and ocean blue
 His children four the Seasons flew.
 First, in green apparel dancing,
 The young Spring smiled with angel grace ;
 Rosy Summer, next advancing,
 Rushed into her sire's embrace : —
 Her bright-haired sire, who bade her keep
 Forever nearest to his smiles,
 On Calpe's olive-shaded steep,
 On India's citron-covered isles :
 More remote and buxom-brown,
 The Queen of vintage bowed before his throne ;
 A rich pomegranate gemmed her crown,
 A ripe sheaf bound her zone.
 But howling Winter fled afar,
 To hills that prop the polar star,
 And loves on deer-borne car to ride
 With barren Darkness by his side,

Round the shore where loud Lofoden
Whirls to death the roaring whale,
Round the hall where Runic Odin
Howls his war-song to the gale ;
Save when adown the ravaged globe
He travels on his native storm,
Deflowering Nature's grassy robe,
And trampling on her faded form : —
Till light's returning lord assume
The shaft that drives him to his polar field,
Of power to pierce his raven plume
And crystal-covered shield.
O, sire of storms ! whose savage ear
The Lapland drum delights to hear,
When Frenzy with her blood-shot eye
Implores thy dreadful deity,
Archangel ! power of desolation !
Fast descending as thou art,
Say, hath mortal invocation
Spells to touch thy stony heart ?
Then, sullen Winter, hear my prayer,
And gently rule the ruined year ;
Nor chill the wanderer's bosom bare,
Nor freeze the wretch's falling tear ; —
To shuddering Want's unmantled bed
Thy horror-breathing agues cease to lead,
And gently on the orphan head
Of innocence descend.—
But chiefly spare, O king of clouds !
The sailor on his airy shrouds ;
When wrecks and beacons strew the steep,
And spectres walk along the deep.

Milder yet thy snowy breezes
 Pour on yonder tented shores,
 Where the Rhine's broad billow freezes,
 Or the dark-brown Danube roars.
 O, winds of Winter ! list ye there
 To many a deep and dying groan ;
 Or start, ye demons of the midnight air,
 At shrieks and thunders louder than your own.
 Alas ! even your unhallowed breath
 May spare the victim fallen low ;
 But man will ask no truce to death,—
 No bounds to human woe.

LINES.

SPOKEN BY MRS. BARTLEY AT DRURY-LANE THEATRE, ON THE FIRST
 OPENING OF THE HOUSE AFTER THE DEATH OF THE
 PRINCESS CHARLOTTE, 1817.

BRITONS ! although our task is but to show
 The scenes and passions of fictitious woe,
 Think not we come this night without a part
 In that deep sorrow of the public heart,
 Which like a shade hath darkened every place,
 And moistened with a tear the manliest face !
 The bell is scarcely hushed in Windsor's piles,
 That tolled a requiem from the solemn aisles,
 For her, the royal flower, low laid in dust,
 That was your fairest hope, your fondest trust.
 Unconscious of the doom, we dreamt, alas !
 That even these walls, ere many months should pass,
 Which but return sad accents for her now,
 Perhaps had witnessed her benignant brow,

Cheered by the voice you would have raised on high,
In bursts of British love and loyalty.
But, Britain ! now thy chief, thy people mourn,
And Claremont's home of love is left forlorn : —
There, where the happiest of the happy dwelt,
The 'scutcheon glooms, and royalty hath felt
A wound that every bosom feels its own,—
The blessing of a father's heart o'erthrown —
The most beloved and most devoted bride
Torn from an agonizéd husband's side,
Who " long as Memory holds her seat " shall view
That speechless, more than spoken last adieu,
When the fixed eye long looked connubial faith,
And beamed affection in the trance of death.
Sad was the pomp that yesternight beheld,
As with the mourner's heart the anthem swelled ;
While torch succeeding torch illumed each high
And bannered arch of England's chivalry.
The rich plumed canopy, the gorgeous pall,
The sacred march, and sable-vested wall,—
These were not rites of inexpressive show,
But hallowed as the types of real woe !
Daughter of England ! for a nation's sighs,
A nation's heart went with thine obsequies ! —
And oft shall time revert a look of grief
On thine existence, beautiful and brief.
Fair spirit ! send thy blessing from above
On realms where thou art canonized by love !
Give to a father's, husband's bleeding mind,
The peace that angels lend to human kind ;
To us who in thy loved remembrance feel
A sorrowing, but a soul-ennobling zeal —

A loyalty that touches all the best
 And loftiest principles of England's breast !
 Still may thy name speak concord from the tomb —
 Still in the Muse's breath thy memory bloom !
 They shall describe thy life — thy form portray ;
 But all the love that mourns thee swept away,
 'T is not in language or expressive arts
 To paint — ye feel it, Britons, in your hearts !

LINES ON THE GRAVE OF A SUICIDE.

By strangers left upon a lonely shore,
 Unknown, unhonored, was the friendless dead ;
 For child to weep, or widow to deplore,
 There never came to his unburied head : —
 All from his dreary habitation fled.
 Nor will the lanterned fishermen at eve
 Launch on that water by the witches' tower,
 Where hellebore and hemlock seem to weave
 Round its dark vaults a melancholy bower
 For spirits of the dead at night's enchanted hour.

They dread to meet thee, poor unfortunate !
 Whose crime it was, on Life's unfinished road,
 To feel the step-dame buffetings of fate,
 And render back thy being's heavy load.
 Ah ! once, perhaps, the social passions glowed
 In thy devoted bosom — and the hand
 That smote its kindred heart, might yet be prone
 To deeds of mercy. Who may understand
 Thy many woes, poor suicide unknown ? —
 He who thy being gave shall judge of thee alone.

REULLURA.*

STAR of the morn and eve,
 Reullura shone like thee,
 And well for her might Aodh grieve,
 The dark-attired Culdee.
 Peace to their shades ! the pure Culdees
 Were Albyn's earliest priests of God,
 Ere yet an island of her seas
 By foot of Saxon monk was trod,
 Long ere her churchmen by bigotry
 Were barred from wedlock's holy tie.
 'T was then that Aodh, famed afar,
 In Iona preached the word with power,
 And Reullura, beauty's star,
 Was the partner of his bower.

But, Aodh, the roof lies low,
 And the thistle-down waves bleaching,
 And the bat flits to and fro
 Where the Gaël once heard thy preaching ;
 And fallen is each columned aisle
 Where the chiefs and the people knelt.
 'T was near that temple's goodly pile
 That honored of men they dwelt.
 For Aodh was wise in the sacred law,
 And bright Reullura's eyes oft saw
 The veil of fate uplifted.
 Alas ! with what visions of awe
 Her soul in that hour was gifted —

* Reullura, in Gaëlic, signifies " beautiful star."

When pale in the temple and faint,
With Aodh she stood alone
By the statue of an aged Saint !
Fair sculptured was the stone,
It bore a crucifix ;
Fame said it once had graced
A Christian temple, which the Picts
In the Britons' land laid waste :
The Pictish men, by St. Columb taught,
Had hither the holy relic brought.
Reullura eyed the statue's face,
And cried, " It is, he shall come,
Even he, in this very place,
To avenge my martyrdom.

For, woe to the Gaël people !
Ulvfagre is on the main,
And Iona shall look from tower and steeple
On the coming ships of the Dane ;
And, dames and daughters, shall all your locks
With the spoiler's grasp entwine ?
No ! some shall have shelter in caves and rocks,
And the deep sea shall be mine.
Baffled by me shall the Dane return,
And here shall his torch in the temple burn,
Until that holy man shall plough
The waves from Innisfail.
His sail is on the deep e'en now,
And swells to the southern gale."

" Ah ! know'st thou not, my bride,"
The holy Aodh said,

“That the Saint whose form we stand beside
Has for ages slept with the dead ?”—

“He liveth, he liveth,” she said again,

“For the span of his life tenfold extends
Beyond the wonted years of men.

He sits by the graves of well-loved friends
That died ere thy grandsire’s grandsire’s birth ;
The oak is decayed with age on earth,
Whose acorn-seed had been planted by him ;

And his parents remember the day of dread
When the sun on the cross looked dim,
And the graves gave up their dead.

Yet preaching from clime to clime,

He hath roamed the earth for ages,
And hither he shall come in time

When the wrath of the heathen rages,
In time a remnant from the sword —

Ah ! but a remnant to deliver ;
Yet, blest be the name of the Lord !

His martyrs shall go into bliss forever.
Lochlin,* appalled, shall put up her steel,
And thou shalt embark on the bounding keel ;
Safe shalt thou pass through her hundred ships,

With the Saint and a remnant of the Gaël,
And the Lord will instruct thy lips
To preach in Innisfail.”†

The sun, now about to set,
Was burning o’er Tíree,
And no gathering cry rose yet
O’er the isles of Albyn’s sea,

* Denmark.

† Ireland.

Whilst Reullura saw far rowers dip
 Their oars beneath the sun,
And the Phantom of many a Danish ship,
 Where ship there yet was none.
And the shield of alarm was dumb,
Nor did their warning till midnight come,
When watch-fires burst from across the main,
 From Rona, and Uist, and Skye,
To tell that the ships of the Dane
 And the red-haired slayers were nigh.

Our islemen arose from slumbers,
 And buckled on their arms ;
But few, alas ! were their numbers
 To Lochlin's mailéd swarms.
And the blade of the bloody Norse
 Has filled the shores of the Gaël
With many a floating corse,
 And with many a woman's wail.
They have lighted the islands with ruin's torch,
And the holy men of Iona's church
In the temple of God lay slain ;
 All but Aodh, the last Culdee,
But bound with many an iron chain,
 Bound in that church was he.
And where is Aodh's bride ?
 Rocks of the ocean flood !
Plunged she not from your heights in pride,
 And mocked the men of blood ?
Then Ulvfagre and his bands
 In the temple lighted their banquet up,
And the print of their blood-red hands
 Was left on the altar cup.

'T was then that the Norseman to Aodh said,
" Tell where thy church's treasure 's laid,
Or I'll hew thee limb from limb."

As he spoke the bell struck three,
And every torch grew dim
That lighted their revelry.

But the torches again burnt bright,
And brighter than before,
When an aged man of majestic height
Entered the temple door.
Hushed was the revellers' sound,
They were struck as mute as the dead,
And their hearts were appalled by the very sound
Of his footsteps' measured tread.
Nor word was spoken by one beholder,
Whilst he flung his white robe back o'er his shoulder,
And stretching his arms — as eath
Unriveted Aodh's bands,
As if the gyves had been a wreath
Of willows in his hands.

All saw the stranger's similitude
To the ancient statue's form ;
The Saint before his own image stood,
And grasped Ulvfagre's arm.
Then up rose the Danes at last to deliver
Their chief, and shouting with one accord,
Then drew the shaft from its rattling quiver,
They lifted the spear and sword,
And levelled their spears in rows.
But down went axes and spears and bows,

When the Saint with his crosier signed,
The archer's hand on the string was stopt,
And down, like reeds laid flat by the wind,
Their lifted weapons dropt.

The Saint then gave a signal mute,
And though Ulvfagre willed it not,
He came and stood at the statue's foot,
Spell-riveted to the spot,
Till hands invisible shook the wall,
And the tottering image was dashed
Down from its lofty pedestal.

On Ulvfagre's helm it crashed —
Helmet, and skull, and flesh, and brain,
It crushed as millstones crush the grain.
Then spoke the Saint, whilst all and each
Of the Heathen trembled round,
And the pauses amidst his speech
Were as awful as the sound :

“ Go back, ye wolves ! to your dens ” (he cried),

“ And tell the nations abroad,
How the fiercest of your herd has died
That slaughtered the flock of God.
Gather him bone by bone,

And take with you o'er the flood
The fragments of that avenging stone
That drank his heathen blood.

These are the spoils from Iona's sack,
The only spoils ye shall carry back ;
For the hand that uplifteth spear or sword
Shall be withered by palsy's shock,
And I come in the name of the Lord
To deliver a remnant of his flock.”

A remnant was called together,
A doleful remnant of the Gaël,
And the Saint in the ship that had brought him hither
Took the mourners to Innisfail.
Unscathed they left Iona's strand,
When the opal morn first flushed the sky,
For the Norse dropt spear, and bow, and brand,
And looked on them silently ;
Safe from their hiding-places came
Orphans and mothers, child and dame :
But, alas ! when the search for Reullura spread,
No answering voice was given,
For the sea had gone o'er her lovely head,
And her spirit was in Heaven.

THE TURKISH LADY.

'T WAS the hour when rites unholy
Called each Paynim voice to prayer,
And the star that faded slowly
Left to dews the freshened air.

Day her sultry fires had wasted,
Calm and sweet the moonlight rose ;
Even a captive spirit tasted
Half oblivion of his woes.

Then 't was from an Emir's palace
Came an Eastern lady bright :
She, in spite of tyrants jealous,
Saw and loved an English knight.

“ Tell me, captive, why in anguish
Foes have dragged thee here to dwell,
Where poor Christians as they languish
Hear no sound of Sabbath bell ? ” —

“ ’T was on Transylvania’s Bannat,
When the Crescent shone afar,
Like a pale disastrous planet,
O’er the purple tide of war —

In that day of desolation,
Lady, I was captive made ;
Bleeding for my Christian nation
By the walls of high Belgrade.”

“ Captive ! could the brightest jewel
From my turban set thee free ? ”

“ Lady, no ! — the gift were cruel,
Ransomed, yet if reft of thee.

Say, fair princess ! would it grieve thee
Christian climes should we behold ? ” —

“ Nay, bold knight ! I would not leave thee
Were thy ransom paid in gold ! ”

Now in Heaven’s blue expansion
Rose the midnight star to view,
When to quit her father’s mansion
Thrice she wept, and bade adieu !

“ Fly we, then, while none discover !
Tyrant barks, in vain ye ride ! ” —
Soon at Rhodes the British lover
Clasped his blooming Eastern bride.

THE BRAVE ROLAND.

THE brave Roland ! — the brave Roland !
False tidings reached the Rhenish strand
 That he had fallen in fight ;
And thy faithful bosom swooned with pain,
O loveliest maid of Allémayne !
 For the loss of thine own true knight.

But why so rash has she ta'en the veil
In yon Nonnenwerder's cloisters pale ?
 For her vow had scarce been sworn,
And the fatal mantle o'er her flung,
When the Drachenfels to a trumpet rung —
 'T was her own dear warrior's horn !

Woe ! woe ! each heart shall bleed — shall break !
She would have hung upon his neck,
 Had he come but yester-even !
And he had clasped those peerless charms,
That shall never, never fill his arms,
 Or meet him but in heaven.

Yet Roland the brave — Roland the true —
He could not bid that spot adieu ;
 It was dear still midst his woes ;
For he loved to breathe the neighboring air,
And to think she blessed him in her prayer,
 When the Hallelujah rose.

There's yet one window of that pile,
Which he built above the Nun's green isle ;
 Thence sad and oft looked he

(When the chant and organ sounded slow)
 On the mansion of his love below,
 For herself he might not see.

She died ! — he sought the battle-plain ;
 Her image filled his dying brain,
 When he fell and wished to fall :
 And her name was in his latest sigh,
 When Roland, the flower of chivalry,
 Expired at Roncevall.

THE SPECTRE BOAT.

A BALLAD.

LIGHT rued false Ferdinand to leave a lovely maid forlorn,
 Who broke her heart and died to hide her blushing cheek
 from scorn.

One night he dreamt he wooed her in their wonted bower of
 love,
 Where the flowers sprang thick around them, and the birds
 sang sweet above.

But the scene was swiftly changed into a church-yard's
 dismal view,

And her lips grew black beneath his kiss, from love's
 delicious hue.

What more he dreamt, he told to none ; but shuddering,
 pale and dumb,

Looked out upon the waves, like one that knew his hour
 was come.

'T was now the dead watch of the night — the helm was
lashed a-lee,
And the ship rode where Mount *Ætna* lights the deep
Levantine sea ;
When beneath its glare a boat came, rowed by a woman in
her shroud,
Who, with eyes that made our blood run cold, stood up and
spoke aloud : —

“ Come, Traitor, down, for whom my ghost still wanders
unforgiven !

Come down, false Ferdinand, for whom I broke my peace
with heaven ! ”

It was vain to hold the victim, for he plunged to meet her
call,

Like the bird that shrieks and flutters in the gazing
serpent's thrall.

You may guess the boldest mariner shrunk daunted from the
sight,

For the Spectre and her winding-sheet shone blue with
hideous light ;

Like a fiery wheel the boat spun with the waving of her
hand,

And round they went, and down they went, as the cock
crew from the land.

THE LOVER TO HIS MISTRESS.

, ON HER BIRTH-DAY.

IF any white-winged Power above
My joys and griefs survey,
The day when thou wert born, my love —
He surely blessed that day.

I laughed (till taught by thee) when told
Of Beauty's magic powers,
That ripened life's dull ore to gold,
And changed its weeds to flowers.

My mind had lovely shapes portrayed ;
But thought I earth had one
Could make even Fancy's visions fade
Like stars before the sun ?

I gazed, and felt upon my lips
The unfinished accents hang :
One moment's bliss, one burning kiss,
To rapture changed each pang.

And though as swift as lightning's flash
Those tranced moments flew,
Not all the waves of time shall wash
Their memory from my view.

But duly shall my raptured song,
And gladly shall my eyes,
Still bless this day's return, as long
As thou shalt see it rise.

SONG.

O, how hard it is to find
The one just suited to our mind !
And if that one should be
False, unkind, or found too late,
What can we do but sigh at fate,
And sing "Woe's me — Woe's me" ?

Love's a boundless burning waste,
Where Bliss's stream we seldom taste,
And still more seldom flee
Suspense's thorns, Suspicion's stings ;
Yet somehow Love a something brings
That's sweet — even when we sigh "Woe's me !"

ADELGITHA.

THE ordeal's fatal trumpet sounded,
And sad pale ADELGITHA came,
When forth a valiant champion bounded,
And slew the slanderer of her fame.

She wept, delivered from her danger ;
But when he knelt to claim her glove —
"Seek not," she cried, "O ! gallant stranger,
For hapless ADELGITHA's love.

For he is in a foreign far land
Whose arms should now have set me free ;
And I must wear the willow garland
For him that's dead, or false to me."

“Nay ! say not that his faith is tainted !” —
 He raised his visor.— At the sight
 She fell into his arms and fainted ;
 It was indeed her own true knight !

LINES

ON RECEIVING A SEAL WITH THE CAMPBELL CREST, FROM K. M—,
 BEFORE HER MARRIAGE.

THIS wax returns not back more fair
 The impression of the gift you send,
 Than stamped upon my thoughts I bear
 The image of your worth, my friend !—

We are not friends of yesterday ; —
 But poets’ fancies are a little
 Disposed to heat and cool (they say),—
 By turns impressible and brittle.

Well ! should its frailty e’er condemn
 My heart to prize or please you less,
Your type is still the sealing gem,
 And *mine* the waxen brittleness.

What transcripts of my weal and woe
 This little signet yet may lock,—
 What utterances to friend or foe,
 In reason’s calm or passion’s shock !

What scenes of life’s yet curtained stage
 May own its confidential die,
 Whose stamp awaits the unwritten page,
 And feelings of futurity !—

Yet wheresoe'er my pen I lift
To date the epistolary sheet,
The blest occasion of the gift
Shall make its recollection sweet ;

Sent when the star that rules your fates
Hath reached its influence most benign —
When every heart congratulates,
And none more cordially than mine.

So speed my song — marked with the crest
That erst the adventurous Norman wore,
Who won the Lady of the West,
The daughter of Macaillan Mor.

Crest of my sires ! whose blood it sealed
With glory in the strife of swords,
Ne'er may the scroll that bears it yield
Degenerate thoughts or faithless words !

Yet little might I prize the stone,
If it but typed the feudal tree
From whence, a scattered leaf, I'm blown
In Fortune's mutability.

No ! — but it tells me of a heart
Allied by friendship's living tie ;
A prize beyond the herald's art —
Our soul-sprung consanguinity !

KATHERINE ! to many an hour of mine
Light wings and sunshine you have lent ;
And so adieu, and still be thine
The all-in-all of life — Content !

GILDEROY.

THE last, the fatal hour is come,
That bears my love from me :
I hear the dead note of the drum,
I mark the gallows' tree !

The bell has tolled ; it shakes my heart ;
The trumpet speaks thy name ;
And must my Gilderoy depart
To bear a death of shame ?

No bosom trembles for thy doom ;
No mourner wipes a tear ;
The gallows' foot is all thy tomb,
The sledge is all thy bier.

O, Gilderoy ! bethought we then
So soon, so sad to part,
When first in Roslin's lovely glen
You triumphed o'er my heart ?

Your locks they glittered to the sheen,
Your hunter garb was trim ;
And graceful was the ribbon green
That bound your manly limb !

Ah ! little thought I to deplore
Those limbs in fetters bound ;
Or hear, upon the scaffold floor,
The midnight hammer sound.

Ye cruel, cruel, that combined
The guiltless to pursue ;
My Gilderoy was ever kind,
He could not injure you !

A long adieu ! but where shall fly
 Thy widow all forlorn,
 When every mean and cruel eye
 Regards my woe with scorn ?

Yes ! they will mock thy widow's tears,
 And hate thine orphan boy ;
 Alas ! his infant beauty wears
 The form of Gilderoy.

Then will I seek the dreary mound
 That wraps thy mouldering clay,
 And weep and linger on the ground,
 And sigh my heart away.

 STANZAS

ON THE THREATENED INVASION, 1803.

OUR bosoms we'll bare for the glorious strife,
 And our oath is recorded on high,
 To prevail in the cause that is dearer than life,
 Or crushed in its ruins to die !
 Then rise, fellow-freemen, and stretch the right hand,
 And swear to prevail in your dear native land !

'T is the home we hold sacred is laid to our trust —
 God bless the green Isle of the brave !
 Should a conqueror tread on our forefathers' dust,
 It would rouse the old dead from their grave !
 Then rise, fellow-freemen, and stretch the right hand,
 And swear to prevail in your dear native land !

In a Briton's sweet home shall a spoiler abide,
Profaning its loves and its charms?
Shall a Frenchman insult the loved fair at our side?
To arms! O, my Country, to arms!
Then rise, fellow-freemen, and stretch the right hand,
And swear to prevail in your dear native land!

Shall a tyrant enslave us, my countrymen! — No!
His head to the sword shall be given —
A death-bed repentance be taught the proud foe,
And his blood be an offering to Heaven!
Then rise, fellow-freemen, and stretch the right hand,
And swear to prevail in your dear native land!

THE RITTER BANN.

THE Ritter Bann from Hungary
Came back, renowned in arms,
But scorning jousts of chivalry,
And love and ladies' charms.

While other knights held revels, he
Was rapt in thoughts of gloom,
And in Vienna's hostelrie
Slow paced his lonely room.

There entered one whose face he knew,—
Whose voice, he was aware,
He oft at mass had listened to
In the holy house of prayer.

'T was the Abbot of St. James's monks,
A fresh and fair old man :
His reverend air arrested even
The gloomy Ritter Bann.

But seeing with him an ancient dame
Come clad in Scotch attire,
The Ritter's color went and came,
And loud he spoke in ire :

“ Ha ! nurse of her that was my bane,
Name not her name to me ;
I wish it blotted from my brain :
Art poor ?—take alms, and flee.”

“ Sir Knight,” the abbot interposed,
“ This case your ear demands ;”
And the crone cried, with a cross enclosed
In both her trembling hands,

“ Remember, each his sentence waits ;
And he that shall rebut
Sweet Mercy's suit, on him the gates
Of Mercy shall be shut.

You wedded, undispensed by Church,
Your cousin Jane in Spring ;—
In Autumn, when you went to search
For churchman's pardoning,

Her house denounced your marriage-band,
Betrothed her to De Grey,
And the ring you put upon her hand
Was wrenched by force away.

Then wept your Jane upon my neck,
Crying, ' Help me, nurse, to flee
To my Howel Bann's Glamorgan hills ;'
But word arrived — ah me ! —

You were not there ; and 't was their threat,
By foul means or by fair,
To-morrow morning was to set
The seal on her despair.

I had a son, a sea-boy, in
A ship at Hartland Bay ;
By his aid from her cruel kin
I bore my bird away.

To Scotland from the Devon's
Green myrtle shores we fled ;
And the Hand that sent the ravens
To Elijah gave us bread.

She wrote you by my son, but he
From England sent us word
You had gone into some far countrie,
In grief and gloom, he heard.

For they that wronged you, to elude
Your wrath, defamed my child ;
And you — ay, blush, Sir, as you should —
Believed, and were beguiled.

To die but at your feet, she vowed
To roam the world ; and we
Would both have sped and begged our bread,
But so it might not be.

For when the snow-storm beat our roof,
She bore a boy, Sir Bann,
Who grew as fair your likeness' proof
As child e'er grew like man.

'T was smiling on that babe one morn
While heath bloomed on the moor,
Her beauty struck young Lord Kinghorn
As he hunted past our door.

She shunned him, but he raved of Jane,
And roused his mother's pride :
Who came to us in high disdain,—
'And where 's the face,' she cried,

'Has witched my boy to wish for one
So wretched for his wife? —
Dost love thy husband? Know, my son
Has sworn to seek his life.'

Her anger sore dismayed us,
For our mite was wearing scant,
And, unless that dame would aid us,
There was none to aid our want.

So I told her, weeping bitterly,
What all our woes had been ;
And, though she was a stern ladie,
The tears stood in her een.

And she housed us both, when, cheerfully,
My child to her had sworn,
That even if made a widow, she
Would never wed Kinghorn."——

Here paused the nurse, and then began
The abbot, standing by : —
“ Three months ago a wounded man
To our abbey came to die.

He heard me long, with ghastly eyes
And hand obdurate clenched,
Spoke of the worm that never dies,
And the fire that is not quenched.

At last, by what this scroll attests,
He left atonement brief,
For years of anguish to the breasts
His guilt had wrung with grief.

‘ There lived,’ he said, ‘ a fair young dame
Beneath my mother’s roof;
I loved her, but against my flame
Her purity was proof.

I feigned repentance, friendship pure;
That mood she did not check,
But let her husband’s miniature
Be copied from her neck,

As means to search him ; my deceit
Took care to him was borne
Naught but his picture’s counterfeit,
And Jane’s reported scorn.

The treachery took : she waited wild;
My slave came back and lied
Whate’er I wished ; she clasped her child,
And swooned, and all but died.

I felt her tears for years and years
Quench not my flame, but stir ;
The very hate I bore her mate
Increased my love for her.

Fame told us of his glory, while
Joy flushed the face of Jane ;
And, while she blessed his name, her smile
Struck fire into my brain.

No fears could damp ; I reached the camp,
Sought out its champion ;
And if my broad-sword failed at last,
'T was long and well laid on.

This wound 's my meed, my name 's Kinghorn,
My foe 's the Ritter Bann.'——
The wafer to his lips was borne,
And we shrived the dying man.

He died not till you went to fight
The Turks, at Warradein ;
But I see my tale has changed you pale."——
The abbot went for wine ;

And brought a little page who poured
It out, and knelt and smiled ; —
The stunned knight saw himself restored
To childhood in his child ;

And stooped and caught him to his breast,
Laughed loud and wept anon,
And, with a shower of kisses, pressed
The darling little one.

“ And where went Jane ? ” — “ To a nunnery, Sir,—
Look not again so pale,—
Kinghorn’s old dame grew harsh to her.” —
“ And has she ta’en the veil ? ”

“ Sit down, Sir,” said the priest, “ I bar
Rash words.” — They sat all three,
And the boy played with the knight’s broad star,
As he kept him on his knee.

“ Think, ere you ask her dwelling-place,”
The abbot further said ;
“ Time draws a veil o’er beauty’s face
More deep than cloister’s shade.

Grief may have made her what you can
Scarce love perhaps for life.” —
“ Hush, abbot,” cried the Ritter Bann,
“ Or tell me where’s my wife.”

The priest undid two doors that hid
The inn’s adjacent room,
And there a lovely woman stood,
Tears bathed her beauty’s bloom.

One moment may with bliss repay
Unnumbered hours of pain ;
Such was the throb and mutual sob
Of the knight embracing Jane.

SONG.

“MEN OF ENGLAND.”

MEN of England ! who inherit
 Rights that cost your sires their blood !
 Men whose undegenerate spirit
 Has been proved on field and flood : —

By the foes you 've fought uncounted,
 By the glorious deeds ye 've done,
 Trophies captured — breaches mounted,
 Navies conquered — kingdoms won.

Yet, remember, England gathers
 Hence but fruitless wreaths of fame,
 If the freedom of your fathers
 Glow not in your hearts the same.

What are monuments of bravery,
 Where no public virtues bloom ?
 What avail, in lands of slavery,
 Trophied temples, arch, and tomb ?

Pageants ! — Let the world revere us
 For our people's rights and laws,
 And the breasts of civic heroes
 Bared in Freedom's holy cause.

Yours are Hampden's, Russell's glory,
 Sidney's matchless shade is yours, —
 Martyrs in heroic story,
 Worth a hundred Agincourts !

We're the sons of sires that baffled
Crowned and mitred tyranny ; —
They defied the field and scaffold
For their birthrights — so will we !

SONG.

DRINK ye to her that each loves best,
And if you nurse a flame
That's told but to her mutual breast,
We will not ask her name.

Enough, while memory tranced and glad
Paints silently the fair,
That each should dream of joys he's had,
Or yet may hope to share.

Yet far, far hence be jest or boast
From hallowed thoughts so dear ;
But drink to her that each loves most,
As she would love to hear.

THE HARPER.

ON the green banks of Shannon, when Sheelah was nigh,
No blithe Irish lad was so happy as I ;
No harp like my own could so cheerily play,
And wherever I went was my poor dog Tray.

When at last I was forced from my Sheelah to part,
She said (while the sorrow was big at her heart),
O ! remember your Sheelah when far, far away :
And be kind, my dear Pat, to our poor dog Tray.

Poor dog ! he was faithful and kind, to be sure,
And he constantly loved me, although I was poor ;
When the sour-looking folks sent me heartless away,
I had always a friend in my poor dog Tray.

When the road was so dark, and the night was so cold,
And Pat and his dog were grown weary and old,
How snugly we slept in my old coat of gray,
And he licked me for kindness — my poor dog Tray.

Though my wallet was scant, I remembered his case,
Nor refused my last crust to his pitiful face ;
But he died at my feet on a cold winter day,
And I played a sad lament for my poor dog Tray.

Where now shall I go, poor, forsaken, and blind ?
Can I find one to guide me, so faithful, and kind ?
To my sweet native village, so far, far away,
I can never more return with my poor dog Tray.

THE WOUNDED HUSSAR.

ALONE to the banks of the dark-rolling Danube
Fair Adelaide hied when the battle was o'er : —
“ O whither ! ” she cried, “ hast thou wandered, my lover,
Or here dost thou welter and bleed on the shore ?

What voice did I hear ? ' t was my Henry that sighed ! ”

All mournful she hastened, nor wandered she far,
When bleeding, and low, on the heath she descried,
By the light of the moon, her poor wounded Hussar !

From his bosom that heaved, the last torrent was streaming,
And pale was his visage, deep marked with a scar !
And dim was that eye, once expressively beaming,
That melted in love, and that kindled in war !

How smit was poor Adelaide's heart at the sight !
How bitter she wept o'er the victim of war !
“ Hast thou come, my fond Love, this last sorrowful night,
To cheer the lone heart of your wounded Hussar ? ”

“ Thou shalt live,” she replied, “ Heaven's mercy relieving
Each anguishing wound, shall forbid me to mourn ! ” —
“ Ah no ! the last pang of my bosom is heaving !
No light of the morn shall to Henry return !

Thou charmer of life, ever tender and true !
Ye babes of my love, that await me afar ! ” —
His faltering tongue scarce could murmur adieu,
When he sunk in her arms — the poor wounded Hussar !

LOVE AND MADNESS.

AN ELEGY.

WRITTEN IN 1795.

HARK ! from the battlements of yonder tower *
The solemn bell has tolled the midnight hour !
Roused from drear visions of distempered sleep,
Poor B——k wakes — in solitude to weep !

“ Cease, Memory, cease (the friendless mourner cried)
To probe the bosom too severely tried !
O ! ever cease, my pensive thoughts, to stray
Through the bright fields of Fortune’s better day,
When youthful HOPE, the music of the mind,
Tuned all its charms, and E——n was kind !

Yet, can I cease, while glows this trembling frame,
In sighs to speak thy melancholy name ?
I hear thy spirit wail in every storm !
In midnight shades I view thy passing form !
Pale as in that sad hour when doomed to feel,
Deep in thy perjured heart, the bloody steel !

Demons of Vengeance ! ye at whose command
I grasped the sword with more than woman’s hand,
Say ye, did Pity’s trembling voice control,
Or horror damp the purpose of my soul ?
No ! my wild heart sat smiling o’er the plan,
Till Hate fulfilled what baffled Love began !

* Warwick Castle.

Yes ; let the clay-cold breast that never knew
One tender pang to generous Nature true,
Half-mingling pity with the gall of scorn,
Condemn this heart, that bled in love forlorn !

And ye, proud fair, whose soul no gladness warms,
Save rapture's homage to your conscious charms !
Delighted idols of a gaudy train,
Ill can your blunter feelings guess the pain,
When the fond faithful heart, inspired to prove
Friendship refined, the calm delight of Love,
Feels all its tender strings with anguish torn,
And bleeds at perjured Pride's inhuman scorn.

Say, then, did pitying Heaven condemn the deed,
When Vengeance bade thee, faithless lover, bleed ?
Long had I watched thy dark foreboding brow,
What time thy bosom scorned its dearest vow !
Sad, though I wept the friend, the lover changed,
Still thy cold look was scornful and estranged,
Till from thy pity, love, and shelter thrown,
I wandered hopeless, friendless, and alone !

O ! righteous Heaven ! 't was then my tortured soul
First gave to wrath unlimited control !
Adieu the silent look ! the streaming eye !
The murmured plaint ! the deep heart-heaving sigh !
Long-slumbering Vengeance wakes to bitter deeds ;
He shrieks, he falls, the perjured lover bleeds !
Now the last laugh of agony is o'er,
And pale in blood he sleeps, to wake no more !

'T is done ! the flame of hate no longer burns :
Nature relents, but, ah ! too late returns !
Why does my soul this gush of fondness feel ?
Trembling and faint, I drop the guilty steel !
Cold on my heart the hand of terror lies,
And shades of horror close my languid eyes !

O ! 't was a deed of Murder's deepest grain !
Could B——k's soul so true to wrath remain ?
A friend long true, a once fond lover fell ! —
Where Love was fostered could not Pity dwell ?

Unhappy youth ! while yon pale crescent glows
To watch on silent Nature's deep repose,
Thy sleepless spirit, breathing from the tomb,
Foretells my fate, and summons me to come !
Once more I see thy sheeted spectre stand,
Roll the dim eye, and wave the paly hand !

Soon may this fluttering spark of vital flame
Forsake its languid melancholy frame !
Soon may these eyes their trembling lustre close,
Welcome the dreamless night of long repose !
Soon may this woe-worn spirit seek the bourn
Where, lulled to slumber, Grief forgets to mourn !”

HALLOWED GROUND.

WHAT's hallowed ground ? Has earth a clod
Its Maker meant not should be trod
By man, the image of his God,
Erect and free,
Unscourged by Superstition's rod
To bow the knee ?

That's hallowed ground — where, mourned and missed,
The lips repose our love has kissed : —
But where's their memory's mansion ? Is't
Yon church-yard's bowers ?
No ! in ourselves their souls exist,
A part of ours.

A kiss can consecrate the ground
Where mated hearts are mutual bound :
The spot where love's first links were wound,
That ne'er are riven,
Is hallowed down to earth's profound,
And up to Heaven !

For time makes all but true love old ;
The burning thoughts that then were told
Run molten still in memory's mould ;
And will not cool,
Until the heart itself be cold
In Lethe's pool.

What hallows ground where heroes sleep ?
'T is not the sculptured piles you heap !

In dews that heavens far distant weep
 Their turf may bloom ;
Or Genii twine beneath the deep
 Their coral tomb :

But strew his ashes to the wind
Whose sword or voice has served mankind —
And is he dead, whose glorious mind
 Lifts thine on high ? —
To live in hearts we leave behind,
 Is not to die.

Is't death to fall for Freedom's right ?
He's dead alone that lacks her light !
And murder sullies in Heaven's sight
 The sword he draws : —
What can alone ennoble fight ?
 A noble cause !

Give that ! and welcome War to brace
Her drums ! and rend Heaven's reeking space !
The colors planted face to face,
 The charging cheer,
Though Death's pale horse lead on the chase,
 Shall still be dear.

And place our trophies where men kneel
To Heaven ! but Heaven rebukes my zeal.
The cause of Truth and human weal,
 O God above !
Transfer it from the sword's appeal
 To Peace and Love.

Peace, Love ! the cherubim, that join
Their spread wings o'er Devotion's shrine,
Prayers sound in vain, and temples shine,

Where they are not —

The heart alone can make divine
Religion's spot.

To incantations dost thou trust,
And pompous rites in domes august ?
See mouldering stones and metal's rust

Belie the vaunt,

That men can bless one pile of dust
With chime or chant.

The ticking wood-worm mocks thee, man !
Thy temples — creeds themselves grow wan !
But there 's a dome of nobler span,

A temple given

Thy faith, that bigots dare not ban —
Its space is Heaven !

Its roof star-pictured Nature's ceiling,
Where, trancing the rapt spirit's feeling,
And God himself to man revealing,

The harmonious spheres

Make music, though unheard their pealing
By mortal ears.

Fair stars ! are not your beings pure ?
Can sin, can death, your world obscure ?
Else why so swell the thoughts at your
Aspect above ?

Ye must be Heavens that make us sure
Of heavenly love !

And in your harmony sublime
 I read the doom of distant time ;
 That man's regenerate soul from crime
 Shall yet be drawn,
 And reason on his mortal clime
 Immortal dawn.

What's hallowed ground ? 'Tis what gives birth
 To sacred thoughts in souls of worth ! —
 Peace ! Independence ! Truth ! go forth
 Earth's compass round ;
 And your high priesthood shall make earth
 All hallowed ground.

SONG.

WITHDRAW not yet those lips and fingers,
 Whose touch to mine is rapture's spell ;
 Life's joy for us a moment lingers,
 And death seems in the word — Farewell.
 The hour that bids us part and go,
 It sounds not yet,— O ! no, no, no !

Time, whilst I gaze upon thy sweetness,
 Flies like a courser nigh the goal ;
 To-morrow where shall be his fleetness,
 When thou art parted from my soul ?
 Our hearts shall beat, our tears shall flow,
 But not together — no, no, no !

CAROLINE.

PART I.

I'LL bid the hyacinth to blow,
I'll teach my grotto green to be;
And sing my true love, all below
The holly bower and myrtle tree.

There all his wild-wood sweets to bring,
The sweet south wind shall wander by,
And with the music of his wing
Delight my rustling canopy.

Come to my close and clustering bower,
Thou spirit of a milder clime,
Fresh with the dews of fruit and flower,
Of mountain heath, and moory thyme.

With all thy rural echoes come,
Sweet comrade of the rosy day,
Wafting the wild bee's gentle hum,
Or cuckoo's plaintive roundelay.

Where'er thy morning breath has played,
Whatever isles of ocean fanned,
Come to my blossom-woven shade,
Thou wandering wind of fairy-land.

For sure from some enchanted isle,
Where Heaven and Love their sabbath hold,
Where pure and happy spirits smile,
Of beauty's fairest, brightest mould:

From some green Eden of the deep,
 Where Pleasure's sigh alone is heaved,
 Where tears of rapture lovers weep,
 Endeared, undoubting, undeceived :

From some sweet paradise afar,
 Thy music wanders, distant, lost —
 Where Nature lights her leading star,
 And love is never, never crossed.

O gentle gale of Eden bowers,
 If back thy rosy feet should roam,
 To revel with the cloudless Hours
 In Nature's more propitious home,

Name to thy loved Elysian groves,
 That o'er enchanted spirits twine,
 A fairer form than cherub loves,
 And let the name be CAROLINE.

CAROLINE.

PART II.

TO THE EVENING STAR.

GEM of the crimson-colored Even,
 Companion of retiring day,
 Why at the closing gates of Heaven,
 Beloved star, dost thou delay ?

So fair thy pensile beauty burns,
 When soft the tear of twilight flows ;
 So due thy plighted love returns,
 To chambers brighter than the rose :

To Peace, to Pleasure, and to Love,
So kind a star thou seem'st to be,
Sure some enamored orb above
Descends and burns to meet with thee.

Thine is the breathing, blushing hour,
When all unheavenly passions fly,
Chased by the soul-subduing power
Of Love's delicious witchery.

O ! sacred to the fall of day,
Queen of propitious stars, appear,
And early rise, and long delay,
When Caroline herself is here !

Shine on her chosen green resort,
Whose trees the sunward summit crown,
And wanton flowers, that well may court
An angel's feet to tread them down.

Shine on her sweetly-scented road,
Thou star of evening's purple dome,
That lead'st the nightingale abroad,
And guid'st the pilgrim to his home.

Shine where my charmer's sweeter breath
Embalms the soft exhaling dew,
Where dying winds a sigh bequeath
To kiss the cheek of rosy hue.

Where, winnowed by the gentle air,
Her silken tresses darkly flow,
And fall upon her brow so fair,
Like shadows on the mountain snow.

Thus, ever thus, at day's decline,
In converse sweet, to wander far,
O bring with thee my Caroline,
And thou shalt be my Ruling Star!

THE BEECH-TREE'S PETITION.

O LEAVE this barren spot to me !
Spare, woodman, spare the beechen tree !
Though bush or floweret never grow
My dark unwarming shade below ;
Nor summer bud perfume the dew
Of rosy blush, or yellow hue !
Nor fruits of autumn, blossom-born,
My green and glossy leaves adorn ;
Nor murmuring tribes from me derive
The ambrosial amber of the hive ;
Yet leave this barren spot to me :
Spare, woodman, spare the beechen tree !

Thrice twenty summers I have seen
The sky grow bright, the forest green ;
And many a wintry wind have stood
In bloomless, fruitless solitude,
Since childhood in my pleasant bower
First spent its sweet and sportive hour ;
Since youthful lovers in my shade
Their vows of truth and rapture made ;
And on my trunk's surviving frame
Carved many a long-forgotten name.
O ! by the sighs of gentle sound,
First breathed upon this sacred ground ;

By all that Love has whispered here,
Or beauty heard with ravished ear ;
As Love's own altar honor me :
Spare, woodman, spare the beechen tree !

FIELD-FLOWERS.

YE field-flowers ! the gardens eclipse you, 't is true,
Yet, wildings of Nature, I dote upon you,
For ye waft me to summers of old,
When the earth teemed around me with fairy delight,
And when daisies and buttercups gladdened my sight,
Like treasures of silver and gold.

I love you for lulling me back into dreams
Of the blue Highland mountains and echoing streams,
And of birchen glades breathing their balm,
While the deer was seen glancing in sunshine remote,
And the deep mellow crush of the wood-pigeon's note
Made music that sweetened the calm.

Not a pastoral song has a pleasanter tune
Than ye speak to my heart, little wildings of June :
Of old ruinous castles ye tell,
Where I thought it delightful your beauties to find,
When the magic of Nature first breathed on my mind,
And your blossoms were part of her spell.

Even now what affections the violet awakes !
What loved little islands, twice seen in their lakes,
Can the wild water-lily restore !

What landscapes I read in the primrose's looks,
And what pictures of pebbled and minnowy brooks,
In the vetches that tangled their shore !

Earth's cultureless buds, to my heart ye were dear,
Ere the fever of passion, or ague of fear,
Had scathed my existence's bloom ;
Once I welcome you more, in life's passionless stage,
With the visions of youth to revisit my age,
And I wish you to grow on my tomb.

SONG.

TO THE EVENING STAR.

STAR that bringest home the bee,
And sett'st the weary laborer free !
If any star shed peace, 't is thou,
That send'st it from above,
Appearing when Heaven's breath and brow
Are sweet as hers we love.

Come to the luxuriant skies,
Whilst the landscape's odors rise,
Whilst far-off lowing herds are heard,
And songs when toil is done,
From cottages whose smoke unstirred
Curls yellow in the sun.

Star of love's soft interviews,
Parted lovers on thee muse ;

Their remembrancer in Heaven
Of thrilling vows thou art,
Too delicious to be riven
By absence from the heart.

STANZAS TO PAINTING.

O THOU by whose expressive art
Her perfect image Nature sees
In union with the Graces start,
And sweeter by reflection please !

In whose creative hand the hues
Fresh from yon orient rainbow shine ;
I bless thee, Promethéan muse !
And call thee brightest of the Nine !

Possessing more than vocal power,
Persuasive more than poet's tongue ;
Whose lineage, in a raptured hour,
From Love, the Sire of Nature, sprung ;

Does Hope her high possession meet ?
Is joy triumphant, sorrow flown ?
Sweet is the trance, the tremor sweet,
When all we love is all our own.

But, O ! thou pulse of pleasure dear,
Slow throbbing, cold, I feel thee part ;
Long absence plants a pang severe,
Or death inflicts a keener dart.

Then for a beam of joy to light
In memory's sad and wakeful eye!
Or banished from the noon of night
Her dreams of deeper agony.

Shall Song its witching cadence roll?
Yea, even the tenderest air repeat,
That breathed when soul was knit to soul,
And heart to heart responsive beat?

What visions rise, to charm, to melt!
The lost, the loved, the dead are near!
O, hush that strain too deeply felt!
And cease that solace too severe!

But thou, serenely silent Art!
By heaven and love wast taught to lend
A milder solace to the heart,
The sacred image of a friend.

All is not lost! if, yet possesst,
To me that sweet memorial shine:—
If close and closer to my breast
I hold that idol all divine.

Or, gazing through luxurious tears,
Melt o'er the loved departed form,
Till death's cold bosom half appears
With life, and speech, and spirit warm.

She looks! she lives! this tranced hour,
Her bright eye seems a purer gem
Than sparkles on the throne of power,
Or glory's wealthy diadem.

Yes, Genius, yes ! thy mimic aid
A treasure to my soul has given,
Where beauty's canonizéd shade
Smiles in the sainted hues of heaven.

No spectre forms of pleasure fled
Thy softening, sweetening tints restore ;
For thou canst give us back the dead,
E'en in the loveliest looks they wore.

Then blest be Nature's guardian Muse,
Whose hand her perished grace redeems !
Whose tablet of a thousand hues
The mirror of creation seems.

From love began thy high descent ;
And lovers, charmed by gifts of thine,
Shall bless thee mutely eloquent ;
And call thee brightest of the Nine !

THE MAID'S REMONSTRANCE.

NEVER wedding, ever wooing,
Still a love-lorn heart pursuing,
Read you not the wrong you 're doing
In my cheek's pale hue ?
All my life with sorrow strewing,
Wed, or cease to woo.

Rivals banished, bosoms plighted,
Still our days are disunited ;

Now the lamp of hope is lighted,
Now half-quenched appears,
Damped, and wavering, and benighted,
'Midst my sighs and tears.

Charms you call your dearest blessing,
Lips that thrill at your caressing,
Eyes a mutual soul confessing,
Soon you 'll make them grow
Dim, and worthless your possessing,
Not with age, but woe !

ABSENCE.

'T IS not the loss of love's assurance,
It is not doubting what thou art,
But 't is the too, too long endurance
Of absence, that afflicts my heart.

The fondest thoughts two hearts can cherish,
When each is lonely doomed to weep,
Are fruits on desert isles that perish,
Or riches buried in the deep.

What though, untouched by jealous madness,
Our bosom's peace may fall to wreck !
The undoubting heart, that breaks with sadness,
Is but more slowly doomed to break.

Absence ! is not the soul torn by it
From more than sight, or life, or breath ?
'T is Lethe's gloom, but not its quiet,
The pain without the peace of death !

LINES

INSCRIBED ON THE MONUMENT LATELY FINISHED BY MR. CHANTREY,
Which has been erected by the Widow of Admiral Sir G. Campbell, K.C.B., to the
memory of her Husband.

To him, whose loyal, brave, and gentle heart,
Fulfilled the hero's and the patriot's part,—
Whose charity, like that which Paul enjoined,
Was warm, beneficent, and unconfined,—
This stone is reared : to public duty true,
The seaman's friend, the father of his crew —
Mild in reproof, sagacious in command,
He spread fraternal zeal throughout his band,
And led each arm to act, each heart to feel,
What British valor owes to Britain's weal.
These were his public virtues : — but to trace
His private life's fair purity and grace,
To paint the traits that drew affection strong
From friends, an ample and an ardent throng,
And, more, to speak his memory's grateful claim,
On her who mourns him most, and bears his name —
O'ercomes the trembling hand of widowed grief,
O'ercomes the heart, unconscious of relief,
Save in religion's high and holy trust,
Whilst placing their memorial o'er his dust.

STANZAS

ON THE BATTLE OF NAVARINO.

HEARTS of oak, that have bravely delivered the brave,
 And uplifted old Greece from the brink of the grave,
 'T was the helpless to help, and the hopeless to save,
 That your thunderbolts swept o'er the brine :
 And, as long as yon sun shall look down on the wave,
 The light of your glory shall shine.

For the guerdon ye sought with your bloodshed and toil,
 Was it slaves, or dominion, or rapine, or spoil ?
 No ! your lofty emprise was to fetter and foil
 The uprooter of Greece's domain !
 When he tore the last remnant of food from her soil,
 Till her famished sank pale as the slain !

Yet, Navarin's heroes ! does Christendom breed
 The base hearts that will question the fame of your deed ?
 Are they men ? — let ineffable scorn be their meed,
 And oblivion shadow their graves ! —
 Are they women ? — to Turkish serails let them speed,
 And be mothers of Mussulman slaves.

Abettors of massacre ! dare ye deplore
 That the death-shriek is silenced on Hellas's shore ?
 That the mother aghast sees her offspring no more
 By the hand of Infanticide grasped !
 And that stretched on yon billows distained by their gore
 Missolonghi's assassins have gasped ?

Prouder scene never hallowed war's pomp to the mind,
 Than when Christendom's pennons wooed social the wind,

And the flower of her brave for the combat combined,
 Their watch-word, humanity's vow :
 Not a sea-boy that fought in that cause, but mankind
 Owes a garland to honor his brow !

Nor grudge, by our side, that to conquer or fall
 Came the hardy rude Russ, and the high-mettled Gaul :
 For, whose was the genius, that planned at its call,
 Where the whirlwind of battle should roll ?
 All were brave ! but the star of success over all
 Was the light of our Codrington's soul.

That star of thy day-spring, regenerate Greek !
 Dimmed the Saracen's moon, and struck pallid his cheek :
 In its fast-flushing morning thy Muses shall speak
 When their lore and their lutes they reclaim :
 And the first of their songs from Parnassus's peak
 Shall be "*Glory to Codrington's name !*"

LINES

ON REVISITING A SCOTTISH RIVER.

AND call they this Improvement ? — to have changed,
 My native Clyde, thy once romantic shore,
 Where Nature's face is banished and estranged,
 And heaven reflected in thy wave no more ;
 Whose banks, that sweetened May-day's breath before,
 Lie sere and leafless now in summer's beam,
 With sooty exhalations covered o'er ;
 And for the daisied green-sward, down thy stream
 Unsightly brick lanes smoke, and clanking engines gleam.

Speak not to me of swarms the scene sustains ;
One heart free tasting Nature's breath and bloom
Is worth a thousand slaves to Mammon's gains.
But whither goes that wealth, and gladdening whom ?
See, left but life enough and breathing-room
The hunger and the hope of life to feel,
Yon pale Mechanic bending o'er his loom,
And Childhood's self, as at Ixion's wheel,
From morn till midnight tasked to earn its little meal.

Is this Improvement ? — where the human breed
Degenerate as they swarm and overflow,
Till Toil grows cheaper than the trodden weed,
And man competes with man, like foe with foe,
Till Death, that thins them, scarce seems public woe ?
Improvement ! — smiles it in the poor man's eyes,
Or blooms it on the cheek of Labor ? — No —
To gorge a few with Trade's precarious prize,
We banish rural life, and breathe unwholesome skies.

Nor call that evil slight ; God has not given
This passion to the heart of man in vain,
For Earth's green face, the untainted air of Heaven,
And all the bliss of Nature's rustic reign.
For, not alone our frame imbibes a stain
From foetid skies ; the spirit's healthy pride
Fades in their gloom. — And therefore I complain,
That thou no more through pastoral scenes shouldst glide,
My Wallace's own stream, and once romantic Clyde !

THE "NAME UNKNOWN;"

IN IMITATION OF KLOPSTOCK.

PROPHETIC pencil ! wilt thou trace
A faithful image of the face,
Or wilt thou write the "Name Unknown,"
Ordained to bless my charmed soul,
And all my future fate control,
Unrivalled and alone ?

Delicious Idol of my thought !
Though sylph or spirit hath not taught
My boding heart thy precious name ;
Yet musing on my distant fate,
To charms unseen I consecrate
A visionary flame.

Thy rosy blush, thy meaning eye,
Thy virgin voice of melody,
Are ever present to my heart ;
Thy murmured vows shall yet be mine,
My thrilling hand shall meet with thine,
And never, never part !

Then fly, my days, on rapid wing,
Till Love the viewless treasure bring,
While I, like conscious Athens, own
A power in mystic silence sealed,
A guardian angel unrevealed,
And bless the "Name Unknown !"

FAREWELL TO LOVE.

I HAD a heart that doted once in passion's boundless pain,
And though the tyrant I abjured, I could not break his
chain ;

But now that Fancy's fire is quenched, and ne'er can burn
anew,

I've bid to Love, for all my life, adieu ! adieu ! adieu !

I've known, if ever mortal knew, the spells of Beauty's
thrall,

And if my song has told them not, my soul has felt them
all ;

But Passion robs my peace no more, and Beauty's witching
sway

Is now to me a star that's fallen — a dream that's passed
away.

Hail ! welcome tide of life, when no tumultuous billows
roll,

How wondrous to myself appears this halcyon calm of
soul !

The wearied bird blown o'er the deep would sooner quit its
shore,

Than I would cross the gulf again that time has brought
me o'er.

Why say they Angels feel the flame ? — O, spirits of the
skies !

Can love like ours, that dotes on dust, in heavenly bosoms
rise ? —

Ah no ! the hearts that best have felt its power the best
can tell,
That peace on earth itself begins, when Love has bid
farewell.

LINES

ON THE CAMP HILL, NEAR HASTINGS.

In the deep blue of eve,
Ere the twinkling of stars had begun,
Or the lark took his leave
Of the skies and the sweet setting sun,

I climbed to yon heights,
Where the Norman encamped him of old,
With his bowmen and knights,
And his banner all burnished with gold.

At the Conqueror's side
There his minstrelsy sat harp in hand,
In pavilion wide ;
And they chanted the deeds of Roland.

Still the ramparted ground
With a vision my fancy inspires,
And I hear the trump sound,
As it marshalled our Chivalry's sires.

On each turf of that mead
Stood the captors of England's domains,
That ennobled her breed
And high-mettled the blood of her veins.

Over hauberk and helm
 As the sun's setting splendor was thrown,
 Thence they looked o'er a realm —
 And to-morrow beheld it their own.

LINES ON POLAND.

AND have I lived to see thee sword in hand
 Uprise again, immortal Polish Land! —
 Whose flag brings more than chivalry to mind,
 And leaves the tri-color in shade behind;
 A theme for uninspired lips too strong;
 That swells my heart beyond the power of song: —
 Majestic men, whose deeds have dazzled faith,
 Ah! yet your fate's suspense arrests my breath:
 Whilst envying bosoms, bared to shot and steel,
 I feel the more that fruitlessly I feel.

Poles! with what indignation I endure
 The half-pitying, servile mouths that call you poor!
 Poor! is it England mocks you with her grief,
 Who hates, but dares not chide, the *Imperial Thief*?
 France with her soul beneath a Bourbon's thrall,
 And Germany that has no soul at all,—
 States, quailing at the giant overgrown,
 Whom dauntless Poland grapples with alone!
 No, ye are rich in fame e'en whilst ye bleed:
 We cannot aid you — *we* are poor indeed!
 In Fate's defiance — in the world's great eye,
 Poland has won her immortality;

The Butcher, should he reach her bosom now,
Could not tear Glory's garland from her brow;
Wreathed, filleted, the victim falls renowned,
And all her ashes will be holy ground!

But turn, my soul, from presages so dark:
Great Poland's spirit is a deathless spark
That's fanned by Heaven to mock the Tyrant's rage:
She, like the eagle, will renew her age,
And fresh historic plumes of Fame put on,—
Another Athens after Marathon,—
Where eloquence shall fulmine, arts refine,
Bright as her arms that now in battle shine.
Come — should the heavenly shock my life destroy,
And shut its flood-gates with excess of joy;
Come but the day when Poland's fight is won —
And on my grave-stone shine the morrow's sun —
The day that sees Warsaw's cathedral glow
With endless ensigns ravished from the foe,—
Her women lifting their fair hands with thanks,
Her pious warriors kneeling in their ranks,
The 'scutcheon'd walls of high heraldic boast,
The odorous altars' elevated host,
The organ sounding through the aisles' long glooms,
The mighty dead seen sculptured o'er their tombs
(John, Europe's savior — Poniatowski's fair
Resemblance — Kosciusko's shall be there);
The tapered pomp — the hallelujah's swell,
Shall o'er the soul's devotion cast a spell,
Till visions cross the rapt enthusiast's glance,
And all the scene becomes a waking trance.
Should Fate put far — far off that glorious scene,
And gulfs of havoc interpose between,

Imagine not, ye men of every clime,
 Who act, or by your sufferance share, the crime —
 Your brother Abel's blood shall vainly plead
 Against the "*deep damnation*" of the deed.
 Germans, ye view its horror and disgrace
 With cold phosphoric eyes and phlegm of face.
 Is Allemagne profound in science, lore,
 And minstrel art? — her shame is but the more
 To doze and dream by governments oppressed,
 The spirit of a book-worm in each breast.
 Well can ye mouth fair Freedom's classic line,
 And talk of Constitutions o'er your wine :
 But all your vows to break the tyrant's yoke
 Expire in Bacchanalian song and smoke :
 Heavens ! can no ray of foresight pierce the leads
 And mystic metaphysics of your heads,
 To show the self-same grave Oppression delves
 For Poland's rights is yawning for yourselves ?
 See, whilst the Pole, the vanguard aid of France,
 Has vaulted on his barb, and couched the lance,
 France turns from her abandoned friends afresh,
 And soothes the Bear that prowls for patriot flesh ;
 Buys, ignominious purchase ! short repose,
 With dying curses and the groans of those
 That served, and loved, and put in her their trust.
 Frenchmen ! the dead accuse you from the dust —
 Brows laurelled — bosoms marked with many a scar
 For France — that wore her Legion's noblest star,
 Cast dumb reproaches from the field of Death
 On Gallic honor : and this broken faith
 Has robbed you more of Fame — the life of life —
 Than twenty battles lost in glorious strife !

And what of England — is she steeped so low
In poverty, crest-fallen, and palsied so,
That we must sit much wroth, but timorous more,
With Murder knocking at our neighbor's door? —
Not Murder masked and cloaked, with hidden knife,
Whose owner owes the gallows life for life;
But *Public Murder*! — that with pomp and gaud,
And royal scorn of Justice, walks abroad
To wring more tears and blood than e'er were wrung
By all the culprits Justice ever hung!
We read the diademed Assassin's vaunt,
And wince, and wish we had not hearts to pant
With useless indignation — sigh and frown,
But have not hearts to throw the gauntlet down.
If but a doubt hung o'er the grounds of fray,
Or trivial rapine stopped the world's highway;
Were this some common strife of states embroiled; —
Britannia on the spoiler and the spoiled
Might calmly look, and, asking time to breathe,
Still honorably wear her olive wreath.
But this is Darkness combating with Light;
Earth's adverse Principles for empire fight:
Oppression, that has belted half the globe,
Far as his knout could reach or dagger probe,
Holds reeking o'er our brother-freemen slain
That dagger — shakes it at us in disdain;
Talks big to Freedom's states of Poland's thrall,
And, trampling one, contemns them one and all.

My country! colors not thy once proud brow
At this affront? — Hast thou not fleets enow

With Glory's streamer, lofty as the lark,
 Gay fluttering o'er each thunder-bearing bark,
 To warm the insulter's seas with barbarous blood,
 And interdict his flag from Ocean's flood ?
 Even now far off the sea-cliff, where I sing,
 I see, my Country, and my Patriot King !
 Your ensign glad the deep. Becalmed and slow
 A war-ship rides ; while Heaven's prismatic bow,
 Uprisen behind her on the horizon's base,
 Shines flushing through the tackle, shrouds and stays,
 And wraps her giant form in one majestic blaze.
 My soul accepts the omen ; Fancy's eye
 Has sometimes a veracious augury :
 The Rainbow types Heaven's promise to my sight ;
 The Ship, Britannia's interposing Might !
 But if there should be none to aid you, Poles,
 Ye'll but to prouder pitch wind up your souls,
 Above example, pity, praise or blame,
 To sow and reap a boundless field of Fame.
 Ask aid no more from Nations that forget
 Your championship — old Europe's mighty debt.
 Though Poland, Lazarus-like, has burst the gloom,
 She rises not a beggar from the tomb :
 In Fortune's frown, on Danger's giddiest brink,
 Despair and Poland's name must never link.
 All ills have bounds — plague, whirlwind, fire, and flood :
 Even power can spill but bounded sums of blood.
 States caring not what Freedom's price may be,
 May late or soon, but must at last, be free ;
 For body-killing tyrants cannot kill
 The public soul — the hereditary will,

That downward, as from sire to son it goes,
 By shifting bosoms more intensely glows :
 Its heir-loom is the heart, and slaughtered men
 Fight fiercer in their orphans o'er again.
 Poland recasts — though rich in heroes old —
 Her men in more and more heroic mould :
 Her eagle-ensign best among mankind
 Becomes, and types her eagle-strength of mind :
 Her praise upon my faltering lips expires ;
 Resume it, younger bards, and nobler lyres !

A THOUGHT SUGGESTED BY THE NEW YEAR.

THE more we live, more brief appear
 Our life's succeeding stages :
 A day to childhood seems a year,
 And years like passing ages.

The gladsome current of our youth,
 Ere passion yet disorders,
 Steals, lingering like a river smooth
 Along its grassy borders.

But, as the care-worn cheek grows wan,
 And sorrow's shafts fly thicker,
 Ye stars, that measure life to man,
 Why seem your courses quicker ?

When joys have lost their bloom and breath,
 And life itself is vapid,
 Why, as we reach the Falls of death,
 Feel we its tide more rapid ?

It may be strange — yet who would change
Time's course to slower speeding ;
When one by one our friends have gone,
And left our bosoms bleeding ?

Heaven gives our years of fading strength
Indemnifying fleetness ;
And those of Youth, a *seeming length*,
Proportioned to their sweetness.

SONG.

How delicious is the winning
Of a kiss at Love's beginning,
When two mutual hearts are sighing
For the knot there 's no untying !

Yet, remember, 'midst your wooing,
Love has bliss, but Love has ruing ;
Other smiles may make you fickle,
Tears for other charms may trickle.

Love he comes, and Love he tarries,
Just as fate or fancy carries ;
Longest stays when sorest chidden ;
Laughs and flies, when pressed and bidden.

Bind the sea to slumber stilly,
Bind its odor to the lily,
Bind the aspen ne'er to quiver,
Then bind Love to last forever !

Love's a fire that needs renewal
Of fresh beauty for its fuel;
Love's wing moults when caged and captured,
Only free, he soars enraptured.

Can you keep the bee from ranging,
Or the ringdove's neck from changing?
No! nor fettered Love from dying
In the knot there's no untying.

MARGARET AND DORA.

MARGARET'S beauteous — Grecian arts
Ne'er drew form completer,
Yet why, in my heart of hearts,
Hold I Dora's sweeter?

Dora's eyes of heavenly blue
Pass all painting's reach,
Ringdoves' notes are discord to
The music of her speech.

Artists! Margaret's smile receive,
And on canvas show it;
But for perfect worship leave
Dora to her poet.

THE POWER OF RUSSIA.

So all this gallant blood has gushed in vain !
And Poland, by the Northern Condor's beak
And talons torn, lies prostrated again.
O British patriots, that were wont to speak
Once loudly on this theme, now hushed or meek !
O heartless men of Europe — Goth and Gaul,
Cold, adder-deaf to Poland's dying shriek ; —
That saw the world's last land of heroes fall —
The brand of burning shame is on you all — all — all !

But this is not the drama's closing act !
Its tragic curtain must uprise anew.
Nations, mute accessories to the fact !
That Upas tree of power, whose fostering dew
Was Polish blood, has yet to cast o'er you
The lengthening shadow of its head elate —
A deadly shadow, darkening Nature's hue.
To all that 's hallowed, righteous, pure and great,
Woe ! woe ! when they are reached by Russia's withering
hate.

Russia, that on his throne of adamant,
Consults what nation's breast shall next be gored :
He on Polonia's Golgotha will plant
His standard fresh ; and, horde succeeding horde,
On patriot tomb-stones he will whet the sword,
For more stupendous slaughters of the free.
Then Europe's realms, when their best blood is poured,
Shall miss thee, Poland ! as they bend the knee,
All — all in grief, but none in glory, likening thee.

Why smote ye not the Giant whilst he reeled ?
O fair occasion, gone forever by !
To have locked his lances in their northern field,
Innocuous as the phantom chivalry
That flames and hurtles from yon boreal sky !
Now wave thy pennon, Russia, o'er the land
Once Poland ; build thy bristling castles high ;
Dig dungeons deep ; for Poland's wrested brand
Is now a weapon new to widen thy command —

An awful width ! Norwegian woods shall build
His fleets ; the Swede his vassal, and the Dane ;
The glebe of fifty kingdoms shall be tilled
To feed his dazzling, desolating train,
Camped sumless, 'twixt the Black and Baltic main :
Brute hosts, I own ; but Sparta could not write,
And Rome, half-barbarous, bound Achaia's chain :
So Russia's spirit, 'midst Slavonic night,
Burns with a fire more dread than all your polished light.

But Russia's limbs (so blinded statesmen speak)
Are crude, and too colossal to cohere.
O, lamentable weakness ! reckoning weak
The stripling Titan, strengthening year by year.
What implement lacks he for war's career,
That grows on earth, or in its floods and mines
(Eighth sharer of the inhabitable sphere),
Whom Persia bows to, China ill confines,
And India's homage waits, when Albion's star declines !

But time will teach the Russ even conquering War
Has handmaid arts : ay, ay, the Russ will woo

All sciences that speed Bellona's car,
All murder's tactic arts, and win them too ;
But never holier Muses shall imbue
His breast, that 's made of nature's basest clay :
The sabre, knout, and dungeon's vapor blue
His laws and ethics ; far from him away
Are all the lovely Nine, that breathe but Freedom's day.

Say, even his serfs, half-humanized, should learn
Their human rights,— will Mars put out his flame
In Russian bosoms ? no, he 'll bid them burn
A thousand years for naught but martial fame,
Like Romans : — yet forgive me, Roman name !
Rome could impart what Russia never can ;
Proud civic rights to salve submission's shame.
Our strife is coming ; but in freedom's van
The Polish eagle's fall is big with fate to man.

Proud bird of old ! Mohammed's moon recoiled
Before thy swoop : had we been timely bold,
That swoop, still free, had stunned the Russ, and foiled
Earth's new oppressors, as it foiled her old.
Now thy majestic eyes are shut and cold :
And colder still Polonia's children find
The sympathetic hands, that we outhold.
But, Poles, when we are gone, the world will mind,
Ye bore the brunt of fate, and bled for human kind.

So hallowedly have ye fulfilled your part,
My pride repudiates even the sigh that blends
With Poland's name — name written on my heart.
My heroes, my grief-consecrated friends !

Your sorrow, in nobility, transcends
 Your conqueror's joy : his cheek may blush ; but shame
 Can tinge not yours ; though exile's tear descends ;
 Nor would ye change your conscience, cause and name,
 For his, with all his wealth, and all his felon fame.

Thee, Niemciewicz, whose song of stirring power
 The Czar forbids to sound in Polish lands ;
 Thee, Czartoryski, in thy banished bower,
 The patricide, who in thy palace stands,
 May envy : proudly may Polonia's bands
 Throw down their swords at Europe's feet in scorn,
 Saying — " Russia from the metal of these brands
 Shall forge the fetters of your sons unborn ;
 Our setting star is your misfortunes' rising morn ! "

LINES

ON LEAVING A SCENE IN BAVARIA.

ADIEU the woods and waters' side,
 Imperial Danube's rich domain !
 Adieu the grotto, wild and wide,
 The rocks abrupt, and grassy plain !
 For pallid autumn once again
 Hath swelled each torrent of the hill ;
 Her clouds collect, her shadows sail,
 And watery winds that sweep the vale
 Grow loud and louder still.

But not the storm, dethroning fast
 Yon monarch oak of massy pile ;

Nor river roaring to the blast
 Around its dark and desert isle ;
 Nor church-bell tolling to beguile
The cloud-born thunder passing by,
 Can sound in discord to my soul :
 Roll on, ye mighty waters, roll !
And rage, thou darkened sky !

Thy blossoms now no longer bright ;
 Thy withered woods no longer green ;
Yet, Eldurn shore, with dark delight
 I visit thy unlovely scene !
 For many a sunset hour serene
My steps have trod thy mellow dew ;
 When his green light the glow-worm gave,
 When Cynthia from the distant wave
Her twilight anchor drew,

And ploughed, as with a swelling sail,
 The billowy clouds and starry sea ;
Then while thy hermit nightingale
 Sang on his fragrant apple-tree,—
 Romantic, solitary, free,
The visitant of Eldurn's shore,
 On such a moonlight mountain strayed,
 As echoed to the music made
By Druid harps of yore.

Around thy savage hills of oak,
 Around thy waters bright and blue,
No hunter's horn the silence broke,
 No dying shriek thine echo knew ;
 But safe, sweet Eldurn woods, to you

The wounded wild deer ever ran,
Whose myrtle bound their grassy cave,
Whose very rocks a shelter gave
From blood-pursuing man.

O heart effusions, that arose
From nightly wanderings cherished here ;
To him who flies from many woes,
Even homeless deserts can be dear !
The last and solitary cheer
Of those that own no earthly home,
Say — is it not, ye banished race,
In such a loved and lonely place
Companionless to roam ?

Yes ! I have loved thy wild abode,
Unknown, unploughed, untrodden shore ;
Where scarce the woodman finds a road,
And scarce the fisher plies an oar ;
For man's neglect I love thee more ;
That art nor avarice intrude
To tame thy torrent's thunder-shock,
Or prune thy vintage of the rock
Magnificently rude.

Unheeded spreads thy blossomed bud
Its milky bosom to the bee ;
Unheeded falls along the flood
Thy desolate and aged tree.
Forsaken scene, how like to thee
The fate of unbefriended Worth !
Like thine her fruit dishonored falls ;
Like thee in solitude she calls
A thousand treasures forth.

O ! silent spirit of the place,
If, lingering with the ruined year,
Thy hoary form and awful face
I yet might watch and worship here !
Thy storm were music to mine ear,
Thy wildest walk a shelter given
Sublimèr thoughts on earth to find,
And share, with no unhallowed mind,
The majesty of heaven.

What though the bosom friends of Fate,—
Prosperity's unweanéd brood,—
Thy consolations cannot rate,
O self-dependent solitude !
Yet with a spirit unsubdued,
Though darkened by the clouds of Care,
To worship thy congenial gloom,
A pilgrim to the Prophet's tomb
The Friendless shall repair.

On him the world hath never smiled,
Or looked but with accusing eye ;—
All-silent goddess of the wild,
To thee that misanthrope shall fly !
I hear his deep soliloquy,
I mark his proud but ravaged form,
As stern he wraps his mantle round,
And bids, on winter's bleakest ground,
Defiance to the storm.

Peace to his banished heart, at last,
In thy dominions shall descend,
And, strong as beechwood in the blast,

His spirit shall refuse to bend ;
Enduring life without a friend,
The world and falsehood left behind,
Thy votary shall bear elate
(Triumphant o'er opposing Fate)
His dark inspired mind.

But dost thou, Folly, mock the Muse
A wanderer's mountain walk to sing,
Who shuns a warring world, nor woos
The vulture cover of its wing ?
Then fly, thou cowering, shivering thing,
Back to the fostering world beguiled,
To waste in self-consuming strife
The loveless brotherhood of life,
Reviling and reviled !

Away, thou lover of the race
That hither chased yon weeping deer !
If Nature's all-majestic face
More pitiless than man's appear ;
Or if the wild winds seem more drear
Than man's cold charities below,
Behold around his peopled plains,
Where'er the social savage reigns,
Exuberance of woe !

His art and honors wouldst thou seek
Embossed on grandeur's giant walls ?
Or hear his moral thunders speak
Where senates light their airy halls,
Where man his brother man enthralls ;

Or sends his whirlwind warrant forth
 To rouse the slumbering fiends of war,
 To dye the blood-warm waves afar,
 And desolate the earth?

From clime to clime pursue the scene,
 And mark in all thy spacious way,
 Where'er the tyrant man has been,
 There Peace, the cherub, cannot stay;
 In wilds and woodlands far away
 She builds her solitary bower,
 Where only anchorites have trod,
 Or friendless men, to worship God,
 Have wandered for an hour.

In such a far forsaken vale,—
 And such, sweet Eldurn vale, is thine,—
 Afflicted nature shall inhale
 Heaven-borrowed thoughts and joys divine;
 No longer wish, no more repine
 For man's neglect or woman's scorn;—
 Then wed thee to an exile's lot,
 For if the world hath loved thee not,
 Its absence may be borne.

THE DEATH-BOAT OF HELIGOLAND.

CAN restlessness reach the cold sepulchred head?—
 Ay, the quick have their sleep-walkers, so have the dead.
 There are brains, though they moulder, that dream in the
 tomb,
 And that maddening forehear the last trumpet of doom,

Till their corses start sheeted to revel on earth,
Making horror more deep by the semblance of mirth :
By the glare of new-lighted volcanoes they dance,
Or at mid-sea appal the chilled mariner's glance.
Such, I wot, was the band of cadaverous smile
Seen ploughing the night-surge of Heligo's isle.

The foam of the Baltic had sparkled like fire,
And the red moon looked down with an aspect of ire ;
But her beams on a sudden grew sick-like and gray,
And the mews that had slept clanged and shrieked far
away —

And the buoys and the beacons extinguished their light,
As the boat of the stony-eyed dead came in sight,
High bounding from billow to billow ; each form
Had its shroud like a plaid flying loose to the storm ;
With an oar in each pulseless and icy-cold hand,
Fast they ploughed by the lee-shore of Heligoland,
Such breakers as boat of the living ne'er crossed ;
Now surf-sunk for minutes again they uptossed ;
And with livid lips shouted reply o'er the flood
To the challenging watchman that curdled his blood —
“ We are dead — we are bound from our graves in the west,
First to Hecla, and then to —— ” Unmeet was the rest
For man's ear. The old abbey-bell thundered its clang,
And their eyes gleamed with phosphorus light as it rang :
Ere they vanished, they stopped, and gazed silently grim,
Till the eye could define them, garb, feature and limb.

Now, who were those roamers ? of gallows or wheel
Bore they marks, or the mangling anatomist's steel ?

No, by magistrates' chains 'mid their grave-clothes you saw
They were felons too proud to have perished by law :
But a ribbon that hung where a rope should have been —
'T was the badge of their faction, its hue was not green —
Showed them men who had trampled and tortured and
driven

To rebellion the fairest isle breathed on by Heaven, —
Men whose heirs would yet finish the tyrannous task,
If the Truth and the Time had not dragged off their mask.
They parted — but not till the sight might discern
A scutcheon distinct at their pinnacle's stern,
Where letters emblazoned in blood-colored flame
Named their faction — I blot not my page with its name.

SONG.

WHEN LOVE came first to earth, the SPRING
Spread rose-beds to receive him,
And back he vowed his flight he 'd wing
To Heaven, if she should leave him.

But SPRING, departing, saw his faith
Pledged to the next new comer —
He revelled in the warmer breath
And richer bowers of SUMMER.

Then sportive AUTUMN claimed by rights
An Archer for her lover,
And even in WINTER's dark cold nights
A charm he could discover.

Her routs and balls, and fireside joy,
For this time were his reasons —
In short, Young LOVE's a gallant boy,
That likes all times and seasons.

SONG.

EARL MARCH looked on his dying child,
And, smit with grief to view her,
The youth, he cried, whom I exiled,
Shall be restored to woo her.

She 's at the window many an hour
His coming to discover :
And *he* looked up to Ellen's bower,
And *she* looked on her lover —

But, ah ! so pale, he knew her not,
Though her smile on him was dwelling.
And am I then forgot — forgot ? —
It broke the heart of Ellen.

In vain he weeps, in vain he sighs,
Her cheek is cold as ashes ;
Nor love's own kiss shall wake those eyes
To lift their silken lashes.

SONG.

WHEN NAPOLEON was flying
From the field of Waterloo,
A British soldier dying
To his brother bade adieu !

“ And take,” he said, “ this token
To the maid that owns my faith.
With the words that I have spoken
In affection’s latest breath.”

Sore mourned the brother’s heart,
When the youth beside him fell :
But the trumpet warned to part,
And they took a sad farewell,

There was many a friend, to lose him,
For that gallant soldier sighed ;
But the maiden of his bosom
Wept when all their tears were dried.

LINES TO JULIA M——.

SENT WITH A COPY OF THE AUTHOR’S POEMS.

SINCE there is magic in your look,
And in your voice a witching charm,
As all our hearts consenting tell,
Enchantress, smile upon my book,
And guard its lays from hate and harm
By beauty’s most resistless spell.

The sunny dew-drop of thy praise,
Young day-star of the rising time,
Shall with its odoriferous morn
Refresh my sere and withered bays.
Smile, and I will believe my rhyme
Shall please the beautiful unborn.

Go forth, my pictured thoughts, and rise
In traits and tints of sweeter tone,
When Julia's glance is o'er ye flung ;
Glow, gladden, linger in her eyes,
And catch a magic not your own,
Read by the music of her tongue.

DRINKING-SONG OF MUNICH.

SWEET Iser ! were thy sunny realm
And flowery gardens mine,
Thy waters I would shade with elm
To prop the tender vine ;
My golden flagons I would fill
With rosy draughts from every hill ;
And under every myrtle bower
My gay companions should prolong
The laugh, the revel, and the song,
To many an idle hour.

Like rivers crimsoned with the beam
Of yonder planet bright,
Our balmy cups should ever stream
Profusion of delight ;

No care should touch the mellow heart,
 And sad or sober none depart ;
 For wine can triumph over woe,
 And Love and Bacchus, brother powers,
 Could build in Iser's sunny bowers
 A paradise below.

LINES.

ON THE DEPARTURE OF EMIGRANTS FOR NEW SOUTH WALES.

ON England's shore I saw a pensive band,
 With sails unfurled for earth's remotest strand,
 Like children parting from a mother, shed
 Tears for the home that could not yield them bread ;
 Grief marked each face receding from the view,
 'T was grief to nature honorably true.
 And long, poor wanderers o'er the ecliptic deep,
 The song that names but home shall make you weep :
 Oft shall ye fold your flocks by stars above
 In that far world, and miss the stars ye love ;
 Oft when its tuneless birds scream round forlorn,
 Regret the lark that gladdens England's morn,
 And, giving England's names to distant scenes,
 Lament that earth's extension intervenes.

But cloud not yet too long, industrious train,
 Your solid good with sorrow nursed in vain :
 For has the heart no interest yet as bland
 As that which binds us to our native land ?
 The deep-drawn wish, when children crown our hearth,
 To hear the cherub-chorus of their mirth,

Undamped by dread that want may e'er unhouse,
Or servile misery knit those smiling brows :
The pride to rear an independent shed,
And give the lips we love unborrowed bread ;
To see a world, from shadowy forests won,
In youthful beauty wedded to the sun ;
To skirt our home with harvests widely sown,
And call the blooming landscape all our own,
Our children's heritage, in prospect long.
These are the hopes, high-minded hopes and strong,
That beckon England's wanderers o'er the brine,
To realms where foreign constellations shine ;
Where streams from undiscovered fountains roll,
And winds shall fan them from the Antarctic pole.
And what though doomed to shores so far apart
From England's home, that even the homesick heart
Quails, thinking, ere that gulf can be recrossed,
How large a space of fleeting life is lost :
Yet there, by time, their bosoms shall be changed,
And strangers once shall cease to sigh estranged,
But jocund in the year's long sunshine roam,
That yields their sickle twice its harvest-home.

There, marking o'er his farm's expanding ring
New fleeces whiten and new fruits upspring,
The gray-haired swain, his grandchild sporting round,
Shall walk at eve his little empire's bound,
Emblazed with ruby vintage, ripening corn,
And verdant rampart of acacian thorn,
While, mingling with the scent his pipe exhales,
The orange grove's and fig-tree's breath prevails ;
Survey with pride beyond a monarch's spoil,
His honest arm's own subjugated soil ;

And, summing all the blessings God has given,
Put up his patriarchal prayer to Heaven,
That, when his bones shall here repose in peace,
The scions of his love may still increase,
And o'er a land where life has ample room
In health and plenty innocently bloom.

Delightful land, in wildness even benign,
The glorious past is ours, the future thine !
As in a cradled Hercules, we trace
The lines of empire in thine infant face.
What nations in thy wide horizon's span
Shall teem on tracts untrodden yet by man !
What spacious cities with their spires shall gleam,
Where now the panther laps a lonely stream,
And all but brute or reptile life is dumb !
Land of the free ! thy kingdom is to come,
Of states, with laws from Gothic bondage burst,
And creeds by chartered priesthoods unaccurst :
Of navies, hoisting their emblazoned flags,
Where shipless seas now wash unbeaconed crags ;
Of hosts reviewed in dazzling files and squares,
Their pennoned trumpets breathing native airs,—
For minstrels thou shalt have of native fire,
And maids to sing the songs themselves inspire :—
Our very speech, methinks, in after-time,
Shall catch the Ionian blandness of thy clime ;
And, whilst the light and luxury of thy skies
Give brighter smiles to beauteous woman's eyes,
The Arts, whose soul is love, shall all spontaneous rise.

Untracked in deserts lies the marble mine,
Undug the ore that 'midst thy roofs shall shine ;

Unborn the hands — but born they are to be —
Fair Australasia, that shall give to thee
Proud temple-domes, with galleries winding high,
So vast in space, so just in symmetry,
They widen to the contemplating eye,
With colonnaded aisles in long array,
And windows that enrich the flood of day
O'er tessellated pavements, pictures fair,
And nichéd statues breathing golden air.
Nor there, whilst all that 's seen bids Fancy swell,
Shall Music's voice refuse to seal the spell;
But choral hymns shall wake enchantment round,
And organs yield their tempests of sweet sound.

Meanwhile, ere Arts triumphant reach their goal,
How blest the years of pastoral life shall roll!
Even should some wayward hour the settler's mind
Brood sad on scenes forever left behind,
Yet not a pang that England's name imparts
Shall touch a fibre of his children's hearts;
Bound to that native land by nature's bond,
Full little shall their wishes rove beyond
Its mountains blue, and melon-skirted streams,
Since childhood loved and dreamt of in their dreams.
How many a name, to us uncouthly wild,
Shall thrill that region's patriotic child,
And bring as sweet thoughts o'er his bosom's chords
As aught that 's named in song to us affords!
Dear shall that river's margin be to him,
Where sportive first he bathed his boyish limb,
Or petted birds, still brighter than their bowers,
Or twined his tame young kangaroo with flowers.

But more magnetic yet to memory
 Shall be the sacred spot, still blooming nigh,
 The bower of love, where first his bosom burned,
 And smiling passion saw its smile returned.

Go forth and prosper, then, emprising band :
 May He, who in the hollow of his hand
 The ocean holds, and rules the whirlwind's sweep,
 Assuage its wrath, and guide you on the deep !

LINES

ON REVISITING CATHCART.

O ! SCENES of my childhood, and dear to my heart,
 Ye green-waving woods on the margin of Cart,
 How blest in the morning of life I have strayed,
 By the stream of the vale and the grass-covered glade !

Then, then every rapture was young and sincere,
 Ere the sunshine of bliss was bedimmed by a tear,
 And a sweeter delight every scene seemed to lend,
 That the mansion of peace was the home of a FRIEND.

Now the scenes of my childhood, and dear to my heart,
 All pensive I visit, and sigh to depart ;
 Their flowers seem to languish, their beauty to cease,
 For a *stranger* inhabits the mansion of peace.

But hushed be the sigh that untimely complains,
 While Friendship and all its enchantment remains,
 While it blooms like the flower of a winterless clime,
 Untainted by chance, unabated by time.

THE CHERUBS.

SUGGESTED BY AN APOLOGUE IN THE WORKS OF FRANKLIN.

Two spirits reached this world of ours :
The lightning's locomotive powers
Were slow to their agility :
In broad day-light they moved incog.,
Enjoying, without mist or fog,
Entire invisibility.

The one, a simple cherub lad,
Much interest in our planet had,
Its face was so romantic ;
He could n't persuade himself that man
Was such as heavenly rumors ran,
A being base and frantic.

The elder spirit, wise and cool,
Brought down the youth as to a school ;
But strictly on condition,
Whatever they should see or hear,
With mortals not to interfere ;
'T was not in their commission.

They reached a sovereign city proud,
Whose emperor prayed to God aloud,
With all his people kneeling,
And priests performed religious rites :
"Come," said the younger of the sprites,
"This shows a pious feeling."

YOUNG SPIRIT.

"Ar' n't these a decent godly race?"

OLD SPIRIT.

"The dirtiest thieves on Nature's face."

YOUNG SPIRIT.

"But hark, what cheers they 're giving
Their emperor! — And is he a thief?"

OLD SPIRIT.

"Ay, and a cut-throat too; — in brief,
THE GREATEST SCOUNDREL LIVING."

YOUNG SPIRIT.

"But say, what were they praying for,
This people and their emperor?"

OLD SPIRIT.

"Why, but for God's assistance
To help their army, late sent out :
And what that army is about
You 'll see at no great distance."

On wings outspeeding mail or post,
Our sprites o'ertook the Imperial host,
In massacres it wallowed :
A noble nation met its hordes,
But broken fell their cause and swords,
Unfortunate, though hallowed.

They saw a late bombarded town,
Its streets still warm with blood ran down ;
Still smoked each burning rafter ;
And hideously, 'midst rape and sack,
The murderer's laughter answered back
His prey's convulsive laughter.

They saw the captive eye the dead,
With envy of his gory bed,—

Death's quick reward of bravery :
They heard the clank of chains, and then
Saw thirty thousand bleeding men
Dragged manacled to slavery.

"Fie ! fie !" the younger heavenly spark
Exclaimed :—" we must have missed our mark,
And entered hell's own portals :
Earth can't be stained with crimes so black ;
Nay, sure, we've got among a pack
Of fiends, and not of mortals ?"

"No," said the elder ; "no such thing :
Fiends are not fools enough to wring
The necks of one another : —
They know their interests too well :
Men fight ; but every devil in hell
Lives friendly with his brother.

And I could point you out some fellows,
On this ill-fated planet Tellus,
In royal power that revel ;
Who, at the opening of the book
Of judgment, may have cause to look
With envy at the devil."

Name but the devil, and he'll appear.
Old Satan in a trice was near,
With smutty face and figure :
But spotless spirits of the skies,
Unseen to e'en his saucer eyes,
Could watch the fiendish nigger.

“Halloo !” he cried, “I smell a trick :
A mortal supersedes Old Nick,
The scourge of earth appointed :
He robs me of my trade, outrants
The blasphemy of hell, and vaunts
Himself the Lord’s anointed !

Folks make a fuss about my mischief,
D——d fools ! they tamely suffer this chief
To play his pranks unbounded.”
The cherubs flew ; but saw, from high,
At human inhumanity
The devil himself astounded.

SENEX'S SOLILOQUY ON HIS YOUTHFUL IDOL.

PLATONIC friendship at your years,
Says Conscience, should content ye :
Nay, name not fondness to her ears,
The darling’s scarcely twenty.

Yes, and she’ll loathe me unforgiven,
To dote thus out of season ;
But beauty is a beam from heaven,
That dazzles blind our reason.

I’ll challenge Plato from the skies,
Yes, from his spheres harmonic,
To look in M—y C——’s eyes,
And try to be Platonic.

TO SIR FRANCIS BURDETT,

ON HIS SPEECH DELIVERED IN PARLIAMENT, AUGUST 7, 1832, RESPECTING
THE FOREIGN POLICY OF GREAT BRITAIN.

BURDETT, enjoy thy justly foremost fame,
Through good and ill report — through calm and storm —
For forty years the pilot of reform !
But that which shall afresh entwine thy name
With patriot laurels never to be sere,
Is that thou hast come nobly forth to chide
Our slumbering statesmen for their lack of pride —
Their flattery of Oppressors, and their fear —
When Britain's lifted finger, and her frown,
Might call the nations up, and cast their tyrants down !

Invoke the scorn — alas ! too few inherit
The scorn for despots cherished by our sires,
That baffled Europe's persecuting fires,
And sheltered helpless states ! — Recall that spirit,
And conjure back Old England's haughty mind —
Convert the men who waver now, and pause
Between their love of self and humankind ;
And move, Amphion-like, those hearts of stone —
The hearts that have been deaf to Poland's dying groan !

Tell them we hold the Rights of Man too dear,
To bless ourselves with lonely freedom blest ;
But could we hope, with sole and selfish breast,
To breathe untroubled Freedom's atmosphere ? —
Suppose we wished it ? England could not stand
A lone oasis in the desert ground
Of Europe's slavery ; from the waste around,
Oppression's fiery blast and whirling sand

Would reach and scathe us? No; it may not be:
 Britannia and the world conjointly must be free!

Burdett, demand why Britons send abroad
 Soft greetings to the infanticidal Czar,
 The Bear on Poland's babes that wages war.
 Once, we are told, a mother's shriek o'erawed
 A lion, and he dropped her lifted child;
 But Nicholas, whom neither God nor law,
 Nor Poland's shrieking mothers, overawe,
 Outholds to us his friendship's gory clutch: [touch!
 Shrink, Britain,—shrink, my king and country, from the

He prays to Heaven for England's king, he says —
 And dares he to the God of mercy kneel,
 Besmeared with massacres from head to heel?
 No; Moloch is his god — to him he prays;
 And if his weird-like prayers had power to bring
 An influence, their power would be to curse.
 His hate is baleful, but his love is worse —
 A serpent's slaver deadlier than its sting!
 O! feeble statesmen — ignominious times,
 That lick the tyrant's feet, and smile upon his crimes!

ODE TO THE GERMANS.

THE spirit of Britannia
 Invokes across the main
 Her sister Allemannia
 To burst the tyrant's chain:
 By our kindred blood, she cries,
 Rise, Allemannians, rise,

And hallowed thrice the band
Of our kindred hearts shall be,
When your land shall be the land
Of the free — of the free !

With Freedom's lion-banner
Britannia rules the waves ;
Whilst your BROAD STONE OF HONOR
Is still the camp of slaves.
For shame, for glory's sake,
Wake, Allemannians, wake,
And thy tyrants now that whelm
Half the world shall quail and flee,
When your realm shall be the realm
Of the free — of the free !

MARS owes to you his thunder
That shakes the battle field,
Yet to break your bonds asunder
No martial bolt has pealed.
Shall the laurelled land of art
Wear shackles on her heart ?
No ! the clock ye framed to tell,
By its sound, the march of time ;
Let it clang Oppression's knell
O'er your clime — o'er your clime !

The press's magic letters,
That blessing ye brought forth, —
Behold ! it lies in fetters
On the soil that gave it birth :
But the trumpet must be heard,
And the charger must be spurred ;

For your father Armin's Sprite
Calls down from heaven, that ye
Shall gird you for the fight,
And be free! — and be free!

LINES

ON A PICTURE OF A GIRL IN THE ATTITUDE OF PRAYER.

[By the artist Gruse, in the possession of Lady Stepney.]

WAS man e'er doomed that beauty made
By mimic heart should haunt him;
Like Orpheus, I adore a shade,
And dote upon a phantom.

Thou maid that in my inmost thought
Art fancifully sainted,
Why liv'st thou not — why art thou naught
But canvas sweetly painted?

Whose looks seem lifted to the skies,
Too pure for love of mortals —
As if they drew angelic eyes
To greet thee at heaven's portals.

Yet loveliness has here no grace,
Abstracted or ideal —
Art ne'er but from a living face
Drew looks so seeming real.

What wert thou, maid? — thy life — thy name
Oblivion hides in mystery;
Though from thy face my heart could frame
A long romantic history.

Transported to thy time I seem,
 Though dust thy coffin covers—
 And hear the songs in fancy's dream,
 Of thy devoted lovers.

How witching must have been thy breath —
 How sweet the living charmer—
 Whose every semblance after death
 Can make the heart grow warmer !

Adieu, the charms that vainly move
 My soul in their possession—
 That prompt my lips to speak of love,
 Yet rob them of expression.

Yet thee, dear picture, to have praised
 Was but a poet's duty ;
 And shame to him that ever gazed
 Impassive on thy beauty !

LINES

ON THE VIEW FROM ST. LEONARD'S.

HAIL to thy face and odors, glorious Sea !
 'T were thanklessness in me to bless thee not,
 Great beauteous Being ! in whose breath and smile
 My heart beats calmer, and my very mind
 Inhales salubrious thoughts. How welcomer
 Thy murmurs than the murmurs of the world !
 Though like the world thou fluctuatest, thy din
 To me is peace, thy restlessness repose.

Even gladly I exchange yon spring-green lanes,
With all the darling field-flowers in their prime,
And gardens haunted by the nightingale's
Long trills and gushing ecstasies of song,
For these wild headlands, and the sea-mew's clang.

With thee beneath my windows, pleasant Sea,
I long not to o'erlook earth's fairest glades
And green savannas. — Earth has not a plain
So boundless or so beautiful as thine;
The eagle's vision cannot take it in:
The lightning's wing, too weak to sweep its space,
Sinks half-way o'er it like a wearied bird:
It is the mirror of the stars, where all
Their hosts within the concave firmament,
Gay marching to the music of the spheres,
Can see themselves at once.

Nor on the stage
Of rural landscape are there lights and shades
Of more harmonious dance and play than thine.
How vividly this moment brightens forth,
Between gray parallel and leaden breadths,
A belt of hues that stripes thee many a league,
Flushed like the rainbow, or the ringdove's neck,
And giving to the glancing sea-bird's wing
The semblance of a meteor.

Mighty Sea!
Chameleon-like thou changest, but there's love
In all thy change, and constant sympathy
With yonder Sky — thy Mistress; from her brow
Thou tak'st thy moods and wear'st her colors on
Thy faithful bosom; morning's milky white,

Noon's sapphire, or the saffron glow of eve;
And all thy balmier hours, fair Element,
Have such divine complexion — crispéd smiles,
Luxuriant heavings, and sweet whisperings,
That little is the wonder Love's own Queen
From thee of old was fabled to have sprung —
Creation's common ! which no human power
Can parcel or enclose ; the lordliest floods
And cataracts that the tiny hands of man
Can tame, conduct or bound, are drops of dew
To thee that could'st subdue the Earth itself,
And brook'st commandment from the heavens alone
For marshalling thy waves —

Yet, potent Sea !

How placidly thy moist lips speak even now
Along yon sparkling shingles ! Who can be
So fanciless as to feel no gratitude
That power and grandeur can be so serene,
Soothing the home-bound navy's peaceful way,
And rocking even the fisher's little bark
As gently as a mother rocks her child ? —

The inhabitants of other worlds behold
Our orb more lucid for thy spacious share
On earth's rotundity ; and is he not
A blind worm in the dust, great Deep, the man
Who sees not or who seeing has no joy
In thy magnificence ? What though thou art
Unconscious and material,—thou canst reach
The inmost immaterial mind's recess,
And with thy tints and motion stir its chords
To music, like the light on Memnon's lyre !

The Spirit of the Universe in thee
Is visible; thou hast in thee the life —
The eternal, graceful, and majestic life
Of nature, and the natural human heart
Is therefore bound to thee with holy love.
Earth has her gorgeous towns; the earth-circling sea
Has spires and mansions more amusive still —
Men's volant homes that measure liquid space
On wheel or wing. The chariot of the land
With pained and panting steeds and clouds of dust
Has no sight-gladdening motion like these fair
Careerers with the foam beneath their bows,
Whose streaming ensigns charm the waves by day,
Whose carols and whose watch-bells cheer the night,
Moored as they cast the shadows of their masts
In long array, or hither flit and yond
Mysteriously with slow and crossing lights,
Like spirits on the darkness of the deep.

There is a magnet-like attraction in
These waters to the imaginative power
That links the viewless with the visible,
And pictures things unseen. To realms beyond
Yon highway of the world my fancy flies,
When by her tall and triple mast we know
Some noble voyager that has to woo
The trade-winds and to stem the ecliptic surge.
The coral groves — the shores of conch and pearl,
Where she will cast her anchor and reflect
Her cabin-window lights on warmer waves,
And under planets brighter than our own:
The nights of palmy isles, that she will see

Lit boundless by the fire-fly — all the smells
Of tropic fruits that will regale her —all
The pomp of nature, and the inspiriting
Varieties of life she has to greet,
Come swarming o'er the meditative mind.

True to the dream of Fancy, Ocean has
His darker tints ; but where's the element
That checkers not its usefulness to man
With casual terror ? Scathes not earth sometimes
Her children with Tartarean fires, or shakes
Their shrieking cities, and, with one last clang
Of bells for their own ruin, strews them flat
As riddled ashes — silent as the grave ?
Walks not Contagion on the Air itself ?
I should old Ocean's Saturnalian days,
And roaring nights of revelry and sport,
With wreck and human woe, be loth to sing ;
For they are few, and all their ills weigh light
Against his sacred usefulness, that bids
Our pensile globe revolve in purer air.
Here Morn and Eve with blushing thanks receive
Their freshening dews, gay fluttering breezes cool
Their wings to fan the brow of fevered climes,
And here the Spring dips down her emerald urn
For showers to glad the earth.

Old Ocean was

Infinity of ages ere we breathed
Existence — and he will be beautiful
When all the living world that sees him now
Shall roll unconscious dust around the sun.
Quelling from age to age the vital throb

In human hearts, Death shall not subjugate
The pulse that swells in *his* stupendous breast,
Or interdict his minstrelsy to sound
In thundering concert with the quiring winds;
But long as Man to parent Nature owns
Instinctive homage, and in times beyond
The power of thought to reach, bard after bard
Shall sing thy glory, BEATIFIC SEA !

THE DEAD EAGLE.

WRITTEN AT ORAN.

FALLEN as he is, this king of birds still seems
Like royalty in ruins. Though his eyes
Are shut that look undazzled on the sun,
He was the sultan of the sky, and earth
Paid tribute to his eyry. It was perched
Higher than human conqueror ever built
His bannered fort. Where Atlas' top looks o'er
Sahara's desert to the equator's line :
From thence the wingéd despot marked his prey,
Above the encampments of the Bedouins, ere
Their watch-fires were extinct, or camels knelt
To take their loads, or horsemen scoured the plain,—
And there he dried his feathers in the dawn,
Whilst yet the unwakened world was dark below.

There's such a charm in natural strength and power,
That human fancy has forever paid
Poetic homage to the bird of Jove.
Hence, 'neath his image, Rome arrayed her turms

And cohorts for the conquest of the world.
And figuring his flight, the mind is filled
With thoughts that mock the pride of wingless man.
True the carred aeronaut can mount as high ;
But what 's the triumph of his volant art ?
A rash intrusion on the realms of air.
His helmless vehicle, a silken toy,
A bubble bursting in the thunder-cloud ;
His course has no volition, and he drifts
The passive plaything of the winds. Not such
Was this proud bird : he clove the adverse storm,
And cuffed it with his wings. He stopped his flight
As easily as the Arab reins his steed,
And stood at pleasure 'neath Heaven's zenith, like
A lamp suspended from its azure dome,
Whilst underneath him the world's mountains lay
Like mole-hills, and her streams like lucid threads.
Then downward, faster than a falling star,
He neared the earth, until his shape distinct
Was blackly shadowed on the sunny ground ;
And deeper terror hushed the wilderness,
To hear his nearer whoop. Then, up again
He soared and wheeled. There was an air of scorn
In all his movements, whether he threw round
His crested head to look behind him ; or
Lay vertical and sportively displayed
The inside whiteness of his wing declined,
In gyres and undulations full of grace,
An object beautifying Heaven itself.

He — reckless who was victor, and above
The hearing of their guns — saw fleets engaged

In flaming combat. It was naught to him
What carnage, Moor or Christian, strewed their decks.
But if his intellect had matched his wings,
Methinks he would have scorned man's vaunted power
To plough the deep ; his pinions bore him down
To Algiers the warlike, or the coral groves,
That blush beneath the green of Bona's waves ;
And traversed in an hour a wider space
Than yonder gallant ship, with all her sails
Wooing the winds, can cross from morn till eve.
His bright eyes were his compass, earth his chart,
His talons anchored on the stormiest cliff,
And on the very light-house rock he perched,
When winds churned white the waves.

The earthquake's self

Disturbed not him that memorable day,
When, o'er yon table-land, where Spain had built
Cathedrals, cannoned forts, and palaces,
A palsy-stroke of Nature shook Oran,
Turning her city to a sepulchre,
And strewing into rubbish all her homes ;
Amidst whose traceable foundations now,
Of streets and squares, the hyena hides himself.
That hour beheld him fly as careless o'er
The stifled shrieks of thousands buried quick,
As lately when he pounced the speckled snake,
Coiled in yon mallows and wide nettle fields
That mantle o'er the dead old Spanish town.

Strange is the imagination's dread delight
In objects linked with danger, death, and pain !
Fresh from the luxuries of polished life,

The echo of these wilds enchanted me ;
And my heart beat with joy when first I heard
A lion's roar come down the Lybian wind,
Across yon long, wide, lonely inland lake,
Where boat ne'er sails from homeless shore to shore.
And yet Numidia's landscape has its spots
Of pastoral pleasantness — though far between,
The village planted near the Maraboot's
Round roof has aye its feathery palm-trees
Paired, for in solitude they bear no fruits.
Here nature's hues all harmonize — fields white
With alarum, or blue with bugloss — banks
Of glossy fennel, blent with tulips wild,
And sun-flowers, like a garment pranked with gold ;
Acres and miles of opal asphodel,
Where sports and couches the black-eyed gazelle.
Here, too, the air's harmonious — deep-toned doves
Coo to the fife-like carol of the lark ;
And when they cease, the holy nightingale
Winds up his long, long shakes of ecstasy,
With notes that seem but the protracted sounds
Of glassy runnels bubbling over rocks.

SONG.

To Love in my heart, I exclaimed, t' other morning,
Thou hast dwelt here too long, little lodger, take warning ;
Thou shalt tempt me no more from my life's sober duty,
To go gadding, bewitched by the young eyes of beauty.
For weary's the wooing, ah, weary !
When an old man will have a young dearie.

The god left my heart, at its surly reflections,
 But came back on pretext of some sweet recollections,
 And he made me forget what I ought to remember,
 That the rose-bud of June cannot bloom in November.

Ah ! Tom, 't is all o'er with thy gay days —
 Write psalms, and not songs, for the ladies.

But time 's been so far from my wisdom enriching,
 That the longer I live, beauty seems more bewitching ;
 And the only new lore my experience traces,
 Is to find fresh enchantment in magical faces.

How weary is wisdom, how weary !
 When one sits by a smiling young dearie !

And should she be wroth that my homage pursues her,
 I will turn and retort on my lovely accuser ;
 Who's to blame, that my heart by your image is haunted ?—
 It is you, the enchantress — not I, the enchanted.

Would you have me behave more discreetly,
 Beauty, look not so killingly sweetly.

LINES

WRITTEN IN A BLANK LEAF OF LA PEROUSE'S VOYAGES.

LOVED Voyager ! his pages had a zest
 More sweet than fiction to my wondering breast,
 When, rapt in fancy, many a boyish day
 I tracked his wanderings o'er the watery way,
 Roamed round the Aleutian isles in waking dreams,
 Or plucked the *fleur-de-lys* by Jesso's streams —

Or gladly leaped on that far Tartar strand,
Where Europe's anchor ne'er had bit the sand,
Where scarce a roving wild tribe crossed the plain,
Or human voice broke nature's silent reign;
But vast and grassy deserts feed the bear,
And sweeping deer-herds dread no hunter's snare.
Such young delight his real records brought,
His truth so touched romantic springs of thought,
That all my after-life — his fate and fame
Entwined romance with La Perouse's name. —
Fair were his ships, expert his gallant crews,
And glorious was the emprise of La Perouse, —
Humanely glorious ! Men will weep for him,
When many a guilty martial fame is dim :
He ploughed the deep to bind no captive's chain —
Pursued no rapine — strewed no wreck with slain ;
And, save that in the deep themselves lie low,
His heroes plucked no wreath from human woe.
'T was his the earth's remotest bound to scan,
Conciliating with gifts barbaric man —
Enrich the world's contemporaneous mind,
And amplify the picture of mankind.
Far on the vast Pacific — 'midst those isles,
O'er which the earliest morn of Asia smiles,
He sounded and gave charts to many a shore
And gulf of Ocean new to nautic lore ;
Yet he, that led Discovery o'er the wave,
Still fills himself an undiscovered grave.
He came not back, — Conjecture's cheek grew pale,
Year after year — in no propitious gale,
His liliated banner held its homeward way,
And Science saddened at her martyr's stay.

An age elapsed — no wreck told where or when
The chief went down with all his gallant men,
Or whether by the storm and wild sea flood
He perished, or by wilder men of blood —
The shuddering Fancy only guessed his doom,
And Doubt to Sorrow gave but deeper gloom.
An age elapsed — when men were dead or gray,
Whose hearts had mourned him in their youthful day;
Fame traced on Mannicolo's shore at last,
The boiling surge had mounted o'er his mast.
The islemen told of some surviving men,
But Christian eyes beheld them ne'er again.
Sad bourn of all his toils — with all his band —
To sleep, wrecked, shroudless, on a savage strand!
Yet what is all that fires a hero's scorn
Of death? — the hope to live in hearts unborn:
Life to the brave is not its fleeting breath,
But worth — foretasting fame, that follows death.
That worth had La Perouse — that meed he won;
He sleeps — his life's long stormy watch is done.
In the great deep, whose boundaries and space
He measured, Fate ordained his resting-place;
But bade his fame, like the Ocean rolling o'er
His relics — visit every earthly shore.
Fair Science on that Ocean's azure robe
Still writes his name in picturing the globe,
And paints — (what fairer wreath could glory twine?)
His watery course — a world-encircling line.

THE PILGRIM OF GLENCOE.

I received the substance of the tradition on which this poem is founded, in the first instance, from a friend in London, who wrote to Matthew N. Macdonald, Esq., of Edinburgh. He had the kindness to send me a circumstantial account of the tradition ; and that gentleman's knowledge of the Highlands, as well as his particular acquaintance with the district of Glencoe, leave me no doubt of the incident having really happened. I have not departed from the main facts of the tradition as reported to me by Mr. Macdonald ; only I have endeavored to color the personages of the story, and to make them as distinctive as possible.

THE sunset sheds a horizontal smile
O'er Highland frith and Hebridean isle,
While, gay with gambols of its finny shoals,
The glancing wave rejoices as it rolls
With streamered busses, that distinctly shine
All downward, pictured in the glassy brine ;
Whose crews, with faces brightening in the sun,
Keep measure with their oars, and all in one
Strike up the old Gaelic song. — Sweep, rowers, sweep !
The fisher's glorious spoils are in the deep.

Day sinks — but twilight owes the traveller soon,
To reach his bourn, a round unclouded moon,
Bespeaking long undarkened hours of time ;
False hope — the Scots are steadfast — not their clime.
A war-worn soldier from the western land
Seeks Cona's vale by Ballihoula's strand ;
The vale, by eagle-haunted cliffs o'erhung,
Where Fingal fought and Ossian's harp was strung —
Our veteran's forehead, bronzed on sultry plains,
Had stood the brunt of thirty fought campaigns ;
He well could vouch the sad romance of wars,
And count the dates of battles by his scars ;

For he had served where o'er and o'er again
Britannia's oriflamme had lit the plain
Of glory — and victorious stamped her name
On Oudenarde's and Blenheim's fields of fame.
Nine times in battle-field his blood had streamed,
Yet vivid still his veteran blue eye gleamed;
Full well he bore his knapsack unoppressed,
And marched with soldier-like erected crest:
Nor sign of even loquacious age he wore,
Save when he told his life's adventures o'er;
Some tired of these; for terms to him were dear
Too tactical by far for vulgar ear;
As when he talked of rampart and ravine,
And trenches fenced with gabion and fascine —
But when his theme possessed him all and whole,
He scorned proud puzzling words, and warmed the soul;
Hushed groups hung on his lips with fond surprise,
That sketched old scenes — like pictures to their eyes:—
The wide war-plain, with banners glowing bright,
And bayonets to the furthest stretch of sight;
The pause, more dreadful than the peal to come
From volleys blazing at the beat of drum —
Till all the field of thundering lines became
Two level and confronted sheets of flame.
Then to the charge, when Marlbro's hot pursuit
Trode France's gilded lilies underfoot;
He came and kindled — and with martial lung
Would chant the very march their trumpets sung.—

The old soldier hoped, ere evening's light should fail,
To reach a home, south-east of Cona's vale;

But looking at Bennevis, capped with snow,
He saw its mists come curling down below.
And spread white darkness o'er the sunset glow; —
Fast rolling like tempestuous Ocean's spray,
Or clouds from troops in battle's fiery day —
So dense, his quarry 'scaped the falcon's sight,
The owl alone exulted, hating light.

Benighted thus our pilgrim groped his ground,
Half 'twixt the river's and the cataract's sound.
At last a sheep-dog's bark informed his ear
Some human habitation might be near;
Anon sheep-bleatings rose from rock to rock, —
'T was Luath hounding to their fold the flock.
Ere long the cock's obstreperous clarion rang,
And next, a maid's sweet voice, that spinning sang :
At last amidst the green-sward (gladsome sight !)
A cottage stood, with straw-roof golden bright.

He knocked, was welcomed in ; none asked his name,
Nor whither he was bound nor whence he came ;
But he was beckoned to the stranger's seat,
Right side the chimney fire of blazing peat.
Blest Hospitality makes not her home
In walléd parks and castellated dome ;
She flies the city's needy, greedy crowd,
And shuns still more the mansions of the proud ; —
The balm of savage or of simple life,
A wild-flower cut by culture's polished knife !

The house, no common sordid shieling cot,
Spoke inmates of a comfortable lot.
The Jacobite white rose festooned their door ;
The windows sashed and glazed, the oaken floor,

The chimney graced with antlers of the deer,
'The rafters hung with meat for winter cheer,
And all the mansion, indicated plain
Its master a superior shepherd swain.

Their supper came — the table soon was spread
With eggs and milk and cheese and barley bread.
The family were three — a father hoar,
Whose age you 'd guess at seventy years or more,
His son looked fifty — cheerful like her lord
His comely wife presided at the board ;
All three had that peculiar courteous grace
Which marks the meanest of the Highland race ;
Warm hearts that burn alike in weal and woe,
As if the north-wind fanned their bosoms' glow !
But wide unlike their souls : old Norman's eye
Was proudly savage even in courtesy.
His sinewy shoulders — each, though aged and lean,
Broad as the curled Herculean head between,—
His scornful lip, his eyes of yellow fire,
And nostrils that dilated quick with ire,
With ever downward-slanting shaggy brows,
Marked the old lion you would dread to rouse.

Norman, in truth, had led his earlier life
In raids of red revenge and feudal strife ;
Religious duty in revenge he saw,
Proud Honor's right and Nature's honest law ;
First in the charge and foremost in pursuit,
Long-breathed, deep-chested, and in speed of foot
A match for stags — still fleeter when the prey
Was man, in persecution's evil day ;

Cheered to that chase by brutal bold Dundee,
No Highland hound had lapped more blood than he.
Oft had he changed the covenanters' breath
From howls of psalmody to howls of death;
And though long bound to peace, it irked him still
His dirk had ne'er one hated foe to kill.

Yet Norman had fierce virtues, that would mock
Cold-blooded Tories of the modern stock
Who starve the breadless poor with fraud and cant;—
He slew and saved them from the pangs of want.
Nor was his solitary lawless charm
Mere dauntlessness of soul and strength of arm;
He had his moods of kindness now and then,
And feasted even well-mannered lowland men
Who blew not up his Jacobitish flame,
Nor prefaced with "pretender" Charles's name.
Fierce, but by sense and kindness not unwon,
He loved, respected even, his wiser son;
And brooked from him expostulations sage,
When all advisers else were spurned with rage.

Far happier times had moulded Ronald's mind,
By nature too of more sagacious kind.
His breadth of brow, and Roman shape of chin,
Squared well with the firm man that reigned within.
Contemning strife as childishness, he stood
With neighbors on kind terms of neighborhood,
And whilst his father's anger naught availed,
His rational remonstrance never failed.
Full skilfully he managed farm and fold,
Wrote, ciphered, profitably bought and sold;

And, blessed with pastoral leisure, deeply took
Delight to be informed, by speech or book,
Of that wide world beyond his mountain home,
Where oft his curious fancy loved to roam.
Oft, while his faithful dog ran round his flock,
He read long hours when summer warmed the rock :
Guests who could tell him aught were welcomed warm,
Even pedlers' news had to his mind a charm ;
That like an intellectual magnet-stone
Drew truth from judgments simpler than his own.

His soul's proud instinct sought not to enjoy
Romantic fictions, like a minstrel boy ;
Truth, standing on her solid square, from youth
He worshipped — stern, uncompromising truth.
His goddess kindlier smiled on him, to find
A votary of her light in land so blind ;
She bade majestic History unroll
Broad views of public welfare to his soul,
Until he looked on clannish feuds and foes
With scorn, as on the wars of kites and crows ;
Whilst doubts assailed him o'er and o'er again,
If men were made for kings or kings for men.
At last, to Norman's horror and dismay,
He flat denied the Stuarts' right to sway.
No blow-pipe ever whitened furnace fire,
Quick as these words lit up his father's ire ;
Who envied even old Abraham for his faith,
Ordained to put his only son to death.
He started up — in such a mood of soul
The white bear bites his showman's stirring pole ;

He danced too, and brought out, with snarl and howl,
"O Dia! Dia!" and, "Dioul! Dioul!" *
But sense foils fury — as the blowing whale
Spouts, bleeds, and dyes the waves without avail —
Wears out the cable's length that makes him fast,
But, worn himself, comes up harpooned at last —
E'en so, devoid of sense, succumbs at length
Mere strength of zeal to intellectual strength.
His son's close logic so perplexed his pate,
The old hero rather shunned than sought debate;
Exhausting his vocabulary's store
Of oaths and nick-names, he could say no more,
But tapped his mull,† rolled mutely in his chair,
Or only whistled Killiecrankie's air.

Witch-legends Ronald scorned — ghost, kelpie, wraith,
And all the trumpery of vulgar faith;
Grave matrons even were shocked to hear him slight
Authenticated facts of second-sight —
Yet never flinched his mockery to confound
The brutal superstition reigning round.
Reserved himself, still Ronald loved to scan
Men's natures — and he liked the old hearty man;
So did the partner of his heart and life —
Who pleased her Ronald, ne'er displeased his wife.
His sense, 't is true, compared with Norman's son,
Was commonplace — his tales too long outspun:
Yet Allan Campbell's sympathizing mind
Had held large intercourse with humankind;

* God and the devil — a favorite ejaculation of Highland saints.

† Snuff-horn.

Seen much, and gayly, graphically drew
The men of every country, clime, and hue ;
Nor ever stooped, though soldier-like his strain,
To ribaldry of mirth or oath profane.
All went harmonious till the guest began
To talk about his kindred, chief and clan,
And, with his own biography engrossed,
Marked not the changed demeanor of each host ;
Nor how old choleric Norman's cheek became
Flushed at the Campbell and Breadalbane name.
Assigning, heedless of impending harm,
Their steadfast silence to his story's charm,
He touched a subject perilous to touch —
Saying, "'Midst this well-known vale I wondered much
To lose my way. In boyhood, long ago,
I roamed, and loved each pathway of Glencoe ;
Trapped leverets, plucked wild berries on its braes,
And fished along its banks long summer days.
But times grew stormy — bitter feuds arose,
Our clan was merciless to prostrate foes.
I never palliated my chieftain's blame,
But mourned the sin, and reddened for the shame
Of that foul morn (Heaven blot it from the year !)
Whose shapes and shrieks still haunt my dreaming ear.
What could I do ? — a serf — Glenlyon's page,
A soldier sworn at nineteen years of age ;
To have breathed one grieved remonstrance to our chief,
The pit or gallows* would have cured my grief.
Forced, passive as the musket in my hand,
I marched — when, feigning royalty's command,

* To hang their vassals, or starve them to death in a dungeon, was a privilege of the Highland chiefs who had hereditary jurisdictions.

Against the clan Macdonald, Stair's lord
Sent forth exterminating fire and sword ;
And troops at midnight through the vale defiled,
Enjoined to slaughter woman, man, and child.
My clansmen many a year had cause to dread
The curse that day entailed upon their head ;
Glenlyon's self confessed the avenging spell —
I saw it light on him.

It so befell : —

A soldier from our ranks to death was brought,
By sentence deemed too dreadful for his fault ;
All was prepared — the coffin and the cart
Stood near twelve muskets, levelled at his heart.
The chief, whose breast for ruth had still some room,
Obtained reprieve a day before his doom ; —
But of the awarded boon surmised no breath.
The sufferer knelt, blindfolded, waiting death, —
And met it. Though Glenlyon had desired
The musketeers to watch before they fired ;
If from his pocket they should see he drew
A handkerchief — their volley should ensue ;
But if he held a paper in its place,
It should be hailed the sign of pardoning grace : —
He, in a fatal moment's absent fit,
Drew forth the handkerchief, and not the writ ;
Wept o'er the corpse and wrung his hands in woe,
Crying, 'Here 's thy curse again — Glencoe ! Glencoe !''
Though thus his guest spoke feelings just and clear,
The cabin's patriarch lent impatient ear ;
Wroth that, beneath his roof, a living man
Should boast the swine-blood of the Campbell clan ;

He hastened to the door — called out his son
To follow ; walked a space, and thus begun : —
“ You have not, Ronald, at this day to learn
The oath I took beside my father’s cairn,
When you were but a babe a twelvemonth born ;
Sworn on my dirk — by all that ’s sacred, sworn
To be revenged for blood that cries to Heaven —
Blood unforgivable, and unforgiven :
But never power, *since then*, have I possessed
To plant my dagger in a Campbell’s breast.
Now, here ’s a self-accusing partisan,
Steeped in the slaughter of Macdonald’s clan ;
I scorn his civil speech and sweet-lipped show
Of pity — he is still our house’s foe :
I ’ll perjure not myself — but sacrifice
The caitiff ere to-morrow’s sun arise.
Stand ! hear me — you ’re my son, the deed is just ;
And if I say it must be done — it must ;
A debt of honor which my clansmen crave,
Their very dead demand it from the grave.”
Conjuring then their ghosts, he humbly prayed
Their patience till the blood-debt should be paid.
But Ronald stopped him. — “ Sir, Sir, do not dim
Your honor by a moment’s angry whim ;
Your soul ’s too just and generous, were you cool,
To act at once the assassin and the fool.
Bring me the men on whom revenge is due,
And I will dirk them willingly as you !
But all the real authors of that black
Old deed are gone — you cannot bring them back.
And this poor guest, ’t is palpable to judge,
In all his life ne’er bore our clan a grudge ;

Dragged when a boy against his will to share
That massacre, he loathed the foul affair.
Think, if your hardened heart be conscience-proof,
To stab a stranger underneath your roof !
One who has broken bread within your gate —
Reflect — before reflection comes too late,—
Such ugly consequences there may be
As judge and jury, rope and gallows-tree.
The days of dirking snugly are gone by,—
Where could you hide the body privily,
When search is made for 't ? ”

“ Plunge it in yon flood,
That Campbells crimsoned with our kindred blood.”

“ Ay ! but the corpse may float — ”

“ Pshaw ! dead men tell
No tales — nor will it float if leaded well.
I am determined ! ” — What could Ronald do ?
No house within ear-reach of his halloo,
Though that would but have published household shame,
He temporized with wrath he could not tame,
And said, “ Come in, till night put off the deed,
And ask a few more questions ere he bleed.”
They entered ; Norman with portentous air
Strode to a nook behind the stranger's chair,
And, speaking naught, sat grimly in the shade,
With dagger in his clutch beneath his plaid.
His son's own plaid, should Norman pounce his prey,
Was coiled thick round his arm, to turn away
Or blunt the dirk. He purposed leaving free
The door, and giving Allan time to flee,
Whilst he should wrestle with (no safe emprise)
His father's maniac strength and giant size.

Meanwhile he could nowise communicate
The impending peril to his anxious mate ;
But she, convinced no trifling matter now
Disturbed the wonted calm of Ronald's brow,
Divined too well the cause of gloom that lowered,
And sat with speechless terror overpowered.
Her face was pale, so lately blithe and bland,
The stocking knitting-wire shook in her hand.
But Ronald and the guest resumed their thread
Of converse, still its theme that day of dread.
" Much," said the veteran, " much as I bemoan
That deed, when half a hundred years have flown,
Still on one circumstance I can reflect
That mitigates the dreadful retrospect.
A mother with her child before us flew,
I had the hideous mandate to pursue ;
But swift of foot, outspeeding bloodier men,
I chased, o'ertook her in the winding glen,
And showed her, palpitating, where to save
Herself and infant in a secret cave ;
Nor left them till I saw that they could mock
Pursuit and search within that sheltering rock."
" Heavens !" Ronald cried, in accents gladly wild,
" That woman was my mother — I the child !
Of you unknown by name she late and air*
Spoke, wept, and ever blessed you in her prayer,
Even to her death ; describing you withal
A well-looking florid youth, blue-eyed and tall."
They rose, exchanged embrace : the old lion then
Upstarted, metamorphosed, from his den ;

* Scotch for late and early.

Saying, "Come and make thy home with us for life,
Heaven-sent preserver of my child and wife !
I fear thou 'rt poor,—that Hanoverian thing
Rewards his soldiers ill."—"God save the king !"
With hand upon his heart, old Allan said,
"I wear his uniform, I eat his bread,
And whilst I've tooth to bite a cartridge, all
For him and Britain's fame I'll stand or fall."
"Bravo !" cried Ronald. "I commend your zeal,"
Quoth Norman, "and I see your heart is leal ;
But I have prayed my soul may never thrive
If thou shouldst leave this house of ours alive.
Nor shalt thou ; in this home protract thy breath
Of easy life, nor leave it till thy death."

The following morn arose serene as glass,
And red Bennevis shone like molten brass ;
While sunrise opened flowers with gentle force,
The guest and Ronald walked in long discourse.
"Words fail me," Allan said, "to thank aright
Your father's kindness shown me yesternight ;
Yet scarce I'd wish my latest days to spend
A fireside fixture with the dearest friend :
Besides, I've but a fortnight's furlough now,
To reach Macallin More,* beyond Lochawe.
I'd fain memorialize the powers that be,
To deign remembrance of my wounds and me ;
My life-long service never bore the brand
Of sentence — lash — disgrace or reprimand.
And so I've written, though in meagre style,
A long petition to his Grace Argyle ;

* The Duke of Argyle.

I mean, on reaching Innerara's shore,
To leave it safe within his castle door."
"Nay," Ronald said, "the letter that you bear,
Intrust it to no lying varlet's care;
But say a soldier of King George demands
Access, to leave it in the Duke's own hands.
But show me, first, the epistle to your chief;
'T is naught, unless succinctly clear and brief;
Great men have no great patience when they read,
And long petitions spoil the cause they plead."

That day saw Ronald from the field full soon
Return; and when they all had dined at noon,
He conned the old man's memorial — lopped its length,
And gave it style, simplicity, and strength;
'T was finished in an hour — and in the next
Transcribed by Allan in perspicuous text.
At evening, he and Ronald shared once more
A long and pleasant walk by Cona's shore.
"I'd press you," quoth his host — ("I need not say
How warmly) evermore with us to stay;
But Charles intends, 't is said, in these same parts
To try the fealty of our Highland hearts.
'T is my belief, that he and all his line
Have — saving to be hanged — no right divine;
From whose mad enterprise can only flow
To thousands slaughter, and to myriads woe.
Yet have they stirred my father's spirit sore,
He flints his pistols — whets his old claymore —
And longs as ardently to join the fray
As boy to dance who hears the bagpipe play.

Though calm one day, the next, disdaining rule,
He'd gore your red coat like an angry bull:
I told him, and he owned it might be so,
Your tempers never could in concert flow.
But 'Mark,' he added, 'Ronald! from our door
Let not this guest depart forlorn and poor;
Let not your souls the niggardness evince
Of lowland pedler, or of German prince;
He gave you life — then feed him as you'd feed
Your very father were he cast in need.'
He gave — you'll find it by your bed to-night —
A leathern purse of crowns, all sterling bright:
You see I do you kindness not by stealth.
My wife — no advocate of squandering wealth —
Vows that it would be parricide, or worse,
Should we neglect you — here's a silken purse,
Some golden pieces through the network shine,
'T is proffered to you from her heart and mine.
But come! no foolish delicacy, no!
We own, but cannot cancel what we owe —
This sum shall duly reach you once a year."
Poor Allan's furrowed face and flowing tear
Confessed sensations which he could not speak.
Old Norman bade him farewell kindly meek.

At morn, the smiling dame rejoiced to pack
With viands full the old soldier's haversack.
He feared not hungry grass* with such a load,
And Ronald saw him miles upon his road.

* When the hospitable Highlanders load a parting guest with provisions, they tell him he will need them, as he has to go over a great deal of *hungry grass*.

A march of three days brought him to Lochfyne.
Argyle, struck with his manly look benign,
And feeling interest in the veteran's lot,
Created him a sergeant on the spot —
An invalid, to serve not — but with pay
(A mighty sum to him), twelve-pence a day.
“ But have you heard not,” said Macallin More,
“ Charles Stuart's landed on Eriska's shore,
And Jacobites are arming ? ” — “ What ! indeed !
Arrived ! then I'm no more an invalid ;
My new-got halbert I must straight employ
In battle.” — “ As you please, old gallant boy :
Your gray hairs well might plead excuse, 't is true,
But now 's the time we want such men as you.”
In brief, at Innerara Allan staid,
And joined the banners of Argyle's brigade.

Meanwhile, the old choleric shepherd of Glencoe
Spurned all advice, and girt himself to go.
What was 't to him that foes would poind their fold,
Their lease, their very beds beneath them sold !
And firmly to his text he would have kept,
Though Ronald argued and his daughter wept.
But 'midst the impotence of tears and prayer,
Chance snatched them from proscription and despair.
Old Norman's blood was headward wont to mount
Too rapid from his heart's impetuous fount ;
And one day, whilst the German rats he cursed,
An artery in his wise sensorium burst.
The lancet saved him ; but how changed, alas !
From him who fought at Killiecrankie's pass !

Tame as a spaniel, timid as a child,
He muttered incoherent words and smiled ;
He wept at kindness, rolled a vacant eye,
And laughed full often when he meant to cry.
Poor man ! whilst in this lamentable state,
Came Allan back one morning to his gate,
Hale and unburdened by the woes of eild,
And fresh with credit from Culloden's field.
'T was feared at first the sight of him might touch
The old Macdonald's morbid mind too much ;
But no ! though Norman knew him, and disclosed
Even rallying memory, he was still composed ;
Asked all particulars of the fatal fight,
And only heaved a sigh for Charles's flight :
Then said, with but one moment's pride of air,
It might not have been so had I been there !
Few days elapsed till he reposed beneath
His gray cairn, on the wild and lonely heath ;
Son, friends and kindred, of his dust took leave,
And Allan, with the crape bound round his sleeve.

Old Allan now hung up his sergeant's sword,
And sat, a guest for life, at Ronald's board.
He waked no longer at the barrack's drum,
Yet still you 'd see, when peep of day was come,
The erect tall red-coat, walking pastures round,
Or delving with his spade the garden ground.
Of cheerful temper, habits strict and sage,
He reached, enjoyed, a patriarchal age —
Loved to the last by the Macdonalds. Near
Their house his stone was placed with many a tear ;
And Ronald's self, in stoic virtue brave,
Scorned not to weep at Allan Campbell's grave.

NAPOLEON AND THE BRITISH SAILOR.*

I LOVE contemplating, apart
From all his homicidal glory,
The traits that soften to our heart
Napoleon's story !

'T was when his banners at Boulogne
Armed in our island every freeman,
His navy chanced to capture one
Poor British seaman.

They suffered him — I know not how —
Unprisoned on the shore to roam ;
And aye was bent his longing brow
On England's home.

His eye, methinks, pursued the flight
Of birds to Britain half-way over ;
With envy *they* could reach the white,
Dear cliffs of Dover.

A stormy midnight watch, he thought,
Than this sojourn would have been dearer,
If but the storm his vessel brought
To England nearer.

At last, when care had banished sleep,
He saw one morning — dreaming — doting,
An empty hogshead from the deep
Come shoreward floating ;

* This anecdote has been published in several public journals, both French and British. My belief in its authenticity was confirmed by an Englishman, long resident at Boulogne, lately telling me that he remembered the circumstance to have been generally talked of in the place.

He hid it in a cave, and wrought
The live-long day laborious; lurking
Until he launched a tiny boat
By mighty working.

Heaven help us! 't was a thing beyond
Description wretched; such a wherry
Perhaps ne'er ventured on a pond,
Or crossed a ferry.

For ploughing in the salt-sea field,
It would have made the boldest shudder;
Untarred, uncompassed, and unkeeled,
No sail — no rudder.

From neighboring woods he interlaced
His sorry skiff with wattled willows;
And thus equipped he would have passed
The foaming billows —

But Frenchmen caught him on the beach,
His little Argo sorely jeering:
Till tidings of him chanced to reach
Napoleon's hearing.

With folded arms Napoleon stood,
Serene alike in peace and danger;
And, in his wonted attitude,
Addressed the stranger:—

“Rash man, that would'st yon Channel pass
On twigs and staves so rudely fashioned;
Thy heart with some sweet British lass
Must be impassioned.”

"I have no sweetheart," said the lad;
"But — absent long from one another —
Great was the longing that I had
To see my mother."

"And so thou shalt," Napoleon said,
"Ye 've both my favor fairly won;
A noble mother must have bred
So brave a son."

He gave the tar a piece of gold,
And, with a flag of truce, commanded
He should be shipped to England Old,
And safely landed.

Our sailor oft could scantily shift
To find a dinner, plain and hearty;
But *never* changed the coin and gift
Of Bonaparté.

BENLOMOND.

HADST thou a genius on thy peak,
What tales, white-headed Ben,
Couldst thou of ancient ages speak,
That mock the historian's pen!

Thy long duration makes our lives
Seem but so many hours;
And likens to the bees' frail hives
Our most stupendous towers.

Temples and towers thou 'st seen begun,
 New creeds, new conquerors' sway;
 And, like their shadows in the sun,
 Hast seen them swept away.

Thy steadfast summit, heaven-allied
 (Unlike life's little span),
 Looks down, a Mentor, on the pride
 Of perishable man.

THE CHILD AND HIND.

I wish I had preserved a copy of the Wiesbaden newspaper in which this anecdote of the "Child and Hind" is recorded; but I have unfortunately lost it. The story, however, is a matter of fact; it took place in 1838; every circumstance mentioned in the following ballad literally happened. I was in Wiesbaden eight months ago, and was shown the very tree under which the boy was found sleeping with a bunch of flowers in his little hand. A similar occurrence is told by tradition, of Queen Genevova's child being preserved by being suckled by a female deer, when that princess — an early Christian, and now a Saint in the Romish calendar — was chased to the desert by her heathen enemies. The spot assigned to the traditionary event is not a hundred miles from Wiesbaden, where a chapel still stands to her memory.

I could not ascertain whether the Hind that watched my hero "Wilhelm" suckled him or not; but it was generally believed that she had no milk to give him, and that the boy must have been for two days and a half entirely without food, unless it might be grass or leaves. If this was the case, the circumstance of the Wiesbaden deer watching the child was a still more wonderful token of instinctive fondness than that of the deer in the Genevova tradition, who was naturally anxious to be relieved of her milk.

COME, maids and matrons, to caress
 Wiesbaden's gentle hind;
 And, smiling, deck its glossy neck
 With forest flowers entwined.

Your forest flowers are fair to show,
 And landscapes to enjoy;
 But fairer is your friendly doe
 That watched the sleeping boy.

'T was after church — on Ascension day —
When organs ceased to sound,
Wiesbaden's people crowded gay
The deer-park's pleasant ground.

There, where Elysian meadows smile,
And noble trees upshoot,
The wild thyme and the camomile
Smell sweetly at their root;

The aspen quivers nervously,
The oak stands stilly bold —
And climbing bindweed hangs on high
His bells of beaten gold.

Nor stops the eye till mountains shine
That bound a spacious view,
Beyond the lordly, lovely Rhine,
In visionary blue.

There, monuments of ages dark
Awaken thoughts sublime;
Till, swifter than the steaming bark,
We mount the stream of time.

The ivy there old castles shades
That speak traditions high
Of minstrels — tournaments — crusades,
And mail-clad chivalry.

Here came a twelve years' married pair —
And with them wandered free
Seven sons and daughters, blooming fair,
A gladsome sight to see.

Their Wilhelm, little innocent,
The youngest of the seven,
Was beautiful as painters paint
The cherubim of Heaven.

By turns, he gave his hand, so dear,
To parent, sister, brother;
And each, that he was safe and near,
Confided in the other.

But Wilhelm loved the field-flowers bright,
With love beyond all measure;
And culled them with as keen delight
As misers gather treasure.

Unnoticed, he contrived to glide
Adown a greenwood alley,
By lilies lured, that grew beside
A streamlet in the valley;

And there, where under beech and birch
The rivulet meandered,
He strayed, till neither shout nor search
Could track where he had wandered.

Still louder, with increasing dread,
They called his darling name;
But 't was like speaking to the dead —
An echo only came.

Hours passed till evening's beetle roams,
And blackbird's songs begin;
Then all went back to happy homes.
Save Wilhelm's kith and kin.

The night came on — all others slept
Their cares away till morn ;
But, sleepless, all night watched and wept
That family forlorn.

Betimes the town-crier had been sent
With loud bell up and down ;
And told the afflicting accident
Throughout Wiesbaden's town :

The father, too, ere morning smiled,
Had all his wealth uncoffered ;
And to the wight would bring his child
A thousand crowns had offered.

Dear friends, who would have blushed to take
That guerdon from his hand,
Soon joined in groups — for pity's sake,
The child-exploring band.

The news reached Nassau's Duke : ere earth
Was gladdened by the lark,
He sent a hundred soldiers forth
To ransack all his park.

Their side-arms glittered through the wood,
With bugle-horns to sound ;
Would that on errand half so good
The soldier oft were found !

But though they roused up beast and bird
From many a nest and den,
No signal of success was heard
From all the hundred men.

A second morning's light expands,
Unfound the infant fair ;
And Wilhelm's household wring their hands,
Abandoned to despair.

But, haply, a poor artisan
Searched ceaselessly, till he
Found safe asleep the little one,
Beneath a beechen tree.

His hand still grasped a bunch of flowers ;
And (true, though wondrous) near,
To sentry his reposing hours,
There stood a female deer —

Who dipped her horns at all that passed *
The spot where Wilhelm lay ;
Till force was had to hold her fast,
And bear the boy away.

Hail, sacred love of childhood — hail !
How sweet it is to trace
Thine instinct in Creation's scale,
Even 'neath the human race !

To this poor wanderer of the wild
Speech, reason, were unknown —
And yet she watched a sleeping child
As if it were her own ;

And thou, Wiesbaden's artisan,
Restorer of the boy,

*The female deer has no such antlers as the male, and sometimes no horns at all; but I have observed many with short ones suckling their fawns.

Was ever welcomed mortal man
With such a burst of joy ?

The father's ecstasy — the mother's
Hysteric bosom's swell ;
The sisters' sobs — the shout of brothers,
I have not power to tell.

The working man, with shoulders broad,
Took blithely to his wife
The thousand crowns ; a pleasant load,
That made him rich for life.

And Nassau's Duke the favorite took
Into his deer-park's centre,
To share a field with other pets,
Where deer-slayer cannot enter.

There, whilst thou cropp'st thy flowery food,
Each hand shall pat thee kind ;
And man shall never spill thy blood —
Wiesbaden's gentle hind !

THE JILTED NYMPH.

A SONG,

[To the Scotch tune of "Woo'd and married and a'."]

I'm jilted, forsaken, outwitted ;
Yet think not I'll whimper or brawl —
The lass is alone to be pitied
Who ne'er has been courted at all :

Never, by great or small,
Woody or jilted at all ;
O, how unhappy's the lass
Who has never been courted at all !

My brother called out the dear faithless,
In fits I was ready to fall,
Till I found a policeman who, scatheless,
Swore them both to the peace at Guildhall ;
Seized them, seconds and all —
Pistols, powder and ball ;
I wished him to die my devoted,
But not in a duel to sprawl.

What though at my heart he has tilted,
What though I have met with a fall ?
Better be courted and jilted,
Than never be courted at all.
Woody and jilted and all,
Still I will dance at the ball ;
And waltz and quadrille
With light heart and heel,
With proper young men, and tall.

But lately I've met with a suitor,
Whose heart I have gotten in thrall,
And I hope soon to tell you in future
That I'm woody and married and all :
Woody and married and all,
What greater bliss can befall ?
And you all shall partake of my bridal cake,
When I'm woody and married and all.

ON GETTING HOME THE PORTRAIT OF A FEMALE
CHILD, SIX YEARS OLD.

PAINTED BY EUGENIO LATILLA.

TYPE of the Cherubim above,
Come, live with me, and be my love!
Smile from my wall, dear roguish sprite,
By sunshine and by candle-light;
For both look sweetly on thy traits:
Or, were the Lady Moon to gaze,
She 'd welcome thee with lustre bland,
Like some young fay from Fairyland.
Cast in simplicity's own mould,
How canst thou be so manifold
In sportively distracting charms?
Thy lips — thine eyes — thy little arms
That wrap thy shoulders and thy head,
In homeliest shawl of netted thread,
Brown woollen net-work; yet it seeks
Accordance with thy lovely cheeks,
And more becomes thy beauty's bloom
Than any shawl from Cashmere's loom.
Thou hast not, to adorn thee, girl,
Flower, link of gold, or gem or pearl —
I would not let a ruby speck
The peeping whiteness of thy neck:
Thou need'st no casket, witching elf,
No gaud — thy toilet is thyself;
Not even a rose-bud from the bower,
Thyself a magnet — gem and flower.
My arch and playful little creature,
Thou hast a mind in every feature;

Thy brow, with its disparted locks,
Speaks language that translation mocks;
Thy lucid eyes so beam with soul,
They on the canvas seem to roll —
Instructing both my head and heart
To idolize the painter's art.
He marshals minds to Beauty's feast —
He is Humanity's high priest,
Who proves, by heavenly forms on earth,
How much this world of ours is worth.
Inspire me, child, with visions fair!
For children, in Creation, are
The only things that could be given.
Back, and alive — unchanged — to Heaven.

THE PARROT.

A DOMESTIC ANECDOTE.

The following incident, so strongly illustrating the power of memory and association in the lower animals, is not a fiction. I heard it many years ago in the Island of Mull, from the family to whom the bird belonged.

THE deep affections of the breast,
That Heaven to living things imparts,
Are not exclusively possessed
By human hearts.

A parrot, from the Spanish Main,
Full young, and early caged, came o'er,
With bright wings, to the bleak domain
Of Mulla's shore.

To spicy groves where he had won
His plumage of resplendent hue,
His native fruits, and skies, and sun,
He bade adieu.

For these he changed the smoke of turf,
A heathery land and misty sky,
And turned on rocks and raging surf
His golden eye.

But, petted, in our climate cold
He lived and chattered many a day :
Until with age, from green and gold
His wings grew gray.

At last, when, blind and seeming dumb,
He scolded, laughed, and spoke no more,
A Spanish stranger chanced to come
To Mulla's shore ;

He hailed the bird in Spanish speech,
The bird in Spanish speech replied,
Flapped round his cage with joyous screech,
Dropt down, and died.

SONG OF THE COLONISTS DEPARTING FOR
NEW ZEALAND.

STEER, helmsman, till you steer our way
By stars beyond the line ;
We go to found a realm, one day
Like England's self to shine.

CHORUS.

Cheer up — cheer up — our course we'll keep,
With dauntless heart and hand ;
And when we've ploughed the stormy deep,
We'll plough a smiling land : —

A land where beauties importune
The Briton to its bowers,
To sow but plenteous seeds, and prune
Luxuriant fruits and flowers.

Chorus.— Cheer up — cheer up, &c.

There, tracts uncheered by human words,
Seclusion's wildest holds,
Shall hear the lowing of our herds,
And tinkling of our folds.

Chorus.— Cheer up — cheer up, &c.

Like rubies set in gold, shall blush
Our vineyards girt with corn ;
And wine, and oil, and gladness gush
From Amalthea's horn.

Chorus.— Cheer up — cheer up, &c.

Britannia's pride is in our hearts,
Her blood is in our veins —
We'll girdle earth with British arts,
Like Ariel's magic chains.

CHORUS.

Cheer up — cheer up — our course we'll keep,
With dauntless heart and hand ;
And when we've ploughed the stormy deep,
We'll plough the smiling land.

MOONLIGHT.

THE kiss that would make a maid's cheek flush,
Wroth, as if kissing were a sin
Amidst the Argus eyes and din
And tell-tale glare of noon,
Brings but a murmur and a blush,
Beneath the modest moon.

Ye days, gone — never to come back,
When love returned entranced me so,
That still its pictures move and glow
In the dark chamber of my heart;
Leave not my memory's future track —
I will not let you part.

'T was moonlight, when my earliest love
First on my bosom dropt her head;
A moment then concentrated
The bliss of years, as if the spheres
Their course had faster driven,
And carried, Enoch-like above,
A living man to Heaven.

'T is by the rolling moon we measure
The date between our nuptial night
And that blest hour which brings to light
The pledge of faith — the fruit of bliss;
When we impress upon the treasure
A father's earliest kiss.

The Moon 's the Earth's enamored bride;
True to him in her very changes,
To other stars she never ranges :

Though, crossed by him, sometimes she dips
 Her light, in short offended pride,
 And faints to an eclipse.

The fairies revel by her sheen ;
 'T is only when the Moon 's above
 The fire-fly kindles into love,
 And flashes light to show it :
 The nightingale salutes her Queen
 Of Heaven, her heavenly poet.

Then ye that love — by moonlight gloom
 Meet at my grave, and plight regard.
 O ! could I be the Orphéan bard
 Of whom it is reported,
 That nightingales sung o'er his tomb,
 Whilst lovers came and courted.

SONG ON OUR QUEEN.

SET TO MUSIC BY CHARLES NEATE, ESQ.

VICTORIA'S sceptre o'er the deep
 Has touched, and broken slavery's chain :
 Yet, strange magician ! she enslaves
 Our hearts within her own domain.

Her spirit is devout, and burns
 With thoughts averse to bigotry ;
 Yet she herself, the idol, turns
 Our thoughts into idolatry.

CORA LINN, OR THE FALLS OF THE CLYDE.

WRITTEN ON REVISITING IT IN 1837.

THE time I saw thee, Cora, last,
'T was with congenial friends ;
And calmer hours of pleasure past —
My memory seldom sends.

It was as sweet an Autumn day
As ever shone on Clyde,
And Lanark's orchards all the way
Put forth their golden pride ;

Even hedges, busked in bravery,
Looked rich that sunny morn ;
The scarlet hip and blackberry
So pranked September's thorn.

In Cora's glen the calm how deep !
That trees on loftiest hill
Like statues stood, or things asleep,
All motionless and still.

The torrent spoke, as if his noise
Bade earth be quiet round,
And give his loud and lonely voice
A more commanding sound.

His foam, beneath the yellow light
Of noon, came down like one
Continuous sheet of jaspers bright,
Broad rolling by the sun.

Dear Linn ! let loftier falling floods
Have prouder names than thine ;
And king of all, enthroned in woods,
Let Niagára shine.

Barbarian, let him shake his coasts
With reeking thunders far,
Extended like the array of hosts
In broad, embattled war !

His voice appals the wilderness :
Approaching thine, we feel
A solemn, deep melodiousness,
That needs no louder peal.

More fury would but disenchant
Thy dream-inspiring din ;
Be thou the Scottish Muse's haunt,
Romantic Cora Linn !

CHAUCER AND WINDSOR.

LONG shalt thou flourish, Windsor ! bodying forth
Chivalric times, and long shall live around
Thy Castle the old oaks of British birth,
Whose gnarled roots, tenacious and profound,
As with a lion's talons grasp the ground.
But should thy towers in ivied ruin rot,
There's one, thine inmate once, whose strain renowned
Would interdict thy name to be forgot ;
For Chaucer loved thy bowers and trode this very spot.

Chaucer ! our Helicon's first fountain-stream,
 Our morning star of song — that led the way
 To welcome the long-after coming beam
 Of Spenser's light and Shakspeare's perfect day.
 Old England's fathers live in Chaucer's lay,
 As if they ne'er had died. He grouped and drew
 Their likeness with a spirit of life so gay,
 That still they live and breathe in Fancy's view,
 Fresh beings fraught with Truth's imperishable hue.

LINES

SUGGESTED BY THE STATUE OF ARNOLD VON WINKELRIED,*
 STANZ-UNDERWALDEN.

INSPIRING and romantic Switzers' land,
 Though marked with majesty by Nature's hand,
 What charm ennobles most thy landscape's face ? —
 The heroic memory of thy native race,
 Who forced tyrannic hosts to bleed or flee,
 And made their rocks the ramparts of the free ;
 Their fastnesses rolled back the invading tide
 Of conquest, and their mountains taught them pride.
 Hence they have patriot names — in Fancy's eye,
 Bright as their glaciers glittering in the sky ;
 Patriots who make the pageantries of kings
 Like shadows seem and unsubstantial things.
 Their guiltless glory mocks oblivion's rust,
 Imperishable, for their cause was just.

* For an account of this patriotic Swiss, and his heroic death at the battle of Sempach, see Dr. Beattie's "Switzerland Illustrated," vol. ii. pp. 111—115. See also note at the end of this volume.

Heroes of old ! to whom the Nine have strung
Their lyres, and spirit-stirring anthems sung ;
Heroes of chivalry ! whose banners grace
The aisles of many a consecrated place,
Confess how few of you can match in fame
The martyr Winkelried's immortal name !

TO THE UNITED STATES OF NORTH AMERICA.

UNITED STATES, your banner wears
Two emblems — one of fame ;
Alas ! the other that it bears
Reminds us of your shame.

Your standard's constellation types
White freedom by its stars ;
But what's the meaning of the stripes ? —
They mean your negroes' scars.

LINES ON MY NEW CHILD-SWEETHEART.

I HOLD it a religious duty
To love and worship children's beauty ;
They've least the taint of earthly clod,
They're freshest from the hand of God ;
With heavenly looks they make us sure
The heaven that made them must be pure.
We love them not in earthly fashion,
But with a beatific passion.

I chanced to, yesterday, behold
A maiden child of beauty's mould;
'T was near, more sacred was the scene,
The palace of our patriot Queen.
The little charmer to my view
Was sculpture brought to life anew.
Her eyes had a poetic glow,
Her pouting mouth was Cupid's bow:
And through her frock I could descry
Her neck and shoulders' symmetry.
'T was obvious from her walk and gait
Her limbs were beautifully straight;
I stopped the enchantress, and was told,
Though tall, she was but four years old.
Her guide so grave an aspect wore
I could not ask a question more;
But followed her. The little one
Threw backward ever and anon
Her lovely neck, as if to say,
"I know you love me, Mister Grey;"
For by its instinct childhood's eye
Is shrewd in physiognomy;
They well distinguish fawning art
From sterling fondness of the heart
And so she flirted, like a true
Good woman, till we bade adieu.
'T was then I with regret grew wild,
O, beauteous, interesting child!
Why asked I not thy home and name?
My courage failed me — more 's the shame.

But where abides this jewel rare?
O, ye that own her, tell me where!
For sad it makes my hear and sore
To think I ne'er may meet her more.

THE LAUNCH OF A FIRST-RATE.

WRITTEN ON WITNESSING THE SPECTACLE.

ENGLAND hails thee with emotion,
 Mightiest child of naval art,
Heaven resounds thy welcome! Ocean
 Takes thee smiling to his heart.

Giant oaks of bold expansion
 O'er seven hundred acres fell,
All to build thy noble mansion,
 Where our hearts of oak shall dwell.

'Midst those trees the wild deer bounded,
 Ages long ere we were born,
And our great-grandfathers sounded
 Many a jovial hunting-horn.

Oaks that living did inherit
 Grandeur from our earth and sky,
Still robust, the native spirit
 In your timbers shall not die.

Ship to shine in martial story,
 Thou shalt cleave the ocean's path
Freighted with Britannia's glory
 And the thunders of her wrath.

Foes shall crowd their sails and fly thee,
 Threatening havoc to their deck,
 When afar they first descry thee,
 Like the coming whirlwind's speck.

Gallant bark ! thy pomp and beauty
 Storm or battle ne'er shall blast,
 Whilst our tars in pride and duty
 Nail thy colors to the mast.

EPISTLE FROM ALGIERS,

TO HORACE SMITH.

DEAR Horace ! be melted to tears,
 For I'm melting with heat as I rhyme ;
 Though the name of the place is All-jeers,
 'T is no joke to fall in with its clime.

With a shaver* from France who came o'er,
 To an African inn I ascend ;
 I am cast on a barbarous shore,
 Where a barber alone is my friend.

Do you ask me the sights and the news
 Of this wonderful city to sing ?
 Alas ! my hotel has its mews,
 But no muse of the Helicon's spring.

* On board the vessel from Marseilles to Algiers I met with a fellow-passenger whom I supposed to be a physician from his dress and manners, and the attentions which he paid me to alleviate the sufferings of my sea-sickness. He turned out to be a perruquier and barber in Algeria ; but his vocation did not lower him in my estimation—for he continued his attentions until he passed my baggage through the customs, and helped me, when half dead with exhaustion, to the best hotel.

My windows afford me the sight
Of a people all diverse in hue ;
They are black, yellow, olive, and white,
Whilst I in my sorrow look blue.

Here are groups for the painter to take,
Whose figures jocosely combine,—
The Arab disguised in his haik,
And the Frenchman disguised in his wine.

In his breeches of petticoat size
You may say, as the Mussulman goes,
That his garb is a fair compromise
'Twixt a kilt and a pair of small-clothes.

The Mooredresses, shrouded in white,
Save two holes for their eyes to give room,
Seem like corpses in sport or in spite
That have slyly whipped out of their tomb.

The old Jewish dames make me sick :
If I were the devil—I declare
Such hags should not mount a broom-stick
In my service to ride through the air.

But hipped and undined as I am,
My hippogriff's course I must rein —
For the pain of my thirst is no sham,
Though I'm bawling aloud for champagne.

Dinner's brought ; but their wines have no pith —
They are flat as the statutes at law ;
And for all that they bring me, dear Smith !
Would a glass of brown stout they could draw !

O'er each French trashy dish as I bend,
My heart feels a patriot's grief!
And the round tears, O England! descend
When I think on a round of thy beef.

Yes, my soul sentimentally craves
British beer.—Hail, Britannia, hail!
To thy flag on the foam of the waves,
And the foam on thy flagons of ale.

Yet I own, in this hour of my drought,
A dessert has most welcomely come;
Here are peaches that melt in the mouth,
And grapes blue and big as a plum.

There are melons too, luscious and great,
But the slices I eat shall be few,
For from melons incautiously eat
Melancholic effects may ensue.

Horrid pun! you'll exclaim; but be calm,
Though my letter bears date, as you view,
From the land of the date-bearing palm,
I will palm no more puns upon you.

TO A YOUNG LADY,

WHO ASKED ME TO WRITE SOMETHING ORIGINAL FOR HER ALBUM.

AN original something, fair maid, you would win me
To write — but how shall I begin?
For I fear I have nothing original in me —
Excepting Original Sin.

FRAGMENT OF AN ORATORIO,

FROM THE BOOK OF JOB.

Having met my illustrious friend, the composer Neukomm, at Algiers, several years ago, I commenced this intended Oratorio at his desire ; but he left the place before I proceeded further in the poem, and it has been thus left unfinished.

CRUSHED by misfortune's yoke,
Job lamentably spoke —

“ My boundless curse be on
The day that I was born ;
Quenched be the star that shone
Upon my natal morn !
In the grave I long
To shroud my breast ;
Where the wicked cease to wrong,
And the weary are at rest.”

Then Eliphaz rebuked his wild despair :

“ What Heaven ordains 't is meet that man should bear.

Lately, at midnight drear,
A vision shook my bones with fear ;
A spirit passed before my face,
And yet its form I could not trace ;
It stopped — it stood — it chilled my blood,
The hair upon my flesh uprose
With freezing dread !

Deep silence reigned, and, at its close,
I heard a voice that said —

‘ Shall mortal man be more pure and just
Than God, who made him from the dust ?
Hast thou not learnt, of old, how fleet
Is the triumph of the hypocrite ;

How soon the wreath of joy grows wan
On the brow of the ungodly man ?
By the fire of his conscience he perisheth
In an unblown flame :
The Earth demands his death,
And the Heavens reveal his shame.'''

JOB.

Is this your consolation ?
Is it thus that ye condole
With the depth of my desolation,
And the anguish of my soul ?
But I will not cease to wail
The bitterness of my bale.—
Man that is born of woman,
Short and evil is his hour ;
He fleeth like a shadow,
He fadeth like a flower.
My days are passed — my hope and trust
Is but to moulder in the dust.

CHORUS.

Bow, mortal, bow, before thy God,
Nor murmur at his chastening rod ;
Fragile being of earthly clay,
Think on God's eternal sway !
Hark ! from the whirlwind forth
Thy Maker speaks — " Thou child of earth,
Where wert thou when I laid
Creation's corner-stone ?
When the sons of God rejoicing made,
And the morning stars together sang and shone ?

Hadst thou power to bid above
Heaven's constellations glow ;
Or shape the forms that live and move
On Nature's face below ?
Hast thou given the horse his strength and pride ?
He paws the valley, with nostril wide
He smells far off the battle ;
He neighs at the trumpet's sound —
And his speed devours the ground,
As he sweeps to where the quivers rattle,
And the spear and shield shine bright,
'Midst the shouting of the captains
And the thunder of the fight.

TO MY NIECE, MARY CAMPBELL.

OUR friendship's not a stream to dry,
Or stop with angry jar ;
A life-long planet in our sky —
No meteor-shooting star.

Thy playfulness and pleasant ways
Shall cheer my wintry track,
And give my old declining days
A second summer back.

Proud honesty protects our lot,
No dun infests our bowers ;
Wealth's golden lamps illumine not
Brows more content than ours.

To think, too, thy remembrance fond
 May love me after death,
 Gives fancied happiness beyond
 My lease of living breath.

Meanwhile thine intellects presage
 A life-time rich in truth,
 And make me feel the advance of age
 Retarded by thy youth !

Good-night ! propitious dreams betide
 Thy sleep — awaken gay,
 And we will make to-morrow glide
 As cheerful as to-day !



FUGITIVE POEMS,

NOT INCLUDED IN THE AUTHOR'S EDITIONS.

REVIEWS

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FUGITIVE POEMS.

QUEEN OF THE NORTH.

A FRAGMENT.

YET, ere Oblivion shade each fairy scene,
Ere capes and cliffs and waters intervene,
Ere distant walks my pilgrim feet explore,
By Elbe's slow wanderings, and the Danish shore,—
Still to my country turns my partial view,
That seems the dearest at the last adieu !

Ye lawns, and grottos of the clustered plain ;
Ye mountain-walks, Edina's green domain ;
Haunts of my youth, where, oft, by Fancy drawn,
At vermeil eve, still noon, or shady dawn,
My soul, secluded from the deafening throng,
Has wooed the bosom-prompted power of song :
And thou, my loved abode,—romantic ground,
With ancient towers and spiry summits crowned !—
Home of the polished arts and liberal mind,
By truth and taste enlightened and refined !—
Thou scene of Scotland's glory, now decayed,
Where once her Senate and her Sceptre swayed,—

As round thy mouldered monuments of fame
 Tradition points an emblem and a name,
 Lo ! what a group Imagination brings
 Of starred barons, and of thronéd kings !
 Departed days in bright succession start,
 And all the patriot kindles in my heart !

* * * *

Even musing here, beside the Druid-stone,
 Where British Arthur built his airy throne,
 Far as my sight can travel o'er the scene,
 From Lomond's height to Roslin's lovely green,—
 On every moor, wild wood, and mountain-side,
 From Forth's fair windings to the ocean tide,—
 On each, the legendary loves to tell,
 Where chiefs encountered and the mighty fell ;
 Each war-worn turret on the distant shore
 Speaks like a herald of the feats of yore ;
 And though the shades of dark Oblivion frown
 On sacred scenes and deeds of high renown,
 Yet still some oral tale — some chanted rhyme —
 Shall mark the spot, and teach succeeding time
 How oft our fathers — to their country true —
 The glorious sword of Independence drew ;
 How well their plaided clans, in battle tried,
 Impenetrably stood, or greatly died ;
 How long the genius of their rights delayed,
 How sternly guarded, and how late betrayed.
 Fair fields of Roslin — memorable name !
 Attest my words, and speak my country's fame !
 Soft as yon mantling haze of distance broods
 Around thy waterfalls and aged woods,

The south sun checkers all thy birchen glade
 With glimmering lights and deep-retiring shade;
 Fresh coverts of the dale, so dear to tread,
 When morn's wild blackbird carols overhead;
 Or, when the sunflower shuts her bosom fair,
 And scented berries breathe delicious air.
 Dear is thy pastoral haunt to him that woos
 Romantic Nature — Silence — and the Muse!
 But dearer still, when that returning time
 Of fruits and flowers — the year's Elysian prime —
 Invites, one simple festival to crown,
 Young social wanderers from the sultry town!

Ah, me! — no sumptuous revelry to share,
 The cheerful bosom asks, or envies there;
 Nor sighs for gorgeous splendors, such as wait
 On feasts of wealth, and riots of the great.
 Far sweeter scenes, the live-long summer day,
 On these wild walks when loved companions stray,
 But lost in joys of more enchanting flow
 Than tasteless art or luxury bestow.
 Here, in auspicious moments, to impart
 The first fond breathings of a proffered heart,
 Shall favored Love repair, and smiling Youth
 To gentle Beauty vow the vows of truth.

Fair morn ascends, and sunny June has shed
 Ambrosial odors o'er the garden bed;
 And wild bees seek the cherry's sweet perfume,
 Or cluster round the full-blown apple-bloom.

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HYMN.

WHEN Jordan hushed his waters still,
And silence slept on Zion hill,—
When Salem's shepherds, through the night,
Watched o'er their flocks by starry light,—
Hark ! from the midnight hills around,
A voice, of more than mortal sound,
In distant hallelujahs stole,
Wild murmuring, on the raptured soul.
Then swift, to every startled eye,
New streams of glory gild the sky ;
Heaven bursts her azure gates, to pour
Her spirits to the midnight hour.
On wheels of light, and wings of flame,
The glorious hosts to Zion came.
High Heaven with sounds of triumph rung,
And thus they smote their harps and sung :

O Zion ! lift thy raptured eye,
The long-expected hour is nigh —
The joys of Nature rise again —
The Prince of Salem comes to reign !

See, Mercy, from her golden urn,
Pours a glad stream to them that mourn ;
Behold, she binds, with tender care,
The bleeding bosom of despair.—

HE comes — HE cheers the trembling heart —
Night and her spectres pale depart :
Again the day-star gilds the gloom —
Again the bowers of Eden bloom !

O, Zion ! lift thy raptured eye,
The long-expected hour is nigh —
The joys of Nature rise again —
The Prince of Salem comes to reign !

CHORUS FROM THE CHOEPHORE.

WRITTEN 1794.

SENT from the Mourners' solitary dome,
I lead the solemn, long parade of woe ;
To lull the sleepless spirit of the tomb,
And hail the mighty Dead, that rest below.

Hail, sacred Dead ! a maiden weeps for you ;
For you I wake the madness of despair !
The deep-struck wounds of woe my cheeks bedew ;
I feed my bosom with eternal care.

Lo ! where the robes, that once my bosom bound,
Rent by despair, fly waving in the wind ;
The ceaseless strokes of anguish rudely sound,
As sorrow heaves tumultuous in my mind.

Heard ye wild Horror's hair-erecting scream
Reëcho, dismal, from his distant cell ?
Heard ye the Spirit of the mighty dream
Shriek, to the solemn hour, a long-resounding yell ?

The females heard him, in the haunted hall,
As shrill his accents smote the slumbering ear —
Prophetic accents — when the proud must fall —
And wrapt in sounds of agonizing fear.

Lo! Wisdom's lips your nightly dreams divine,
And read the visions of impending woe;
Blood calls for vengeance on a lawless Line;
The murdered spirit shrieks in wrath below.

Vain are the gifts the silent mourners send;
Vain Music's fall, to soothe the sullen Dead;
The dark collected clouds of Death impend;—
Shall Ruin spare thy long-devoted head?

O, sacred dust! O, Spirit, lingering nigh,
I bear the gifts of yonder guilty throne!
My trembling lips the unhallowed strain deny;
Shall mortal man for mortal blood atone?

Mansions of Grief! a long-impending doom
O'erhangs the dark dominions where ye reign;
A sunless horror, of unfathomed gloom,
Shall shroud your glory — for a Master slain.

The sceptred pomp, ungovernably grand,
Untamed in battle, in the fields of yore;
That martial glory, blazoned o'er the land,
Is fallen — nor bids the prostrate world adore!

Yet, sure, to bask in Glory's golden day,
Or on the lap of Pleasure to repose,
Unvexed to roam on Life's bewildered way,
Is more than Earth — is more than Heaven bestows.

For Justice, oft, with ready bent arraigns,
And Guilt hath oft deferred his deadly doom —
Lurked in the twilight's slow suspicious pains,
Or wrapped his deeds in Night's eternal gloom.

ELEGY.

WRITTEN IN MULL.

THE tempest blackens on the dusky moor,
And billows lash the long-resounding shore;
In pensive mood I roam the desert ground,
And vainly sigh for scenes no longer found.
O, whither fled the pleasurable hours
That chased each care, and fired the Muse's powers;
The classic haunts of youth, forever gay,
Where mirth and friendship cheered the close of day;
The well-known valleys, where I wont to roam;
The native sports, the nameless joys of home?

Far different scenes allure my wondering eye:—
The white wave foaming to the distant sky;
The cloudy heavens, unblest by summer's smile;
The sounding storm, that sweeps the rugged isle;
The chill, bleak summit of eternal snow;
The wide, wild glen—the pathless plains below;
The dark blue rocks, in barren grandeur piled;
The cuckoo, sighing to the pensive wild!

Far different these from all that charmed before
The grassy banks of Clutha's winding shore;
Her sloping vales, with waving forests lined,
Her smooth, blue lakes, unruffled by the wind.

Hail, happy Clutha! glad shall I survey
Thy gilded turrets from the distant way!
Thy sight shall cheer the weary traveller's toil,
And joy shall hail me to my native soil.

ON THE GLASGOW VOLUNTEERS.

HARK — hark ! the fife's shrill notes arise !
And ardor beats the martial drum ;
And broad the silken banner flies,
Where Clutha's native squadrons come !

Where spreads the green extended plain,
By music's solemn marches trod,
Thick-glancing bayonets mark the train
That beat the meadow's grassy sod.

These are no hireling sons of war !
No jealous tyrant's grimly band,
The wish of freedom to debar,
Or scourge a despot's injured land !

Naught but the patriotic view
Of free-born valor ever fired,
To baffle Gallia's boastful crew,
The soul of northern breast inspired.

'T was thus, on Tiber's sunny banks,
What time the Volscian ravaged nigh,
To mark afar her glittering ranks,
Rome's towering eagle shone on high.

There, toil athletic on the field
In mock array portrayed alarm,
And taught the massy sword to wield,
And braced the nerve of Roman arm.

ON A RURAL BEAUTY IN MULL.

THE wandering swain, with fond delight,
 Would view the daisy smile
 On Pambemara's desert height,
 Or Lomond's heathy pile.

So, fixed in rapture and surprise,
 I gazed across the plain,
 When young Maria met my eyes
 Amid the reaper-train.

Methought, shall beauty such as this,
 Meek, modest and refined,
 On Thule's shore be doomed to bless
 The shepherd or the hind?

From yon bleak mountain's barren side
 That gentle form convey,
 And in Golconda's sparkling pride
 The shepherdess array.

In studious Fashion's proudest cost
 Let artful Beauty shine;
 The pride of art could never boast
 A fairer form than thine.

Yet, simple beauty, never sigh
 To share a prouder lot;
 Nor, caught by grandeur, seek to fly
 The solitary cot!*

* * * * *

* The concluding stanza is illegible in the manuscript.

VERSES ON THE QUEEN OF FRANCE.

BEHOLD ! where Gallia's captive Queen,
With steady eye, and look serene,
In life's last awful — awful scene,
Slow leaves her sad captivity !

Hark ! the shrill horn, that rends the sky,
Bespeaks the ready murder nigh ;
The long parade of death I spy,
And leave my lone captivity !

Farewell, ye mansions of despair !
Scenes of my sad sequestered care ;
The balm of bleeding woe is near,—
Adieu, my lone captivity !

To purer mansions in the sky
Fair Hope directs my grief-worn eye ;
Where Sorrow's child no more shall sigh,
Amid her lone captivity !

Adieu, ye babes, whose infant bloom,
Beneath Oppression's lawless doom,
Pines in the solitary gloom
Of undeserved captivity !

O, Power benign, that rul'st on high !
Cast down, cast down a pitying eye !
Shed consolation from the sky,
To soothe their sad captivity !

Now, virtue's sure reward to prove,
I seek emp'réal realms above,
To meet my long-departed love,—
Adieu, my lone captivity !

CHORUS FROM THE TRAGEDY OF JEPHTHES.

GLASSY Jordan, smooth meandering
Jacob's flowery meads between;
Lo! thy waters gently wandering
Lave the valleys rich and green!
When the winter, keenly showering,
Strips fair Salem's shade,
There thy current, broader pouring,
Lingers in the leafless glade.
When, O when, shall light, returning,
Chase the melancholy gloom,
And the golden star of morning
Yonder sable vault illumine?
When shall Freedom, holy charmer,
Cheer my long-benighted soul?
When shall Israel, fierce in armor,
Burst the tyrant's base control?
Ye that boldly bade defiance,
Proud in arms, to Pharaoh's throne,
Can ye now, in tame compliance,
In a baser bondage groan?
Gallant Nation! naught appalled you,
Bold, in Heaven's propitious hour,
When the voice of Freedom called you
From a tyrant's haughty power.
When their chariots, clad in thunder,
Swept the ground in long array;
When the ocean, burst asunder,
Hovered o'er your sandy way.
Gallant race! that, ceaseless toiling,
Trod Arabia's pathless wild;

Plains in verdure never smiling,
 Rocks in barren grandeur piled,—
 Whither fled, O altered Nation !
 Whither fled that generous soul ?
 Dead to Freedom's inspiration,
 Slaves of Ammon's base control !
 God of Heaven ! whose voice, commanding,
 Bids the whirlwind scour the deep,
 Or the waters, smooth expanding,
 Robed in glassy radiance sleep,—
 God of Love ! in mercy bending,
 Hear thy woe-worn captives' prayer !
 From thy throne, in peace descending,
 Soothe their sorrows, calm their care !
 Though thy mercy, long departed,
 Spurn thy once-loved people's cry,
 Say, shall Ammon, iron-hearted,
 Triumph with impunity ?
 If the sword of desolation
 Must our sacred camp appal,
 And thy chosen generation
 Prostrate in the battle fall —
 Grasp, O God ! thy flaming thunder ;
 Launch thy stormy wrath around !
 Cleave their battlements asunder,
 Shake their cities to the ground !
 Hast thou dared, in mad resistance,
 Tyrant, to contend with God ?
 Shall not Heaven's supreme assistance
 Snatch us from thy mortal rod ?
 Wretch accursed ! thy fleeting gladness
 Leaves Contrition's serpent sting ;

Short-lived pleasure yields to sadness,
Hasty fate is on the wing !
Mark the battle, mark the ruin ;
Havoc loads the groaning plain ;
Ruthless vengeance, keen pursuing,
Grasps thee in her iron chain !

THE DIRGE OF WALLACE.

WHEN Scotland's great Regent, our warrior most dear,
The debt of his nature did pay,
'T was Edward, the cruel, had reason to fear,
And cause to be struck with dismay.

At the window of Edward the raven did croak,
Though Scotland a widow became ;
Each tie of true honor to Wallace he broke—
The raven croaked " Sorrow and shame ! "

At Elderslie Castle no raven was heard,
But the soothings of honor and truth ;
His spirit inspired the soul of the bard
To comfort the Love of his youth !

They lighted the tapers at dead of night,
And chanted their holiest hymn ;
But her brow and her bosom were damp with affright,
Her eye was all sleepless and dim !

And the lady of Elderslie wept for her lord,
When a death-watch beat in her lonely room,

When her curtain had shook of its own accord,
And the raven had flapped at her window board,
To tell of her warrior's doom.

Now sing ye the death-song, and loudly pray
For the soul of my knight so dear !
And call me a widow, this wretched day,
Since the warning of GOD is here.

For a nightmare rests on my strangled sleep ;
The lord of my bosom is doomed to die !
His valorous heart they have wounded deep,
And the blood-red tears shall his country weep
For Wallace of Elderslie.

Yet knew not his country, that ominous hour,
Ere the loud matin-bell was rung,
That the trumpet of death, on an English tower,
Had the dirge of her champion sung.

When his dungeon-light looked dim and red
On the high-born blood of a martyr slain,
No anthem was sung at *his* lowly death-bed —
No weeping was there when his bosom bled,
And his heart was rent in twain.

When he strode o'er the wreck of each well-fought field,
With the yellow-haired chiefs of his native land ;
For his lance was not shivered on helmet or shield,
And the sword that was fit for archangel to wield
Was light in his terrible hand.

Yet, bleeding and bound, though "the Wallace-wight"
For his long-loved country die,
The bugle ne'er sung to a braver knight
Than William of Elderslie !

But the day of his triumphs shall never depart;
His head, unentombed, shall with glory be palmed;
From its blood-streaming altar his spirit shall start;
Though the raven has fed on his mouldering heart,
A nobler was never embalmed !

EPISTLE TO THREE LADIES.

WRITTEN ON THE BANKS OF THE CART.

HEALTH and Content forevermore abide
The sister Friends that dwell on Cartha's side !
Pleased may ye pass your rural life, and find
In every guest a pure, congenial mind !
Blessed be your sheltered cot, and sweet the walk
Where Mira, Helen and Eugenia, talk !
Where, wandering slow the pendent woods between,
Ye pass no song unheard, no flower unseen ;
With kindly voice the little warbler tame,
And call familiar " Robin " by his name ;
The favorite bird comes fluttering at command,
Nor fears unkindness from a gentle hand.

I bless your sheltered vale and rural cot !—
Yet why my blessing ? — for ye need it not ;
The charm of life forevermore endures,
Congenial Sisters, in a home like yours !
Whatever sweets descend from heaven to cheer
The changeful aspect of the circling year,—
Whatever charms the enthusiast can peruse
In Nature's face, in music, and the Muse,—

'Tis yours to taste, exalted and refined,
Beyond the pleasures of a vulgar mind.

When dew-drops glitter in the morning ray,
By Cartha's side, a smiling group, ye stray;
Or round the tufted hill delight to roam
Where the pure torrent falls in showery foam;
Or climb the castled cliff, and pause to view
Spires, villas, plains, and mountains dimly blue;
Then, down the steep, a wood-grown path explore,
And, wandering home by Elspa's cottage-door,
To greet the rustic pair a while delay,
And ask for their poor boy, in India — far away!

Congenial Sisters! when the vesper-bell
Tolls from yon village, through your echoing dell,
Around your parlor-fire your group convenes,
To talk of friends beloved, and former scenes.
Remembrance pours her visions on the sight,
Sweet as the silver moon's reflected light;
And Fancy colors, with her brightest dye,
The musing mood of pensive ecstasy.

Perhaps ye hear in heavenly measure play
The pipe of Shenstone, or the lyre of Gray;
With Eloise deplore the lover's doom;
With Ossian weep at Agandecca's tomb;
Or list the lays of Burns, untimely starred!
Or weep for "Auburn" with the sweetest bard.

Friends of according hearts! to you belong
The soul of feeling — fit to judge of song!
Unlike the clay-cold pedantry, that draws
The length and breadth for censure and applause.

Shame to the dull-browed arrogance of schools! —
Shall apish Art to Nature dictate rules?
Shall critic hands to Pathos set the seal,
Or tell the heart to feel — or not to feel?
No! — let the verse a host of these defy
That draws the tear from one impassioned eye.

Congenial Friends! your Cartha's woody side
How simply sweet, beyond the city's pride!
Who would forsake your green retreat to share
The noise of life — the fashion and the glare!
To herd with souls by no fine feeling moved;
To speak, and live, unloving — unbeloved!
In noisy crowds the languid heart to drown,
And barter Peace and Nature for a town!

O, Nature — Nature! thine the vivid charm
To raise the true-toned spirit, and to warm!
Thy face, still changing with the changeful clime, —
Mild or romantic, beauteous or sublime, —
Can win the raptured taste to every scene —
Kilda's wild shore, or Roslin's lovely green.

Yes — I have found thy power pervade my mind,
When every other charm was left behind;
When doomed a listless, friendless guest to roam,
Far from the sports and nameless joys of home!
Yet, when the evening linnet sang to rest
The day-star wandering to the rosy west,
I loved to trace the wave-worn shore, and view
Romantic Nature in her wildest hue.
There, as I lingered on the vaulted steep,
Iona's towers tolled mournful o'er the deep;

Till all my bosom owned a sacred mood,
And blessed the wild delight of solitude !

Yes — all alone, I loved in days of yore
To climb the steep, and trace the sounding shore ;
But better far my new delight to hail
Nature's mild face in Cartha's lovely vale !
Well pleased, I haste to view each favorite spot,—
The wood, the stream, the castle and the cot,—
And hear sweet Robin in the sheltered walk,
Where Mira, Helen and Eugenia, talk !

DEATH OF MY ONLY SON.

FROM THE DANISH.

CAN mortal solace ever raise
The broken pillar of my days,
Or Fate restore a form so dear
As that which lies unconscious here ?
Ah no, my Darco ! latest given,
And last reclaim'd gift of Heaven !
Possessing thee, I still could bless
One lingering beam of happiness !

My loved, my lost, my only care !
I vainly thought with thee to share
Thy heart's discourse, so gently kind,
And mould to worth thy pliant mind ;
Nor, warned of all my future woe,
Presumed on happiness below !
But losing thee, my blooming Boy,
I cannot lose another joy ;

For all that stayed my earthly trust
With thee is buried in the dust !

Nine charming years had fraught with grace
Thy sprightly soul and lovely face,
Where harshness had not planted fear,
Nor sorrow wrung one silent tear ;
But frank and warm my Darco flew,
To share each welcome and adieu,—
Each word, each step, each look to attend —
My child, my pupil, and my friend !

O, when his gayly-smiling talk
Endeared my lonely summer walk,
Or when I sat at day's decline
And clasped his little hand in mine,
How many woes were then forgot !
How blissful seemed his father's lot !
And, breathing love, my bosom said,
Thus, on my dying couch when laid,
Thus shall I bid thee, Darco, stand,
And grasp thee with my failing hand.

Cold, cold, thou pledge of future charms,
As she who gave thee to my arms !
My buried hopes ! your grave is won,
And Mary sleeps beside her son !

Now hush, my heart ! afflicting Heaven,
Thy will be done, thy solace given !
For mortal hand can never raise
The broken pillar of my days,
Nor earth restore a form so dear
As that which lies unconscious here !

LAUDOHN'S ATTACK.

RISE, ye Croates, fierce and strong,
From the front, and march along !
And gather fast, ye gallant men
From Nona and from Warrasden,
Whose sunny mountains nurse a line
Generous as her fiery wine !

Hosts of Buda ! hither bring
The bloody flag and eagle wing :
Ye that drink the rapid stream
Fast by walléd Salankème.
Ranks of Agria ! — head and heel
Sheathed in adamantine steel —
Quit the woodlands and the boar,
Ye hunters wild, on Drava's shore ;
And ye that hew her oaken wood,
Brown with lusty hardihood —
The trumpets sound, the colors fly,
And Laudohn leads to victory !

Hark ! the summons loud and strong,
“ Follow, soldiers ! march along ! ”
Every baron, sword in hand,
Rides before his gallant band !
Grenadiers ! that, fierce and large,
Stamp like dragons to the charge —
Foot and horseman, serf and lord,
Triumph now with one accord.
Years of triumph shall repay
Death and danger's troubled day.

Soon the rapid shot is o'er,
But glory lasts forevermore !
Glory, whose immortal eye
Guides us to the victory !

TO A BEAUTIFUL JEWISH GIRL OF ALTONA.

A FRAGMENT.

O, JUDITH ! had our lot been cast
In that remote and simple time
When, shepherd swains, thy fathers past
From dreary wilds and deserts vast
To Judah's happy clime ;

My song upon the mountain rocks
Had echoed of thy rural charms ;
And I had fed thy father's flocks,
O Judith of the raven locks !
To win thee to my arms.

Our tent, beside the murmur calm
Of Jordan's grassy-vested shore,
Had sought the shadow of the palm,
And blessed with Gilead's holy balm
Our hospitable door !

At falling night, or ruby dawn,
Or yellow moonlight's welcome cool,
With health and gladness we had drawn,
From silver fountains on the lawn,
Our pitcher brimming full.

How sweet to us at sober hours
 The bird of Salem would have sung,
 In orange or in almond bowers,—
 Fresh with the bloom of many flowers,
 Like thee forever young !

But ah, my Love ! thy father's land
 Presents no more a spicy bloom !
 Nor fills with fruit the reaper's hand ;
 But wide its silent wilds expand —
 A desert and a tomb.

Yet, by the good and golden hours
 That dawned those rosy fields among,—
 By Zion's palm-encircled towers,
 By Salem's far forsaken bowers,
 And long-forgotten song —

* * * * *

FAREWELL

TO MY SISTER, ON LEAVING EDINBURGH.

FAREWELL, Edina ! pleasing name,—
 Congenial to my heart !
 A joyous guest to thee I came,
 And mournful I depart.

And fare *thee* well, whose blessings seem
 Heaven's blessing to portend !
 Endeared by nature and esteem —
 My sister and my friend !

EPITAPHS.

I.

In deep submission to the will above,
 Yet with no common cause for human tears,
 This stone to the lost partner of his love,
 And for his children lost, a mourner rears.

One fatal moment, one o'erwhelming doom,
 Tore, threefold, from his heart the ties of earth :
 His Mary, Margaret, in their early bloom,
 And HER who gave them life, and taught them worth.

Farewell, ye broken pillars of my fate !
 My life's companion, and my two first-born !
 Yet while this silent stone I consecrate
 To conjugal, paternal love forlorn,

O, may each passer-by the lesson learn,—
 Which can alone the bleeding heart sustain
 Where Friendship weeps at Virtue's funeral urn,—
 That, to the pure in heart, *To die is gain !*

II.

He pointed out to others, and he trod
 Himself, the path to virtue and to God ;
 The Christian's practice and the preacher's zeal
 His life united : many who have lost
 Their friend, their pastor, mourn for him ; but most
 The hearts that knew him nearest, deepest, feel.
 And yet, lamented spirit ! we should ill
 The sacred precepts of thy life fulfil,

Could we — thy mother and thy widowed wife —
Consign thy much-loved relics to the dust
Unsolaced by this high and holy trust —
There is another and a better life !

III.

Man ! shouldst thou fill the proudest throne,
And have mightiest deeds enacted,
Thither, like steel to the magnet-stone,
Thou goest compelled — attracted !

The grave-stone — the amulet of trouble —
Makes love a phantom seem ;
Calls glory but a bubble,
And life itself a dream.

The grave's a sealéd letter,
That secrets will reveal
Of a next world, — worse or better, —
And the gravestone is the seal !

But the *seal* shall not be broken,
Nor the *letter's* secrets read,
Till the last trump shall have spoken
To the living and the dead !

THE BRITISH GRENADIERS.

UPON the plains of Flanders,
Our fathers, long ago,
They fought like Alexanders
Beneath brave Marlborough !

And still, in fields of conquest,
Our valor bright has shone
With Wolfe and Abercrombie,
And Moore, and Wellington !

Our plumes have waved in combats
That ne'er shall be forgot,
Where many a mighty squadron
Reeled backward from our shot :
In charges with the bayonet
We lead our bold compeers,
But Frenchmen like to stay not
For the British Grenadiers !

Once boldly, at Vimiera,*
They hoped to play their parts,
And sang *sal-lira-lira*,
To cheer their drooping hearts :
But, English, Scots and Paddy Whacks,
We gave three noble cheers,
And the French soon turned their backs
To the British Grenadiers !

At St. Sebastiano's
And Badajos's town,
Where, raging like volcanoes,
The shot and shells came down,
With courage never wincing,
We scaled the ramparts high,
And waved the British ensign
In glorious victory !

* At Vimiera, the French ranks advanced *singing* ; the British only cheered. — T. C.

And what could Bonaparté,
With all his cuirassiers,
At Waterloo, in battle do
With British Grenadiers ? —
Then ever sweet the drum shall beat
That march unto our ears,
Whose martial roll awakes the soul
Of British Grenadiers !

TRAFALGAR.

WHEN Frenchmen saw, with coward art,
The assassin shot of war
That pierced Britain's noblest heart,
And quenched her brightest star,
Their shout was heard, — they triumphed now,
Amidst the battle's roar,
And thought the British oak would bow,
Since Nelson was no more.

But fiercer flamed old England's pride,
And — mark the vengeance due !
“ Down, down, insulting ship,” she cried,
“ To death, with all thy crew !

“ So perish ye for Nelson's blood ! —
If deaths like thine can pay
For blood so brave, or ocean wave
Can wash that crime away !”

LINES WRITTEN IN SICKNESS.

O, DEATH! if there be quiet in thine arms,
 And I must cease — gently, O, gently come
 To me! and let my soul learn no alarms,
 But strike me, ere a shriek can echo, dumb,
 Senseless, and breathless! — And thou, sickly life,
 If the decree be writ that I must die,
 Do thou be guilty of no needless strife,
 Nor pull me downwards to mortality
 When it were fitter I should take a flight ——
 But whither? — Holy Pity! hear, O, hear!
 And lift me to some far-off skyey sphere,
 Where I may wander in celestial light:
 Might it be so — then would my spirit fear
 To quit the things I have so loved when seen, —
 The air, the pleasant sun, the summer green, —
 Knowing how few would shed one kindly tear,
 Or keep in mind that I had ever been?

LINES ON THE STATE OF GREECE,

OCCASIONED BY BEING PRESSED TO MAKE IT A SUBJECT OF POETRY, 1827.

IN Greece's cause the Muse, you deem,
 Ought still to plead, persisting strong;
 But feel you not 't is now a theme
 That wakens thought too deep for song?

 The Christian world has seen you, Greeks,
 Heroic on your ramparts fall;

The world has heard your widows' shrieks,
And seen your orphans dragged in thrall.

Even England brooks that, reeking hot,
The ruffian's sabre drinks your veins,
And leaves your thinning remnant's lot
The bitter choice of death or chains.

O! if we have nor hearts nor swords
To snatch you from the assassins' brand,
Let not our pity's idle words
Insult your pale and prostrate land!

No! be your cause to England now,
That by permitting acts the wrong,
A thought of horror to her brow,
A theme for blushing — not for song!

To see her unavenging ships
Ride fast by Greece's funeral-pile,
'T is worth a curse from Sybil lips!
'T is matter for a demon's smile!

LINES

ON JAMES IV. OF SCOTLAND, WHO FELL AT THE BATTLE OF FLODDEN.

'T WAS he that ruled his country's heart
With more than royal sway;
But Scotland saw her James depart,
And saddened at his stay.
She heard his fate — she wept her grief —
That James her loved, her gallant chief,

Was gone forevermore :
But this she learnt, that, ere he fell
(O men ! O patriots ! mark it well),
His fellow-soldiers round his fall
Enclosed him like a living wall,
Mixing their kindred gore !
Nor was the day of Flodden done
Till they were slaughtered one by one ;
And this may serve to show,
When kings are patriots, none will fly ;—
When such a king was doomed to die,
O, who would death forego ?

TO JEMIMA, ROSE, AND ELEANORE,

THREE CELEBRATED SCOTTISH BEAUTIES.

ADIEU, Romance's heroines !
Give me the nymphs who this good hour
May charm me not in fiction's scenes,
But teach me Beauty's living power ;—
My harp, that has been mute too long,
Shall sleep at Beauty's name no more,
So but your smiles reward my song,
Jemima, Rose, and Eleanore,—

In whose benignant eyes are beaming
The rays of purity and truth ;
Such as we fancy woman's seeming,
In the creation's golden youth ;—

The more I look upon thy grace,
Rosina, I could look the more,
But for Jemima's witching face,
And the sweet voice of Eleanore.

Had I been Lawrence, kings had wanted
Their portraits, till I'd painted yours,
And these had future hearts enchanted
When this poor verse no more endures;
I would have left the congress faces,
A dull-eyed diplomatic corps,
Till I had grouped you as the graces,
Jemima, Rose, and Eleanore !

The Catholic bids fair saints befriend him;
Your poet's heart is catholic too,—
His rosary shall be flowers ye send him,
His saint-days when he visits you.
And my sere laurels, for my duty,
Miraculous at your touch would rise,
Could I give verse one trace of beauty
Like that which glads me from your eyes.

Unsealed by you, these lips have spoken,
Disused to song for many a day;
Ye 've tuned a harp whose strings were broken,
And warmed a heart of callous clay;
So, when my fancy next refuses
To twine for you a garland more,
Come back again and be my Muses,
Jemima, Rose, and Eleanore.

SONG.

'T IS now the hour — 't is now the hour
To bow at Beauty's shrine ;
Now, whilst our hearts confess the power
Of women, wit, and wine ;
And beaming eyes look on so bright,
Wit springs, wine sparkles in their light.

In such an hour — in such an hour,
In such an hour as this,
While Pleasure's fount throws up a shower
Of social sprinkling bliss,
Why does my bosom heave the sigh
That mars delight? — She is not by !

There was an hour — there was an hour
When I indulged the spell
That love wound round me with a power
Words vainly try to tell ;—
Though love has filled my checkered doom
With fruits and thorns, and light and gloom —

Yet there 's an hour — there 's still an hour
Whose coming sunshine may
Clear from the clouds that hang and lower
My fortune's future day :
That hour of hours beloved will be
The hour that gives thee back to me !

LINES TO EDWARD LYTTON BULWER,

ON THE BIRTH OF HIS CHILD.

My heart is with you, Bulwer ! and portrays
 The blessings of your first paternal days.
 To clasp the pledge of purest, holiest faith,
 To taste one's own and love-born infant's breath,
 I know, nor would for worlds forget the bliss.
 I 've felt that to a father's heart that kiss,
 As o'er its little lips you smile and cling,
 Has fragrance which Arabia could not bring.

Such are the joys, ill mocked in ribald song,
 In thought even freshening life our life-time long,
 That give our souls on earth a heaven-drawn bloom ;
 Without them, we are weeds upon a tomb.

Joy be to thee, and her whose lot with thine
 Propitious stars saw truth and passion twine !
 Joy be to her who in your rising name
 Feels Love's bower brightened by the beams of fame !
 I lacked a father's claim to her — but knew
 Regard for her young years so pure and true,
 That, when she at the altar stood your bride,
 A sire could scarce have felt more sire-like pride.

CONTENT.

[*Air* — "The Flower of North Wales."]]

O CHERUB Content ! at thy moss-covered shrine
 I 'd all the gay hopes of my bosom resign ;
 I 'd part with ambition thy votary to be,
 And breathe not a sigh but to Friendship and thee !

But thy presence appears from my wishes to fly,
Like the gold-colored clouds on the verge of the sky;
No lustre that hangs on the green willow-tree
Is so sweet as the smile of thy favor to me.

In the pulse of my heart I have nourished a care
That forbids me thy sweet inspiration to share;
The noon of my life slow departing I see,
But its years as they pass bring no tidings of thee.

O cherub Content ! at thy moss-covered shrine
I would offer my vows, if Matilda were mine;
Could I call her my own, whom enraptured I see,
I would breathe not a sigh but to Friendship and thee !

SPANISH PATRIOTS' SONG.

I.

How rings each sparkling Spanish brand !
There 's music in its rattle,
And gay as for a saraband
We gird us for the battle.
Follow, follow,
To the glorious revelry
Where the sabres bristle,
And the death-shots whistle !

II.

Of rights for which our swords outspring
Shall Angoulême bereave us ?
We 've plucked a bird of nobler wing —
The eagle could not brave us.

Follow, follow,
Shake the Spanish blade, and sing
France shall ne'er enslave us,
Tyrants shall not brave us !

III.

Shall yonder rag, the Bourbon's flag,
White emblem of his liver,
In Spain the proud, be Freedom's shroud ?—
O never, never, never !
Follow, follow,
Follow to the fight, and sing
Liberty for ever,
Ever, ever, ever !

IV.

Thrice welcome hero of the hilt !
We laugh to see his standard ;
Here let his miscreant blood be spilt,
Where braver men's was squandered !
Follow, follow,
If the laurelled tricolor
Durst not overflaunt us,
Shall yon lily daunt us ?

V.

No ! ere they quell our valor's veins,
They 'll upward to their fountains
Turn back the rivers on our plains,
And trample flat our mountains.
Follow, follow,
Shake the Spanish blade, and sing
France shall ne'er enslave us,
Tyrants shall not brave us !

TO A LADY,

ON BEING PRESENTED WITH A SPRIG OF ALEXANDRIAN LAUREL.

THIS classic laurel ! at the sight
 What teeming thoughts suggested rise !
 The patriot's and the poet's right,
 The meed of semi-deities ! —
 Men who to death have tyrants hurled,
 Or bards who may have swayed at will
 And soothed that little troubled world —
 The human heart — with sweeter skill.

Ah ! lady, little it beseems
My brow to wear these sacred leaves !
 Yet, like a treasure found in dreams,
 Thy gift most pleasantly deceives.
 And where is poet on the earth
 Whose self-love could the meed withstand,—
 Even though it far out-stripped his worth,—
 Given by so beautiful a hand ?

TO THE POLISH COUNTESS R—SKI.

I.

THOUGH I honor you at heart
 More than these poor lines can tell;
 Yet I cannot bear to part
 With a common cold "farewell."
 We are strangers, far remote
 In descent, and speech, and clime;
 Yet, when first we met, I thought
 We were friends of ancient time !

II.

O, how long shall I delight
In the memory of that morn
When we climbed the Danube's height,
To the Fountain of the Thorn !
And beheld his waves and islands
All glittering in the sun —
From Vienna's gorgeous towers,
To the mountains of the Hun !

III.

There was gladness in the sky,
There was verdure all around ;
And, where'er it turned, the eye
Looked on rich, historic ground !
Over Aspern's field of glory
Noontide's purple haze was cast ;
And the hills of Turkish story
Teemed with visions of the past !

IV.

But it was not mute creation,
Nor the land's historic pride,
That inspired my heart's emotion,
On that lovely mountain's side ;
But that *you* had deigned to guide me,
And, benignant and serene,
R——ski stood beside me,
Like the Genius of the scene !

FRANCIS HORNER.

YE who have wept, and felt, and summed the whole
Of Virtue's loss in Horner's parted soul,
I speak to you; though words can ill portray
The extinguished light, the blessing swept away—
The soul high-graced to plead, high-skilled to plan,
For human welfare, gone, and lost to man !
This weight of truth subdues my power of song,
And gives a faltering voice to feelings strong !
But I should ill acquit the debt I feel
To private friendship and to public zeal,
Were my heart's-tribute not with theirs to blend
Who loved, most intimate, their country's friend !
Or if the Muse, to whom his living breath
Gave pride and comfort, mourned him not in death !

TO FLORINE.

COULD I bring lost youth back again,
And be what I have been,
I'd court you in a gallant strain,
My young and fair Florine !
But mine's the chilling age that chides
Devoted rapture's glow ;
And Love, that conquers all besides,
Finds Time a conquering foe.
Farewell ! We're severed, by our fate,
As far as night from noon ;
You came into this world so late—
And I depart so soon !

TO AN INFANT.

SWEET bud of life ! thy future doom
Is present to my eyes,
And joyously I see thee bloom
In Fortune's fairest skies.
One day that breast, scarce conscious now,
Shall burn with patriot flame;
And, fraught with love, that little brow
Shall wear the wreath of Fame.
When I am dead, dear boy ! thou 'lt take
These lines to thy regard —
Imprint them on thy heart, and make
A *Prophet* of the Bard !

TO ———.

WHIRLED by the steam's impetuous breath,
I marked yon engine's mighty wheel;
How fast it forged the arms of death,
And moulded adamantine steel !

But soon, that life-like scene to stop,
The steam's impetuous breath to chill,
It needed but one single drop
Of water cold — and all was still !

Even so, one tear by * * shed,
It kills the bliss that once was mine ;
And rapture from my heart is fled,
Who caused a tear to heart like thine.

FORLORN DITTY ON RED-RIDING-HOOD.

BRIGHTER than gem ever polished by jeweller,
Fairer than flower that in garden e'er grew !
Yet I'm sorry to say that to me you've been crueller
Than the wolf in the fable to granny and you !
I once was a fat man — the merriest of jokers ;
But my phiz now 's as lank as an old Jewish broker's,
And I toddle about on two legs thin as pokers,
Lamenting the lovely Red-Riding-Hood's scorn !

I cannot eat food, and I cannot recover sleep :
Madden can cure all his patients but me !
And I verily think, when I've taken the Lover's leap,
That my heart, like a cinder, will hiss in the sea !
Little Red-Riding-Hood ! why won't you speak to me ?
Your cause of offence is all Hebrew and Greek to me !
I conjure a compassionate smile on your cheek to me,
By all the salt tears that have scalded my nose !

When I drown myself, punsters will pun in each coterie,
Saying, "Strangely his actions and words were at strife !
For the fellow determined his *bier* should be watery —
Though he vowed that he hated small beer all his life !"
Yes, cruel maiden ! when least o' 't thou thinkest,
I'll hie to the sea-beach ere yonder sun sink west ;
And the verdict shall be, of the Coroner's Inquest —
"He died by the lovely Red-Riding-Hood's scorn !"

JOSEPH MARRYAT, M.P.

MARRYAT, farewell ! thy outward traits expressed
A manliness of nature, that combined
The thinking head and honorable breast.
In thee thy country lost a leading mind ;
Yet they who saw not private life draw forth
Thy heart's affections knew but half thy worth —
A worth that soothes even Friendship's bitterest sigh,
To lose thee ; for thy virtues sprung from Faith,
And that high trust in Immortality
Which reason hinteth, and religion saith
Shall best enable man, when he has trod
Life's path, to meet the mercy of his GOD !

SONG.

MY mind is my kingdom ; but, if thou wilt deign
To sway there a queen without measure,
Then come, o'er my wishes and homage to reign,
And make it an empire of pleasure !

Then of thoughts and emotions, each mutinous crowd,
That rebelled at stern Reason and Duty,
Returning, shall yield all their loyalty proud
To the halcyon dominion of Beauty !

What arm that entwines thee need envy the fame
Of conquest, in War's bloody story ?
Thy smiles are my triumphs — my motto thy name ;
And thy picture, my 'scutcheon of Glory !

STANZAS.

ALL mortal joys I could forsake,
Bid home and friends adieu !
Of life itself a parting take,
But never of you, my love —
Never of you !

For sure, of all that know thy worth,
This bosom beats most true ;
And where could I behold on earth
Another form like you, my love —
Another like you !

ON ACCIDENTALLY POSSESSING AND RETURNING MISS
B——'S PICTURE.

I KNOW not, Lady, which commandment
In painting *this* the artist's hand meant
To make us chiefly break ;
But sure the owner's bliss I covet,
And half would, for possession of it,
Turn thief and risk my neck.

Yet, as Prometheus rued the fetching
Of fire from Heaven to light his kitchen,
So, if I stole this treasure
To warm my fancy at the light
Of those young eyes, perhaps I might
Repent it at my leisure.

An old man for a young maid dying,
Grave forty-five for nineteen sighing,
Would merit Wisdom's stricture !

And so, to save myself from kindling,
 As well as being sued for swindling,
 I send you back the picture.

SONG.

I GAVE my love a chain of gold
 Around her neck to bind ;
 She keeps me in a faster hold,
 And captivates my mind.
 Methinks that mine 's the harder part :
 Whilst 'neath her lovely chin
 She carries links outside her heart,
 My fetters are within !

TO MARY SINCLAIR, WITH A VOLUME OF HIS
 POEMS.

Go, simple Book of Ballads, go
 From Eaton-street, in Pimlico ;
 It is a gift, my love to show —
 To Mary !

And, more its value to increase,
 I swear, by all the gods of Greece,
 It cost a seven-shilling piece —
 My Mary !

But what is gold, so bright that looks,
 Or all the coins of miser's nooks,
 Compared to be in thy *good books*—
 My Mary !

Now witness earth, and skies, and main !
The book to thee shall appertain ;
I 'll never ask it back again —

My Mary !

But what, you say, shall you bestow ?
For, as the world now goes, you know,
There always is a *quid pro quo* —

My Mary !

I ask not twenty hundred kisses,
Nor smile, the lover's heart that blesses,
As poets ask from other Misses —

My Mary !

I ask that, till the day you die,
You 'll never pull my wig awry,
Nor ever quiz my poetry —

My Mary !

IMPROMPTU.

IN COMPLIMENT TO THE EXQUISITE SINGING OF MRS. ALLSOP.

A MONTH in summer we rejoice
To hear the nightingale's sweet song ;
But thou — a more enchanting voice —
Shalt dwell with us the live year long.
Angel of Song ! still with us stay !
Nor, when succeeding years have shone,
Let us thy mansion pass and say,
The voice of melody is gone !

TO THE COUNTESS AMERIGA VESPUCCI.

DESCENDANT of the chief who stamped his name
 On earth's Hesperian hemisphere — I greet
 Not only thy hereditary fame,
 But beauty, wit, and spirit, bold and sweet,
 That captivates alike, where'er thou art,
 The British and the Transatlantic heart !
 Ameriga Vespucci ! thou art fair
 As classic Venus ; but the Poets gave
 Her not thy noble, more than classic, air
 Of courage. Homer's Venus was not brave —
 She shrieked and fled the fight. You never fled,
 But in the cause of Freedom fought and bled.

TRANSLATIONS FROM PETRARCH.

PROEMIO.

Voi, ch' ascoltate in rime sparse il suono.

YE who shall hear amidst my scattered lays
 The sighs with which I fanned and fed my heart,
 When, young and glowing, I was but in part
 The man I am become in later days,—
 Ye who have marked the changes of my style
 From vain despondency to hope as vain,
 From him among you who has felt love's pain
 I hope for pardon, ay, and Pity's smile.

Though conscious, now, my passion was a theme
 Long idly dwelt on by the public tongue,
 I blush for all the vanities I've sung,
 And find the world's applause a fleeting dream.

SONNET XXIII.

Quest' anima gentil che si diparte.

THIS lovely spirit, if ordained to leave
 Its mortal tenement before its time,
 Heaven's fairest habitation shall receive,
 And welcome her to breathe its sweetest clime.
 If she establish her abode between
 Mars and the planet-star of Beauty's queen,
 The sun will be obscured, so dense a cloud
 Of spirits from adjacent stars will crowd
 To gaze upon her beauty infinite.
 Say that she fixes on a lower sphere,
 Beneath the glorious Sun, her beauty soon
 Will dim the splendor of inferior stars —
 Of Mars, of Venus, Mercury, and the Moon.
 She'll choose not Mars, but higher place than Mars;
 She will eclipse all planetary light,
 And Jupiter himself will seem less bright.

SONNET LX.

Io non fu d'amar voi lassato unquanco.

TIRED, did you say, of loving you? O, no!
 I ne'er shall tire of the unwearying flame.
 But I am weary, kind and cruel dame,
 With tears that uselessly and ceaseless flow,

Scorning myself, and scorned by you. I long
 For death; but let no gravestone hold in view
 Our names conjoined; nor tell my passion strong
 Upon the dust that glowed through life for you.
 And yet this heart of amorous faith demands,
 Deserves, a better boon; but cruel, hard
 As is my fortune, I will bless Love's bands
 Forever, if you give me this reward.

SONNET LXVIII.

Erano i capei d'oro all' aura sparsi.

TIME was her tresses by the breathing air
 Were wreathed to many a ringlet golden bright.
 Time was her eyes diffused unmeasured light,
 Though now their lovely beams are waxing rare.
 Her face methought that in its blushes showed
 Compassion, her angelic shape and walk,
 Her voice that seemed with Heaven's own speech to talk,—
 At these, what wonder that my bosom glowed!
 A living sun she seemed — a spirit of Heaven.
 Those charms decline: but does my passion? No!
 I love not less — the slackening of the bow
 Assuages not the wound its shaft has given.

SONNET CXXV.

In qual parte del Ciel', in quale idea.

IN what ideal world or part of heaven
 Did Nature find the model of that face
 And form, so fraught with loveliness and grace,
 In which, to our creation, she has given

Her prime proof of creative power above ?
What fountain nymph or goddess ever let
Such lovely tresses float of gold refined
Upon the breeze, or in a single mind
Where have so many virtues ever met —
E'en though those charms have slain my bosom's weal ?
He knows not love who has not seen her eyes
Turn when she sweetly speaks, or smiles, or sighs,
Or how the power of love can hurt or heal.

SONNET CCXX.

Cercato ho sempre solitaria vita.

IN solitudes I've ever loved to abide,
By woods and streams, and shunned the evil-hearted,
Who from the path of heaven are foully parted.
Sweet Tuscany has been to me denied,
Whose sunny realms I would have gladly haunted,
Yet still the Sorgue his beauteous hills among
Has lent auxiliar murmurs to my song,
And echoed to the plaints my love has chanted.
Here triumphed too the poet's hand that wrote
These lines — the power of love has witnessed this.
Delicious victory ! I know my bliss,
She knows it too — the saint on whom I dote.



NOTES.

THE PLEASURES OF HOPE.

Page 106, line 18.

*And such thy strength-inspiring aid that bore
The hardy Byron to his native shore.*

THE following picture of his own distress, given by BYRON in his simple and interesting narrative, justifies the description in page 5.

After relating the barbarity of the Indian cacique to his child, he proceeds thus : —
“ A day or two after we put to sea again, and crossed the great bay I mentioned we had been at the bottom of when we first hauled away to the westward. The land here was very low and sandy, and something like the mouth of a river which discharged itself into the sea, and which had been taken no notice of by us before, as it was so shallow that the Indians were obliged to take everything out of their canoes, and carry them over land. We rowed up the river four or five leagues, and then took into a branch of it that ran first to the eastward, and then to the northward ; here it became much narrower, and the stream excessively rapid, so that we gained but little way, though we wrought very hard. At night we landed upon its banks, and had a most uncomfortable lodging, it being a perfect swamp, and we had nothing to cover us, though it rained excessively. The Indians were little better off than we, as there was no wood here to make their wigwams ; so that all they could do was to prop up the bark, which they carry in the bottom of their canoes, and shelter themselves as well as they could to the leeward of it. Knowing the difficulties they had to encounter here, they had provided themselves with some seal ; but we had not a morsel to eat, after the heavy fatigues of the day, excepting a sort of root we saw the Indians make use of, which was very disagreeable to the taste. We labored all next day against the stream, and fared as we had done the day before. The next day brought us to the carrying-place. Here was plenty of wood, but nothing to be got for sustenance. We passed this night, as we had frequently done, under a tree ; but what we suffered at this time is not easy to be expressed. I had been three days at the oar without any kind of nourishment, except the wretched root above mentioned. I had no shirt, for it had rotted off by bits. All my clothes consisted of a short grieko (something like a bear-skin), a piece of red cloth, which had once been a waistcoat, and a ragged pair of trousers, without shoes or stockings.”

Page 107, line 4.

—— *a Briton and a friend !*

Donn Patricio Gedd, a Scotch physician in one of the Spanish settlements, hospitably relieved Byron and his wretched associates, of which the commodore speaks in the warmest terms of gratitude.

Page 107, line 18.

Or yield the lyre of Heaven another string.

The seven strings of Apollo's harp were the symbolical representation of the seven planets. Herschel, by discovering an eighth, might be said to add another string to the instrument.

Page 107, line 19.

The Swedish-sage.

Linnæus.

Page 108, line 7.

Deep from his vaults the Loxian murmurs flow,

Loxias is the name frequently given to Apollo by Greek writers ; it is met with more than once in the Choephoræ of Æschylus.

Page 109, line 7.

*Unlocks a generous store at thy command,
Like Horeb's rocks, beneath the prophet's hand.*

See Exodus, 17 : 3, 5, 6.

Page 113, line 30.

Wild Obi flies —

Among the negroes of the West Indies, Obi, or Orbiah, is the name of a magical power, which is believed by them to affect the object of its malignity with dismal calamities. Such a belief must undoubtedly have been deduced from the superstitious mythology of their kinsmen on the coast of Africa. I have, therefore, personified Obi as the evil spirit of the African, although the history of the African tribes mentions the evil spirit of their religious creed by a different appellation.

Page 114, line 2.

—— *Sibir's dreary mines.*

Mr. Bell of Antermomy, in his travels through Siberia, informs us that the name of the country is universally pronounced Sibir by the Russians.

Page 114, line 16.

Presaging wrath to Poland — and to man !

The history of the partition of Poland, of the massacre in the suburbs of Warsaw and on the bridge of Prague, the triumphant entry of Suwarrow into the Polish capital, and the insult offered to human nature by the blasphemous thanks offered up to Heaven for victories obtained over men fighting in the sacred cause of liberty, by murderers and oppressors, are events generally known.

Page 119, line 19.

The shrill horn blew ;

The negroes in the West Indies are summoned to their morning work by a shell or horn.

Page 120, line 6.

How long was Timour's iron sceptre swayed,

To elucidate this passage, I shall subjoin a quotation from the preface to Letters from a Hindoo Rajah, a work of elegance and celebrity.

"The impostor of Mecca had established, as one of the principles of his doctrine, the merit of extending it either by persuasion, or the sword, to all parts of the earth. How steadily this injunction was adhered to by his followers, and with what success it was pursued, is well known to all who are in the least conversant in history.

"The same overwhelming torrent which had inundated the greater part of Africa burst its way into the very heart of Europe; and, covering many kingdoms of Asia with unbounded desolation, directed its baneful course to the flourishing provinces of Hindostan. Here these fierce and hardy adventurers, whose only improvement had been in the science of destruction, who added the fury of fanaticism to the ravages of war, found the great end of their conquest opposed by objects which neither the ardor of their persevering zeal, nor savage barbarity, could surmount. Multitudes were sacrificed by the cruel hand of religious persecution, and whole countries were deluged in blood, in the vain hope that, by the destruction of a part, the remainder might be persuaded, or terrified, into the profession of Mahometanism. But all these sanguinary efforts were ineffectual; and at length, being fully convinced that, though they might extirpate, they could never hope to convert, any number of the Hindoos, they relinquished the impracticable idea with which they had entered upon their career of conquest, and contented themselves with the acquirement of the civil dominion and almost universal empire of Hindostan." — *Letters from a Hindoo Rajah, by Eliza Hamilton.*

Page 120, line 20.

And braved the stormy Spirit of the Cape;

See the description of the Cape of Good Hope, translated from CAMBÈNS, by MICKLE.

Page 121, line 2.

While famished nations died along the shore :

The following account of British conduct and its consequences in Bengal will afford a sufficient idea of the fact alluded to in this passage.

After describing the monopoly of salt, betel-nut and tobacco, the historian proceeds thus : — "Money in this current came but by drops; it could not quench the thirst of those who waited in India to receive it. An expedient, such as it was, remained to quicken its pace. The natives could live with little salt, but could not want food. Some of the agents saw themselves well situated for collecting the rice into stores; they did so. They knew the Gentoos would rather die than violate the principles of their religion by eating flesh. The alternative would therefore be between giving what they had, or dying. The inhabitants sunk; — they that cultivated the land, and saw the harvest at the disposal of others, planted in doubt, — scarcity ensued. Then the monopoly was easier managed — sickness ensued. In some districts the languid living left the bodies of their numerous dead unburied." — *Short History of the English Transactions in the East Indies*, p. 145.

Page 121, line 17.

*Nine times have Brama's wheels of lightning hurled
His awful presence o'er the alarmed world;*

Among the sublime fictions of the Hindoo mythology, it is one article of belief, that the Deity Brama has descended nine times upon the world in various forms, and that he is yet to appear a tenth time, in the figure of a warrior upon a white horse, to cut off all incorrigible offenders. Avatar is the word used to express his descent.

Page 122, line 4.

*Shall Seriswattee wave her hallowed wand !
And Camdeo bright, and Ganesa sublime,*

Camdeo is the God of Love in the mythology of the Hindoos. Ganesa and Seriswattee correspond to the pagan deities Janus and Minerva.

Page 126, line 28.

The noon of manhood to a myrtle shade !

Sacred to Venus is the myrtle shade. — DRYDEN.

Page 129, line 21.

Thy woes, Arion !

Falconer, in his poem "The Shipwreck," speaks of himself by the name of Arion. See Falconer's "Shipwreck," Canto III.

Page 130, line 2.

The robber Moor,

See Schiller's tragedy of the "Robbers," Scene V.

Page 130, line 20.

What millions died — that Cæsar might be great !

The carnage occasioned by the wars of Julius Cæsar has been usually estimated at two millions of men.

Page 130, line 22.

*Or learn the fate that bleeding thousands bore,
Marched by their Charles to Dneiper's swampy shore;*

"In this extremity" (says the biographer of Charles XII. of Sweden, speaking of his military exploits before the battle of Pultowa), "the memorable winter of 1709, which was still more remarkable in that part of Europe than in France, destroyed numbers of his troops ; for Charles resolved to brave the seasons as he had done his enemies, and ventured to make long marches during this mortal cold. It was in one of these marches that two thousand men fell down dead with cold before his eyes."

Page 131, line 13.

For, as Iona's saint,

The natives of the island of Iona have an opinion, that on certain evenings every year the tutelary saint Columba is seen on the top of the church spires counting the surrounding islands, to see that they have not been sunk by the power of witchcraft.

Page 131, line 32.

And part, like Ajut — never to return !

See the history of Ajut and Anningait, in "The Rambler."

THEODRIC.

Page 140, line 3.

That gave the glacier tops their richest glow,

The sight of the glaciers of Switzerland, I am told, has often disappointed travellers who had perused the accounts of their splendor and sublimity given by Bourrit and other

describers of Swiss scenery. Possibly Bourrit, who had spent his life in an enamored familiarity with the beauties of nature in Switzerland, may have leaned to the romantic side of description. One can pardon a man for a sort of idolatry of those imposing objects of nature which heighten our ideas of the bounty of nature or Providence, when we reflect that the glaciers — those seas of ice — are not only sublime, but useful; they are the inexhaustible reservoirs which supply the principal rivers of Europe; and their annual melting is in proportion to the summer heat which dries up those rivers and makes them need that supply.

That the picturesque grandeur of the glaciers should sometimes disappoint the traveller, will not seem surprising to any one who has been much in a mountainous country, and recollects that the beauty of nature in such countries is not only variable, but capriciously dependent on the weather and sunshine. There are about four hundred different glaciers,* according to the computation of M. Bourrit, between Mont Blanc and the frontiers of the Tyrol. The full effect of the most lofty and picturesque of them can, of course, only be produced by the richest and warmest lights of the atmosphere; and the very heat which illuminates them must have a changing influence on many of their appearances. I imagine it is owing to this circumstance, namely, the casualty and changeableness of the appearance of some of the glaciers, that the impressions made by them on the minds of other and more transient travellers have been less enchanting than those described by M. Bourrit. On one occasion M. Bourrit seems even to speak of a past phenomenon, and certainly one which no other spectator attests in the same terms, when he says that there once existed, between the Kandel Steig and Lauterbrun, "a passage amidst singular glaciers, sometimes resembling magical towns of ice, with pilasters, pyramids, columns and obelisks, reflecting to the sun the most brilliant hues of the finest gems." — M. Bourrit's description of the Glacier of the Rhone is quite enchanting: — "To form an idea," he says, "of this superb spectacle, figure in your mind a scaffolding of transparent ice, filling a space of two miles, rising to the clouds and darting flashes of light like the sun. Nor were the several parts less magnificent and surprising. One might see, as it were, the streets and buildings of a city, erected in the form of an amphitheatre, and embellished with pieces of water, cascades and torrents. The effects were as prodigious as the immensity and the height; — the most beautiful azure — the most splendid white — the regular appearance of a thousand pyramids of ice, are more easy to be imagined than described." — *Bourrit*, iii. 163.

Page 140, line 9.

From heights browsed by the bounding bouquetin;

Laborde, in his "Tableau de la Suisse," gives a curious account of this animal, the wild sharp cry and elastic movements of which must heighten the picturesque appearance of its haunts. — "Nature," says Laborde, "has destined it to mountains covered with snow; if it is not exposed to keen cold, it becomes blind. Its agility in leaping much surpasses that of the chamois, and would appear incredible to those who have not seen it. There is not a mountain so high or steep to which it will not trust itself, provided it has room to place its feet; it can scramble along the highest wall, if its surface be rugged."

Page 140, line 15.

— *enamelled moss.*

The moss of Switzerland, as well as that of the Tyrol, is remarkable for a bright smoothness, approaching to the appearance of enamel.

* Occupying, if taken together, a surface of one hundred and thirty square leagues.

Page 144, line 17.

How dear seemed even the waste and wild Shreckhorn

The Shreckhorn means, in German, the Peak of Terror.

Page 144, line 22.

Blindfold his native hills he could have known !

I have here availed myself of a striking expression of the Emperor Napoleon respecting his recollections of Corsica, which is recorded in Las Cases' History of the Emperor's Abode at St. Helena.

O'CONNOR'S CHILD.

Page 167, line 1.

Innisfail, the ancient name of Ireland.

Page 168, line 3.

Kerne, the plural of Kern, an Irish foot-soldier. In this sense the word is used by Shakspeare. Gainsford, in his Glories of England, says, "They (the Irish) are desperate in revenge, and their kerne think no man dead *until his head be off*."

Page 168, line 22.

Shieling, a rude cabin or hut.

Page 168, line 28.

In Erin's yellow vesture clad,

Yellow, dyed from saffron, was the favorite color of the ancient Irish. When the Irish chieftains came to make terms with Queen Elizabeth's lord-lieutenant, we are told by Sir John Davis that they came to court in saffron-colored uniforms.

Page 169, line 14.

Mórat, a drink made of the juice of mulberry mixed with honey.

Page 170, line 14.

*Their tribe, they said, their high degree,
Was sung in Tara's psaltery ;*

The pride of the Irish in ancestry was so great, that one of the O'Neals being told that Barret of Castlemone had been there only four hundred years, he replied that he hated the clown as if he had come there but yesterday.

Tara was the place of assemblage and feasting of the petty princes of Ireland. Very splendid and fabulous descriptions are given by the Irish historians of the pomp and luxury of those meetings. The psaltery of Tara was the grand national register of Ireland. The grand epoch of political eminence in the early history of the Irish is the reign

of their great and favorite monarch, Ollam Fodla, who reigned, according to Keating, about nine hundred and fifty years before the Christian era. Under him was instituted the great Fes at Tara, which it is pretended was a triennial convention of the states, or a parliament; the members of which were the Druids, and other learned men, who represented the people in that assembly. Very minute accounts are given by Irish annalists of the magnificence and order of these entertainments; from which, if credible, we might collect the earliest traces of heraldry that occur in history. To preserve order and regularity in the great number and variety of the members who met on such occasions, the Irish historians inform us that, when the banquet was ready to be served up, the shield-bearers of the princes, and other members of the convention, delivered in their shields and targets, which were readily distinguished by the coats of arms emblazoned upon them. These were arranged by the grand marshal and principal herald, and hung upon the walls on the right side of the table; and, upon entering the apartments, each member took his seat under his respective shield or target, without the slightest disturbance. The concluding days of the meeting, it is allowed by the Irish antiquaries, were spent in very free excess of conviviality; but the first six, they say, were devoted to examination and settlement of the annals of the kingdom. These were publicly rehearsed. When they had passed the approbation of the assembly, they were transcribed into the authentic chronicles of the nation, which was called the Register, or Psalter, of Tara.

Col. Vallancey gives a translation of an old Irish fragment, found in Trinity College, Dublin, in which the palace of the above assembly is thus described, as it existed in the reign of Cormac:

"In the reign of Cormac, the palace of Tara was nine hundred feet square; the diameter of the surrounding rath, seven dice or casts of a dart; it contained one hundred and fifty apartments; one hundred and fifty dormitories, or sleeping-rooms for guards, and sixty men in each; the height was twenty-seven cubits; there were one hundred and fifty common drinking-horns, twelve doors, and one thousand guests daily, besides princes, orators, and men of science, engravers of gold and silver, carvers, modellers and nobles." The Irish description of the banqueting-hall is thus translated: "Twelve stalls or divisions in each wing; sixteen attendants on each side, and two to each table; one hundred guests in all."

Page 170, line 24.

And stemmed De Bourgo's chivalry?

The house of O'Connor had a right to boast of their victories over the English. It was a chief of the O'Connor race who gave a check to the English champion De Courcy, so famous for his personal strength, and for cleaving a helmet at one blow of his sword, in the presence of the Kings of France and England, when the French champion declined the combat with him. Though ultimately conquered by the English under De Bourgo, the O'Connors had also humbled the pride of that name on a memorable occasion, namely, when Walter De Bourgo, an ancestor of that De Bourgo who won the battle of Athunree, had become so insolent as to make excessive demands upon the territories of Connaught, and to bid defiance to all the rights and properties reserved by the Irish chiefs. Eath O'Connor, a near descendant of the famous Cathal, surnamed of the Bloody Hand, rose against the usurper, and defeated the English so severely, that their general died of chagrin after the battle.

Page 170, line 27.

Or beal-fires for your jubilee

The month of May is to this day called *Mi Beal tiennie*, that is, the month of Beal's fire, in the original language of Ireland, and hence, I believe, the name of the Beltan festival in

the Highlands. These fires were lighted on the summits of mountains (the Irish antiquaries say) in honor of the sun ; and are supposed, by those conjecturing gentlemen, to prove the origin of the Irish from some nation who worshipped Baal or Belus. Many hills in Ireland still retain the name of Cnoc Greine, that is, the Hill of the Sun ; and on all are to be seen the ruins of druidical altars.

Page 171, line 20.

And play my clarshech by thy side.

The clarshech, or harp, the principal musical instrument of the Hibernian bards, does not appear to be of Irish origin, nor indigenous to any of the British islands. The Britons undoubtedly were not acquainted with it during the residence of the Romans in their country, as in all their coins, on which musical instruments are represented, we see only the Roman lyre, and not the British teylin, or harp.

Page 171, line 27.

And saw at dawn the lofty bawn

Bawn, from the Teutonic Bawen, — to construct and secure with branches of trees, — was so called because the primitive Celtic fortifications were made by digging a ditch, throwing up a rampart, and on the latter fixing stakes, which were interlaced with boughs of trees. This word is used by Spenser ; but it is inaccurately called by Mr. Todd, his annotator, an eminence.

Page 174, line 26.

To speak the malison of heaven.

If the wrath which I have ascribed to the heroine of this little piece should seem to exhibit her character as too unnaturally stripped of patriotic and domestic affections, I must beg leave to plead the authority of Corneille in the representation of a similar passion ; I allude to the denunciation of Camille, in the tragedy of "Horace." When Horace, accompanied by a soldier bearing the three swords of the Curiatii, meets his sister, and invites her to congratulate him on his victory, she expresses only her grief, which he attributes at first only to her feelings for the loss of her two brothers ; but when she bursts forth into reproaches against him as the murderer of her lover, the last of the Curiatii, he exclaims :

" O ciel ! qui vit jamais une pareille rage !
Crois-tu donc que je sois insensible à l'outrage,
Que je souffre en mon sang ce mortel déshonneur ?
Aime, aime cette mort qui fait notre bonheur ;
Et préfère du moins au souvenir d'un homme
Ce que doit ta naissance aux intérêts de Rome."

At the mention of Rome, Camille breaks out into this apostrophe :

" Rome, l'unique objet de mon ressentiment !
Rome, à qui vient ton bras d'immoler mon amant !
Rome qui t'a vu naître et que ton cœur adore !
Rome enfin que je hais parce qu'elle t'honore !
Puisse tous ses voisins ensemble conjurés
Saper ses fondements encor mal assurés ;
Et si ce n'est assez de toute l'Italie,
Que l'Orient contre elle à l'Occident s'allie ;
Que cent peuples unis des bouts de l'univers
Passent pour la détruire et les monts et les mers ;
Qu'elle même sur soi renverse ses murailles,

Et de ses propres mains déchire ses entrailles !
 Que le courroux du ciel allumé par mes vœux
 Fasse pleuvoir sur elle un déluge de feux !
 Puissé-je des mes yeux y voir tomber ce foudre,
 Voir ses maisons en cendre et tes lauriers en poudre,
 Voir le dernier Romain à son dernier soupir,
 Moi seule en être cause, et mourir de plaisir ! ”

Page 175, line 3.

And go to Athunree ! (I cried)

In the reign of Edward the Second, the Irish presented to Pope John the Twenty-second a memorial of their sufferings under the English, of which the language exhibits all the strength of despair. “Ever since the English (say they) first appeared upon our coasts, they entered our territories under a certain specious pretence of charity, and external hypocritical show of religion, endeavoring, at the same time, by every artifice malice could suggest, to extirpate us root and branch, and without any other right than that of the strongest ; they have so far succeeded, by base fraudulence and cunning, that they have forced us to quit our fair and ample habitations and inheritances, and to take refuge like wild beasts in the mountains, the woods and the morasses of the country ; nor even can the caverns and dens protect us against their insatiable avarice. They pursue us even into these frightful abodes ; endeavoring to dispossess us of the wild uncultivated rocks, and arrogate to themselves the PROPERTY OF EVERY PLACE on which we can stamp the figure of our feet.”

The greatest effort ever made by the ancient Irish to regain their native independence, was made at the time when they called over the brother of Robert Bruce from Scotland. William de Bourgo, brother to the Earl of Ulster, and Richard de Bermingham, were sent against the main body of the native insurgents, who were headed rather than commanded by Felim O'Connor. The important battle which decided the subjection of Ireland took place on the tenth of August, 1315. It was the bloodiest that ever was fought between the two nations, and continued throughout the whole day, from the rising to the setting sun. The Irish fought with inferior discipline, but with great enthusiasm. They lost ten thousand men, among whom were twenty-nine chiefs of Connaught. Tradition states that after this terrible day the O'Connor family, like the Fabian, were so nearly exterminated, that throughout all Connaught not one of the name remained, except Felim's brother, who was capable of bearing arms.

LOCHIEL'S WARNING.

Page 177.

Lochiel, the chief of the warlike clan of the Camerons, and descended from ancestors distinguished in their narrow sphere for great personal prowess, was a man worthy of a better cause and fate than that in which he embarked, the enterprise of the Stuarts in 1745. His memory is still fondly cherished among the Highlanders, by the appellation of the “gentle Lochiel ;” for he was famed for his social virtues as much as his martial and magnanimous (though mistaken) loyalty. His influence was so important among the Highland chiefs that it depended on his joining with his clan whether the standard of Charles should be raised or not in 1745. Lochiel was himself too wise a man to be blind to the consequences of so hopeless an enterprise, but his sensibility to the point of honor

overruled his wisdom. Charles appealed to his loyalty, and he could not brook the reproaches of his prince. When Charles landed at Borrodale, Lochiel went to meet him, but on his way called at his brother's house (Cameron of Fassaferrn), and told him on what errand he was going; adding, however, that he meant to dissuade the prince from his enterprise. Fassaferrn advised him in that case to communicate his mind by letter to Charles. "No," said Lochiel, "I think it due to my prince to give him my reasons in person for refusing to join his standard." "Brother," replied Fassaferrn, "I know you better than you know yourself; if the prince once sets eyes on you, he will make you do what he pleases." The interview accordingly took place; and Lochiel, with many arguments, but in vain, pressed the Pretender to return to France, and reserve himself and his friends for a more favorable occasion, as he had come, by his own acknowledgment, without arms, or money, or adherents; or, at all events, to remain concealed till his friends should meet and deliberate what was best to be done. Charles, whose mind was wound up to the utmost impatience, paid no regard to this proposal, but answered, "that he was determined to put all to the hazard." "In a few days," said he, "I will erect the royal standard, and proclaim to the people of Great Britain that Charles Stuart is come over to claim the crown of his ancestors, and to win it, or perish in the attempt. Lochiel, who, my father has often told me, was our firmest friend, may stay at home and learn from the newspapers the fate of his prince." "No," said Lochiel, "I will share the fate of my prince, and so shall every man over whom nature or fortune hath given me any power."

The other chieftains who followed Charles embraced his cause with no better hopes. It engages our sympathy most strongly in their behalf, that no motive but their fear to be reproached with cowardice or disloyalty impelled them to the hopeless adventure. Of this we have an example in the interview of Prince Charles with Clanronald, another leading chieftain in the rebel army.

"Charles," says Home, "almost reduced to despair, in his discourse with Boisdale, addressed the two Highlanders with great emotion, and, summing up his arguments for taking arms, conjured them to assist their prince, their countryman, in his utmost need. Clanronald and his friend, though well inclined to the cause, positively refused, and told him that to take up arms without concert or support was to pull down certain ruin on their own heads. Charles persisted, argued and implored. During this conversation (they were on shipboard) the parties walked backwards and forwards on the deck; a Highlander stood near them, armed at all points, as was then the fashion of his country. He was a younger brother of Kinloch Moidart, and had come off to the ship to inquire for news, not knowing who was aboard. When he gathered from their discourse that the stranger was the Prince of Wales, when he heard his chief and his brother refuse to take arms with their prince, his color went and came, his eyes sparkled, he shifted his place, and grasped his sword. Charles observed his demeanor, and turning briskly to him, called out, 'Will you assist me?' 'I will, I will,' said Ronald; 'though no other man in the Highlands should draw a sword, I am ready to die for you!' Charles, with a profusion of thanks to his champion, said he wished all the Highlanders were like him. Without further deliberation, the two Macdonalds declared that they would also join, and use their utmost endeavors to engage their countrymen to take arms." — *Home's Hist. Rebellion*, p. 40.

Page 177, line 15.

Weep, Albin!

The Gaelic appellation of Scotland, more particularly the Highlands.

Page 179, line 8.

*Lo ! anointed by Heaven with the vials of wrath,
Behold, where he flies on his desolate path !*

The lines allude to the many hardships of the royal sufferer.

An account of the second sight, in Irish called Taish, is thus given in Martin's Description of the Western Isles of Scotland.

"The second sight is a singular faculty of seeing an otherwise invisible object, without any previous means used by the person who sees it for that end. The vision makes such a lively impression upon the seers, that they neither see nor think of anything else except the vision as long as it continues ; and then they appear pensive or jovial according to the object which was represented to them.

"At the sight of a vision the eyelids of the person are erected, and the eyes continue staring until the object vanishes. This is obvious to others who are standing by when the persons happen to see a vision ; and occurred more than once to my own observation, and to others that were with me.

"There is one in Skie, of whom his acquaintance observed, that when he sees a vision the inner part of his eyelids turns so far upwards, that, after the object disappears, he must draw them down with his fingers, and sometimes employ others to draw them down, which he finds to be much the easier way.

"This faculty of the second sight does not lineally descend in a family, as some have imagined ; for I know several parents who are endowed with it, and their children are not ; and *vice versâ*. Neither is it acquired by any previous compact. And, after strict inquiry, I could never learn, from any among them, that this faculty was communicable to any whatsoever. The seer knows neither the object, time nor place of a vision, before it appears ; and the same object is often seen by different persons living at a considerable distance from one another. The true way of judging as to the time and circumstances is by observation ; for several persons of judgment who are without this faculty are more capable to judge of the design of a vision than a novice that is a seer. If an object appear in the day or night, it will come to pass sooner or later accordingly.

"If an object is seen early in a morning, which is not frequent, it will be accomplished in a few hours afterwards ; if at noon, it will probably be accomplished that very day ; if in the evening, perhaps that night ; if after candles be lighted, it will be accomplished that night ; the latter always an accomplishment by weeks, months and sometimes years, according to the time of the night the vision is seen.

"When a shroud is seen about one, it is a sure prognostic of death. The time is judged according to the height of it about the person ; for if it is not seen above the middle, death is not to be expected for the space of a year, and perhaps some months longer ; and as it is frequently seen to ascend higher towards the head, death is concluded to be at hand within a few days, if not hours, as daily experience confirms. Examples of this kind were shown me, when the person of whom the observations were then made was in perfect health.

"It is ordinary with them to see houses, gardens and trees, in places void of all these, and this in process of time is wont to be accomplished ; as at Mogslot, in the Isle of Skie, where there but a few sorry low houses, thatched with straw ; yet in a few years the vision, which appeared often, was accomplished by the building of several good houses in the very spot represented to the seers, and by the planting of orchards there.

"To see a spark of fire is a forerunner of a dead child, to be seen in the arms of those persons ; of which there are several instances. To see a seat empty at the time of sitting in it is a presage of that person's death quickly after it.

"When a novice, or one that has lately obtained the second sight, sees a vision in the night-time without doors, and comes near a fire, he presently falls into a swoon.

"Some find themselves, as it were, in a crowd of people, having a corpse, which they carry along with them; and after such visions the seers come in sweating, and describe the vision that appeared. If there be any of their acquaintance among them, they give an account of their names, as also of the bearers; but they know nothing concerning the corpse."

Horses and cows (according to the same credulous author) have certainly sometimes the same faculty; and he endeavors to prove it by the signs of fear which the animals exhibit when second-sighted persons see visions in the same place.

"The seers," he continues, "are generally illiterate and well-meaning people, and altogether void of design; nor could I ever learn that any of them ever made the least gain by it; neither is it reputable among them to have that faculty. Besides, the people of the Isles are not so credulous as to believe implicitly before the thing predicted is accomplished; but when it is actually accomplished afterwards, it is not in their power to deny it, without offering violence to their own sense and reason. Besides, if the seers were deceivers, can it be reasonable to imagine that all the islanders who have not the second sight should combine together and offer violence to their understandings and senses, to enforce themselves to believe a lie from age to age? There are several persons among them whose title and education raise them above the suspicion of concurring with an impostor merely to gratify an illiterate, contemptible set of persons; nor can reasonable persons believe that children, horses and cows, should be preëngaged in a combination in favor of the second sight."—*Martin's Description of the Western Isles of Scotland*, pp. 3 11.

GERTRUDE OF WYOMING.

Page 211, line 6.

From merry mock-bird's song, —

The mocking-bird is of the form of, but larger than the thrush; and the colors are a mixture of black, white and gray. What is said of the nightingale by its greatest admirers is what may with more propriety apply to this bird, who, in a natural state, sings with very superior taste. Towards evening I have heard one begin softly, reserving its breath to swell certain notes, which, by this means, had a most astonishing effect. A gentleman in London had one of these birds for six years. During the space of a minute he was heard to imitate the woodlark, chaffinch, blackbird, thrush and sparrow. In this country (America) I have frequently known the mocking-birds so engaged in this mimicry, that it was with much difficulty I could ever obtain an opportunity of hearing their own natural note. Some go so far as to say that they have neither peculiar notes nor favorite imitations. This may be denied. Their few natural notes resemble those of the (European) nightingale. Their song, however, has a greater compass and volume than the nightingale's, and they have the faculty of varying all intermediate notes in a manner which is truly delightful.—*Ashe's Travels in America*, vol. ii. p. 73.

Page 213, line 2.

And distant isles that hear the loud Corbrechtan roar !

The Corybrechtan, or Corbrechtan, is a whirlpool on the western coast of Scotland, near the island of Jura, which is heard at a prodigious distance. Its name signifies the whirlpool of the Prince of Denmark ; and there is a tradition that a Danish prince once undertook, for a wager, to cast anchor in it. He is said to have used woollen instead of hempen ropes, for greater strength, but perished in the attempt. On the shores of Argyleshire I have often listened with great delight to the sound of this vortex, at the distance of many leagues. When the weather is calm, and the adjacent sea scarcely heard on these picturesque shores, its sound, which is like the sound of innumerable chariots, creates a magnificent and fine effect.

Page 215, line 17.

Of buskined limb, and swarthy lineament ;

In the Indian tribes there is a great similarity in their color, stature, &c. They are all, except the Snake Indians, tall in stature, straight and robust. It is very seldom they are deformed, which has given rise to the supposition that they put to death their deformed children. Their skin is of a copper-color ; their eyes large, bright, black and sparkling, indicative of a subtle and discerning mind ; their hair is of the same color, and prone to be long, seldom or never curled. Their teeth are large and white ; I never observed any decayed among them, which makes their breath as sweet as the air they inhale. — *Travels in America by Captains Lewis and Clarke, in 1804-5-6.*

Page 216, line 1.

"Peace be to thee ! my words this belt approve ;

The Indians of North America accompany every formal address to strangers, with whom they form or recognize a treaty of amity, with a present of a string, or belt, of wampum. Wampum (says Cadwallader Colden) is made of the large whelk shell, *buccinum*, and shaped like long beads ; it is the current money of the Indians. — *History of the Five Indian Nations*, p. 34. *New York edition.*

Page 216, line 2.

The paths of peace my steps have hither led :

In relating an interview of Mohawk Indians with the Governor of New York, Colden quotes the following passage as a specimen of their metaphorical manner : " Where shall I seek the chair of peace ? Where shall I find it but upon our path ? and whither doth our path lead us but unto this house ? "

Page 216, line 6.

Our wampum league thy brethren did embrace :

When they solicit the alliance, offensive or defensive, of a whole nation, they send an embassy with a large belt of wampum and a bloody hatchet, inviting them to come and drink the blood of their enemies. The wampum made use of on these and other occasions, before their acquaintance with the Europeans, was nothing but small shells which they picked up by the sea-coasts and on the banks of the lakes ; and now it is nothing but a kind of cylindrical beads, made of shells, white and black, which are esteemed among them as silver and gold are among us. The black they call the most valuable, and both together are their greatest riches and ornaments ; these among them answering all the end that money does amongst us. They have the art of stringing, twisting, and interweaving them

into their belts, collars, blankets and moccasins, &c., in ten thousand different sizes, forms and figures, so as to be ornaments for every part of dress, and expressive to them of all their important transactions. They dye the wampum of various colors and shades, and mix and dispose them with great ingenuity and order, and so as to be significant among themselves of almost everything they please ; so that by these their words are kept, and their thoughts communicated to one another, as ours are by writing. The belts that pass from one nation to another in all treaties, declarations and important transactions, are very carefully preserved in the cabins of their chiefs, and serve not only as a kind of record or history, but as a public treasure. — *Major Rogers' Account of North America.*

Page 217, line 1.

As when the evil Manitou —

It is certain the Indians acknowledge one Supreme Being, or Giver of Life, who presides over all things,—that is, the Great Spirit,—and they look up to him as the source of good, from whence no evil can proceed. They also believe in a bad Spirit, to whom they ascribe great power ; and suppose that through his power all the evils which befall mankind are inflicted. To him, therefore, they pray in their distresses, begging that he would either avert their troubles, or moderate them when they are no longer avoidable.

They hold also that there are good Spirits of a lower degree, who have their particular departments, in which they are constantly contributing to the happiness of mortals. These they suppose to preside over all the extraordinary productions of nature, such as those lakes, rivers and mountains, that are of an uncommon magnitude ; and likewise the beasts, birds, fishes, and even vegetables or stones, that exceed the rest of their species in size or singularity. — *Clarke's Travels among the Indians.*

The Supreme Spirit of Good is called by the Indians Kitchi Manitou ; and the Spirit of evil, Matchi Manitou.

Page 217, line 15.

Of fever-balm and sweet sagamité :

The fever-balm is a medicine used by these tribes ; it is a decoction of a bush called the Fever-tree. Sagamité is a kind of soup administered to their sick.

Page 217, line 24.

*And I, the eagle of my tribe, have rushed
With this lorn dove."*

The testimony of all travellers among the American Indians who mention their hieroglyphics authorizes me in putting this figurative language in the mouth of Outalissi. The dove is among them, as elsewhere, an emblem of meekness ; and the eagle, that of a bold, noble and liberal mind. When the Indians speak of a warrior who soars above the multitude in person and endowments, they say, "he is like the eagle, who destroys his enemies, and gives protection and abundance to the weak of his own tribe."

Page 218, line 24.

Far differently, the mute Oneyda took, &c.

They are extremely circumspect and deliberate in every word and action ; nothing hurries them into any intemperate wrath, but that inveteracy to their enemies which is rooted in every Indian's breast. In all other instances they are cool and deliberate, taking care to suppress the emotions of the heart. If an Indian has discovered that a friend of his is in danger of being cut off by a lurking enemy, he does not tell him of his danger in direct terms as though he were in fear, but he first coolly asks him which way he is going that

day, and having his answer, with the same indifference tells him that he has been informed that a noxious beast lies on the route he is going. This hint proves sufficient, and his friend avoids the danger with as much caution as though every design and motion of his enemy had been pointed out to him.

If an Indian has been engaged for several days in the chase, and by accident continued long without food, when he arrives at the hut of a friend, where he knows that his wants will be immediately supplied, he takes care not to show the least symptoms of impatience, or betray the extreme hunger that he is tortured with ; but, on being invited in, sits contentedly down, and smokes his pipe with as much composure as if his appetite was cloyed and he was perfectly at ease. He does the same if among strangers. This custom is strictly adhered to by every tribe, as they esteem it a proof of fortitude, and think the reverse would entitle them to the appellation of old women.

If you tell an Indian that his children have greatly signalized themselves against an enemy, have taken many scalps, and brought home many prisoners, he does not appear to feel any strong emotions of pleasure on the occasion ; his answer generally is, "They have done well," and he makes but very little inquiry about the matter ; on the contrary, if you inform him that his children are slain or taken prisoners, he makes no complaints ; he only replies, "It is unfortunate ;" and for some time asks no questions about how it happened. — *Lewis and Clarke's Travels.*

Page 218, line 25.

His calumet of peace, &c.

Nor is the calumet of less importance or less revered than the wampum in many transactions relative both to peace and war. The bowl of this pipe is made of a kind of soft red stone, which is easily wrought and hollowed out ; the stem is of cane, alder or some kind of light wood, painted with different colors, and decorated with the heads, tails and feathers, of the most beautiful birds. The use of the calumet is to smoke either tobacco or some bark, leaf or herb, which they often use instead of it, when they enter into an alliance on any serious occasion, or solemn engagements ; this being among them the most sacred oath that can be taken, the violation of which is esteemed most infamous, and deserving of severe punishment from Heaven. When they treat of war, the whole pipe and all its ornaments are red ; sometimes it is red only on one side, and by the disposition of the feathers, &c., one acquainted with their customs will know at first sight what the nation who presents it intends or desires. Smoking the calumet is also a religious ceremony on some occasions, and in all treaties is considered as a witness between the parties, or rather as an instrument by which they invoke the sun and moon to witness their sincerity, and to be, as it were, a guarantee of the treaty between them. This custom of the Indians, though to appearance somewhat ridiculous, is not without its reasons ; for as they find that smoking tends to disperse the vapors of the brain, to raise the spirits, and to qualify them for thinking and judging properly, they introduce it into their councils, where, after their resolves, the pipe was considered as a seal of their decrees, and as a pledge of their performance thereof it was sent to those they were consulting, in alliance or treaty with ; — so that smoking among them at the same pipe is equivalent to our drinking together and out of the same cup. — *Major Rogers' Account of North America, 1766.*

The lighted calumet is also used among them for a purpose still more interesting than the expression of social friendship. The austere manners of the Indians forbid any appearance of gallantry between the sexes in the day-time ; but at night the young lover goes a-calumeting, as his courtship is called. As these people live in a state of equality, and without fear of internal violence or theft in their own tribes, they leave their doors open by night, as well as by day. The lover takes advantage of this liberty, lights his calumet, enters the cabin of his mistress, and gently presents it to her. If she extinguish it, she

admits his addresses ; but, if she suffer it to burn unnoticed, he retires with a disappointed and throbbing heart. — *Ashe's Travels*.

Page 219, line 2.

Trained from his tree-rocked cradle to his bier

An Indian child, as soon as he is born, is swathed with clothes, or skins ; and, being laid on his back, is bound down on a piece of thick board, spread over with soft moss. The board is somewhat larger and broader than the child, and bent pieces of wood, like pieces of hoops, are placed over its face to protect it, so that if the machine were suffered to fall the child probably would not be injured. When the women have any business to transact at home, they hang the boards on a tree, if there be one at hand, and set them a swinging from side to side, like a pendulum, in order to exercise the children. — *Weld*, vol. II. p. 246.

Page 219, line 3.

*The fierce extreme of good and ill to brook
Impassive ———*

Of the active as well as passive fortitude of the Indian character the following is an instance related by Adair in his *Travels* :

A party of the Senekah Indians came to war against the Katakba, bitter enemies to each other. In the woods the former discovered a sprightly warrior belonging to the latter, hunting in their usual light dress ; on his perceiving them, he sprang off for a hollow rock four or five miles distant, as they intercepted him from running homeward. He was so extremely swift and skilful with the gun, as to kill seven of them in the running fight before they were able to surround and take him. They carried him to their country in sad triumph ; but, though he had filled them with uncommon grief and shame for the loss of so many of their kindred, yet the love of martial virtue induced them to treat him, during their long journey, with a great deal more civility than if he had acted the part of a coward. The women and children, when they met him at their several towns, beat him and whipped him in as severe a manner as the occasion required, according to their law of justice, and at last he was formally condemned to die by the fiery torture. It might reasonably be imagined that what he had for some time gone through, by being fed with a scanty hand, a tedious march, lying at night on the bare ground, exposed to the changes of the weather, with his arms and legs extended in a pair of rough stocks, and suffering such punishment, on his entering into their hostile towns, as a prelude to those sharp torments for which he was destined, would have so impaired his health and affected his imagination, as to have sent him to his long sleep, out of the way of any more sufferings. Probably this would have been the case with the major part of the white people, under similar circumstances ; but I never knew this with any of the Indians ; and this cool-headed, brave warrior did not deviate from their rough lessons of martial virtue, but acted his part so well as to surprise and sorely vex his numerous enemies ; for when they were taking him, unopinioned, in their wild parade, to the place of torture, which lay near to a river, he suddenly dashed down those who stood in his way, sprang off and plunged into the water, swimming underneath like an otter, only rising to take breath, till he reached the opposite shore. He now ascended the steep bank, but, though he had good reason to be in a hurry, as many of the enemy were in the water, and others running very like bloodhounds in pursuit of him, and the bullets flying around him from the time he took to the river, yet his heart did not allow him to leave them abruptly, without taking leave in a formal manner, in return for the extraordinary favors they had done and intended to do to him. After slapping a part of his body in defiance to them (continues the author), he put up the shrill war-whoop, as his last salute, till some more convenient opportunity offered,

and darted off in the manner of a beast broke loose from its torturing enemies. He continued his speed so as to run, by about midnight of the same day, as far as his eager pursuers were two days in reaching. There he rested till he happily discovered five of those Indians who had pursued him ; — he lay hid a little way off their camp, till they were sound asleep. Every circumstance of his situation occurred to him, and inspired him with heroism. He was naked, torn and hungry, and his enraged enemies were come up with him ; — but there was now everything to relieve his wants, and a fair opportunity to save his life, and get great honor and sweet revenge by cutting them off. Resolution, a convenient spot, and sudden surprise, would effect the main object of all his wishes and hopes. He accordingly crept, took one of their tomahawks, and killed them all on the spot, — clothed himself, took a choice gun, and as much ammunition and provisions as he could well carry in a running march. He set off afresh with a light heart, and did not sleep for several successive nights, only when he reclined, as usual, a little before day, with his back to a tree. As it were by instinct, when he found he was free from the pursuing enemy, he made directly to the very place where he had killed seven of his enemies, and was taken by them for the fiery torture. He digged them up, burnt their bodies to ashes, and went home in safety, with singular triumph. Other pursuing enemies came, on the evening of the second day, to the camp of their dead people, when the sight gave them a greater shock than they had ever known before. In their chilled war-council they concluded that, as he had done such surprising things in his defence before he was captivated, and since that in his naked condition, and now was well armed, if they continued the pursuit he would spoil them all, for he surely was an enemy wizard, — and therefore they returned home. — *Adair's General Observations on the American Indians*, p. 394.

It is surprising (says the same author) to see the long-continued speed of the Indians. Though some of us have often run the swiftest of them out of sight for about the distance of twelve miles, yet afterwards, without any seeming toil, they would stretch on, leave us out of sight, and outwind any horse. — *Ibid*, p. 318.

If an Indian were driven out into the extensive woods, with only a knife and a tomahawk, or a small hatchet, it is not to be doubted but he would fatten, even where a wolf would starve. He would soon collect fire by rubbing two dry pieces of wood together, make a bark hut, earthen vessels, and a bow and arrows ; then kill wild game, fish, freshwater tortoises, gather a plentiful variety of vegetables, and live in affluence. — *Ibid*, p. 410.

Page 219, line 12.

Moccasins are a sort of Indian buskins.

Page 219, line 15.

*"Sleep, wearied one ! and in the dreaming land
Shouldst thou to-morrow with thy mother meet,*

There is nothing (says Charlevoix) in which these barbarians carry their superstitions further than in what regards dreams ; but they vary greatly in their manner of explaining themselves on this point. Sometimes it is the reasonable soul which ranges abroad, while the sensitive continues to animate the body. Sometimes it is the familiar genius who gives salutary counsel with respect to what is going to happen. Sometimes it is a visit made by the soul of the object of which he dreams. But, in whatever manner the dream is conceived, it is always looked upon as a thing sacred, and as the most ordinary way in which the gods make known their will to men. Filled with this idea, they cannot conceive how we should pay no regard to them. For the most part, they look upon them either as a desire of the soul, inspired by some genius, or an order from him ; and in consequence of this principle they hold it a religious duty to obey them. An Indian having dreamt of having a finger cut off, had it really cut off as soon as he awoke, having first

prepared himself for this important action by a feast. Another having dreamt of being a prisoner, and in the hands of his enemies, was much at a loss what to do. He consulted the jugglers, and by their advice caused himself to be tied to a post, and burnt in several parts of the body. — *Charlevoix, Journal of a Voyage to North America.*

Page 219, line 23.

From a flower shaped like a horn, which Chateaubriand presumes to be of the lotus kind, the Indians in their travels through the desert often find a draught of dew purer than any other water.

Page 220, line 1.

The crocodile, the condor of the rock.

The alligator, or American crocodile, when full-grown (says Bertram), is a very large and terrible creature, and of prodigious strength, activity and swiftness, in the water. I have seen them twenty feet in length, and some are supposed to be twenty-two or twenty-three feet in length. Their body is as large as that of a horse; their shape usually resembles that of a lizard, which is flat, or cuneiform, being compressed on each side, and gradually diminishing from the abdomen to the extremity, which, with the whole body, is covered with horny plates, or squamæ, impenetrable, when on the body of the live animal, even to a rifle-ball, except about their head, and just behind their fore-legs or arms, where, it is said, they are only vulnerable. The head of a full-grown one is about three feet, and the mouth opens nearly the same length. Their eyes are small in proportion, and seem sunk in the head, by means of the prominence of the brows; the nostrils are large, inflated, and prominent on the top, so that the head on the water resembles, at a distance, a great chunk of wood floating about; only the upper jaw moves, which they raise almost perpendicular, so as to form a right angle with the lower one. In the forepart of the upper jaw, on each side, just under the nostrils, are two very large, thick, strong teeth, or tusks, not very sharp, but rather the shape of a cone; these are as white as the finest polished ivory, and are not covered by any skin or lips, but always in sight, which gives the creature a frightful appearance; in the lower jaw are holes opposite to these teeth to receive them; when they clap their jaws together, it causes a surprising noise, like that which is made by forcing a heavy plank with violence upon the ground, and may be heard at a great distance. But what is yet more surprising to a stranger is the incredibly loud and terrifying roar which they are capable of making, especially in breeding time. It most resembles very heavy, distant thunder, not only shaking the air and waters, but causing the earth to tremble; and when hundreds are roaring at the same time, you can scarcely be persuaded but that the whole globe is violently and dangerously agitated. An old champion, who is, perhaps, absolute sovereign of a little lake or lagoon (when fifty less than himself are obliged to content themselves with swelling and roaring in little coves round about), darts forth from the reedy coverts, all at once, on the surface of the waters in a right line, at first seemingly as rapid as lightning, but gradually more slowly, until he arrives at the centre of the lake, where he stops. He now swells himself by drawing in wind and water through his mouth, which causes a loud sonorous rattling in the throat for near a minute; but it is immediately forced out again through his mouth and nostrils with a loud noise, brandishing his tail in the air, and the vapor running from his nostrils like smoke. At other times, when swollen to an extent ready to burst, his head and tail lifted up, he spins or twirls round on the surface of the water. He acts his part like an Indian chief when rehearsing his feats of war. — *Bertram's Travels in North America.*

Page 220, line 9.

Then forth uprose that lone wayfaring man ;

They discover an amazing sagacity, and acquire, with the greatest readiness, anything that depends upon the attention of the mind. By experience, and an acute observation, they attain many perfections to which the Americans are strangers. For instance, they will cross a forest or a plain which is two hundred miles in breadth, so as to reach with great exactness the point at which they intend to arrive, keeping, during the whole of that space, in a direct line, without any material deviations ; and this they will do with the same ease, let the weather be fair or cloudy. With equal acuteness they will point to that part of the heavens the sun is in, though it be intercepted by clouds or fogs. Besides this, they are able to pursue, with incredible facility, the traces of man or beast, either on leaves or grass ; and on this account it is with great difficulty they escape discovery. They are indebted for these talents not only to nature, but to an extraordinary command of the intellectual qualities, which can only be acquired by an unremitting attention, and by long experience. They are, in general, very happy in a retentive memory. They can recapitulate every particular that has been treated of in councils, and remember the exact time when they were held. Their belts of wampum preserve the substance of the treaties they have concluded with the neighboring tribes for ages back, to which they will appeal and refer with as much perspicuity and readiness as Europeans can to their written records.

The Indians are totally unskilled in geography, as well as all the other sciences : and yet they draw on their birch-bark very exact charts or maps of the countries they are acquainted with. The latitude and longitude only are wanting to make them tolerably complete.

Their sole knowledge in astronomy consists in being able to point out the polar star, by which they regulate their course when they travel in the night.

They reckon the distance of places not by miles or leagues, but by a day's journey. which, according to the best calculation I could make, appears to be about twenty English miles. These they also divide into halves and quarters, and will demonstrate them in their maps with great exactness by the hieroglyphics just mentioned, when they regulate in council their war-parties, or their most distant hunting excursions, — *Lewis and Clarke's Travels*.

Some of the French missionaries have supposed that the Indians are guided by instinct, and have pretended that Indian children can find their way through a forest as easily as a person of maturer years ; but this is a most absurd notion. It is unquestionably by a close attention to the growth of the trees, and position of the sun, that they find their way. On the northern side of a tree there is generally the most moss ; and the bark on that side, in general, differs from that on the opposite one. The branches toward the south are, for the most part, more luxuriant than those on the other sides of trees ; and several other distinctions also subsist between the northern and southern sides, conspicuous to Indians, being taught from their infancy to attend to them, which a common observer would, perhaps, never notice. Being accustomed from their infancy likewise to pay great attention to the position of the sun, they learn to make the most accurate allowance for its apparent motion from one part of the heavens to another ; and in every part of the day they will point to the part of the heavens where it is, although the sky be obscured by clouds or mists.

An instance of their dexterity in finding their way through an unknown country came under my observation when I was at Staunton, situated behind the Blue Mountains, Virginia. A number of the Creek nation had arrived at that town on their way to Philadelphia, whither they were going upon some affairs of importance, and had stopped there for the night. In the morning, some circumstance or other, which could not be learned,

induced one-half of the Indians to set off without their companions, who did not follow until some hours afterwards. When these last were ready to pursue their journey, several of the towns-people mounted their horses to escort them part of the way. They proceeded along the high road for some miles, but, all at once, hastily turning aside into the woods, though there was no path, the Indians advanced confidently forward. The people who accompanied them, surprised at this movement, informed them that they were quitting the road to Philadelphia, and expressed their fear lest they should miss their companions who had gone on before. They answered that they knew better, that the way through the woods was the shortest to Philadelphia, and that they knew very well that their companions had entered the wood at the very place where they did. Curiosity led some of the horsemen to go on; and, to their astonishment, for there was apparently no track, they overtook the other Indians in the thickest part of the wood. But what appeared most singular was, that the route which they took was found, on examining a map, to be as direct for Philadelphia as if they had taken the bearings by a mariner's compass. From others of their nation, who had been at Philadelphia at a former period, they had probably learned the exact direction of that city from their villages, and had never lost sight of it, although they had already travelled three hundred miles through the woods, and had upwards of four hundred miles more to go before they could reach the place of their destination. Of the exactness with which they can find out a strange place to which they have been once directed by their own people, a striking example is furnished, I think, by Mr. Jefferson, in his account of the Indian graves in Virginia. These graves are nothing more than large mounds of earth in the woods, which, on being opened, are found to contain skeletons in an erect posture: the Indian mode of sepulture has been too often described to remain unknown to you. But to come to my story. A party of Indians that were passing on to some of the sea-ports of the Atlantic, just as the Creeks above mentioned were going to Philadelphia, were observed, all on a sudden, to quit the straight road by which they were proceeding, and, without asking any questions, to strike through the woods, in a direct line, to one of these graves, which lay at the distance of some miles from the road. Now, very near a century must have passed over since the part of Virginia in which this grave was situated had been inhabited by Indians; and these Indian travellers, who were to visit it by themselves, had unquestionably never been in that part of the country before; they must have found their way to it simply from the description of its situation that had been handed down to them by tradition. — *Weld's Travels in North America*, vol. ii.

Page 223, last line.

Their fathers' dust —

It is a custom of the Indian tribes to visit the tombs of their ancestors in the cultivated parts of America, who have been buried for upwards of a century.

Page 226, line 12.

Or wild-cane arch high flung o'er gulf profound,

The bridges over narrow streams in many parts of Spanish America are said to be built of cane, which, however strong to support the passenger, are yet wavered in the agitation of the storm, and frequently add to the effect of a mountainous and picturesque scenery.

Page 234, line 26.

The Mammoth comes, —

That I am justified in making the Indian chief allude to the mammoth as an emblem of terror and destruction, will be seen by the authority quoted below. Speaking of the mam-

moth or big buffalo, Mr. Jefferson states that a tradition is preserved among the Indians of that animal still existing in the northern parts of America.

"A Cedelegation of warriors from the Delaware tribe having visited the Governor of Virginia during the Revolution, on matters of business, the governor asked them some questions relative to their country, and, among others, what they knew or had heard of the animal whose bones were found at the Salt-licks, on the Ohio. Their chief speaker immediately put himself into an attitude of oratory, and with a pomp suited to what he conceived the elevation of his subject, informed him that it was a tradition handed down from their fathers, that in ancient times a herd of these tremendous animals came to the Big-bone-licks, and began an universal destruction of the bear, deer, elk, buffalo and other animals which had been created for the use of the Indians. That the Great Man above, looking down and seeing this, was so enraged that he seized his lightning, descended on the earth, seated himself on a neighboring mountain, on a rock on which his seat and the prints of his feet are still to be seen, and hurled his bolts among them, till the whole were slaughtered, except the big bull, who, presenting his forehead to the shafts, shook them off as they fell, but, missing one at length, it wounded him in the side, whereon, springing round, he bounded over the Ohio, over the Wabash, the Illinois, and finally over the great lakes, where he is living at this day."—*Jefferson's Notes on Virginia*.

Page 235, line 6.

*Scorning to wield the hatchet for his bribe,
'Gainst Brandt himself I went to battle forth :*

I took the character of Brandt, in the poem of Gertrude, from the common Histories of England, all of which represented him as a bloody and bad man (even among savages), and chief agent in the horrible desolation of Wyoming. Some years after this poem appeared, the son of Brandt, a most interesting and intelligent youth, came over to England, and I formed an acquaintance with him, on which I still look back with pleasure. He appealed to my sense of honor and justice, on his own part and on that of his sister, to retract the unfair aspersions which, unconscious of their unfairness, I had cast on his father's memory.

He then referred me to documents, which completely satisfied me that the common accounts of Brandt's cruelties at Wyoming, which I had found in books of travels, and in Adolphus' and similar Histories of England, were gross errors, and that in point of fact Brandt was not even present at that scene of desolation.

It is, unhappily, to Britons and Anglo-Americans that we must refer the chief blame in this horrible business. I published a letter expressing this belief in the *New Monthly Magazine*, in the year 1822, to which I must refer the reader—if he has any curiosity on the subject—for an antidote to my fanciful description of Brandt. Among other expressions to young Brandt, I made use of the following words: "Had I learnt all this of your father when I was writing my poem, he should not have figured in it as the hero of mischief." It was but bare justice to say thus much of a Mohawk Indian, who spoke English eloquently, and was thought capable of having written a history of the Six Nations. I ascertained, also, that he often strove to mitigate the cruelty of Indian warfare. The name of Brandt, therefore, remains in my poem a pure and declared character of fiction.

Page 235, line 13.

*To whom nor relative nor blood remains,
No! — not a kindred drop that runs in human veins!*

Every one who recollects the specimen of Indian eloquence given in the speech of Logan, a Mingo chief, to the Governor of Virginia, will perceive that I have attempted to para-

phrase its concluding and most striking expression : "There runs not a drop of my blood in the veins of any living creature." The similar salutation of the fictitious personage in my story, and the real Indian orator, makes it surely allowable to borrow such an expression ; and if it appears, as it cannot but appear, to less advantage than in the original, I beg the reader to reflect how difficult it is to transpose such exquisitely simple words, without sacrificing a portion of their effect.

In the spring of 1774, a robbery and murder were committed on an inhabitant of the frontiers of Virginia, by two Indians of the Shawanee tribe. The neighboring whites, according to their custom, undertook to punish this outrage in a summary manner. Colonel Cresap, a man infamous for the many murders he had committed on those much-injured people, collected a party and proceeded down the Kanaway in quest of vengeance ; unfortunately, a canoe with women and children, with one man only, was seen coming from the opposite shore, unarmed, and unsuspecting an attack from the whites. Cresap and his party concealed themselves on the bank of the river, and, the moment the canoe reached the shore, singled out their objects, and at one fire killed every person in it. This happened to be the family of Logan, who had long been distinguished as a friend to the whites. This unworthy return provoked his vengeance ; he accordingly signalized himself in the war which ensued. In the autumn of the same year a decisive battle was fought at the mouth of the Great Kanaway, in which the collected forces of the Shawanees, Mingoes and Delawares, were defeated by a detachment of the Virginian militia. The Indians sued for peace. Logan, however, disdained to be seen among the suppliants ; but, lest the sincerity of a treaty should be disturbed, from which so distinguished a chief abstracted himself, he sent, by a messenger, the following speech to be delivered to Lord Dunmore :

"I appeal to any white man if ever he entered Logan's cabin hungry, and he gave him not to eat ; if ever he came cold and naked, and he clothed him not. During the course of the last long and bloody war, Logan remained idle in his cabin, an advocate for peace. Such was my love for the whites, that my countrymen pointed as they passed, and said, Logan is the friend of the white men. I have even thought to have lived with you, but for the injuries of one man. Colonel Cresap, the last spring, in cold blood murdered all the relations of Logan, even my women and children.

"There runs not a drop of my blood in the veins of any living creature : — this called on me for revenge. I have fought for it. I have killed many. I have fully glutted my vengeance. For my country I rejoice at the beams of peace ; — but do not harbor a thought that mine is the joy of fear. Logan never felt fear. He will not turn on his heel to save his life. Who is there to mourn for Logan ? — not one ! " — *Jefferson's Notes on Virginia.*

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

Page 253, line 4.

The dark-attired Culdee,

The Culdees were the primitive clergy of Scotland, and apparently her only clergy from the sixth to the eleventh century. They were of Irish origin, and their monastery on the island of Iona, or Icolmkill, was the seminary of Christianity in North Britain. Presbyterian writers have wished to prove them to have been a sort of Presbyters, strangers to the Roman Church and Episcopacy. It seems to be established that they were not

enemies to Episcopacy ; but that they were not slavishly subjected to Rome, like the clergy of later periods, appears by their resisting the papal ordinances respecting the celibacy of religious men, on which account they were ultimately displaced by the Scottish sovereigns, to make way for more Popish canons.

Page 265, line 5.

And the shield of alarm was dumb,

Striking the shield was an ancient mode of convocation to war among the Gaëls.

Page 261.

The tradition which forms the substance of these stanzas is still preserved in Germany. An ancient tower on a height, called the Rolandseck, a few miles above Bonn on the Rhine, is shown as the habitation which Roland built in sight of a nunnery, into which his mistress had retired, on having heard an unfounded account of his death. Whatever may be thought of the credibility of the legend, its scenery must be recollected with pleasure by every one who has visited the romantic landscape of the Drachenfels, the Rolandseck, and the beautiful adjacent islet of the Rhine, where a nunnery still stands.

Page 267, line 10.

That erst the adventurous Norman wore,

A Norman leader, in the service of the King of Scotland, married the heiress of Lochoy, in the twelfth century, and from him the Campbells are sprung.

Page 294, line 15.

Whose lineage, in a raptured hour,

Alluding to the well-known tradition respecting the origin of painting, that it arose from a young Corinthian female tracing the shadow of her lover's profile on the wall as he lay asleep.

Page 304, line 10.

Where the Norman encamped him of old,

What is called the East Hill, at Hastings, is crowned with the works of an ancient camp ; and it is more than probable it was the spot which William I. occupied between his landing and the battle which gave him England's crown. It is a strong position ; the works are easily traced.

Page 307, line 21.

France turns from her abandoned friends afresh,

The fact ought to be universally known, that France is at this moment indebted to Poland for not being invaded by Russia. When the Grand Duke Constantine fled from Warsaw, he left papers behind him proving that the Russians, after the Parisian events in July, meant to have marched towards Paris, if the Polish insurrection had not prevented them.

Page 316, line 6.

Thee, Niemcewicz, —

This venerable man, the most popular and influential of Polish poets, and president of the academy in Warsaw, was in London when this poem was written ; he was then seventy-four years old ; but his noble spirit is rather mellowed than decayed by age. He

was the friend of Fox, Kosciusko and Washington. Rich in anecdote like Franklin, he has also a striking resemblance to him in countenance.

Page 317, line 3.

Nor church-bell ———

In Catholic countries you often hear the church-bells rung to propitiate Heaven during thunder-storms.

Page 327, line 20.

Regret the lark that gladdens England's morn,

Mr. P. Cunningham, in his interesting work on New South Wales, gives the following account of its song-birds : "We are not moved here with the deep mellow note of the black-bird, poured out from beneath some low stunted bush, nor thrilled with the wild warblings of the thrush perched on the top of some tall sapling, nor charmed with the blithe carol of the lark as we proceed early a-field ; none of our birds rivalling those divine songsters in realizing the poetical idea of '*the music of the grove* ;' while '*parrots*' chattering' must supply the place of '*nightingales*' singing' in the future amorous lays of our sighing Celadons. We have our lark, certainly ; but both his appearance and note are a most wretched parody upon the bird about which our English poets have made so many fine similes. He will mount from the ground and rise, fluttering upwards in the same manner, and with a few of the starting notes of the English lark ; but, on reaching the height of thirty feet or so, down he drops suddenly and mutely, diving into concealment among the long grass, as if ashamed of his pitiful attempt. For the pert, frisky robin, pecking and pattering against the windows in the dull days of winter, we have the lively 'superb warbler,' with his blue shining plumage and his long tapering tail, picking up the crumbs at our doors ; while the pretty red-bills, of the size and form of the goldfinch, constitute the sparrow of our clime, flying in flocks about our houses, and building their soft, downy, pigmy nests in the orange, peach and lemon trees surrounding them." — *Cunningham's Two Years in New South Wales*, vol. ii. p. 216.

Page 337, line 19.

O, feeble statesmen — ignominious times,

There is not upon record a more disgusting scene of Russian hypocrisy, and (woe that it must be written !) of British humiliation, than that which passed on board the Talavera, when British sailors accepted money from the Emperor Nicholas, and gave him cheers. It will require the Talavera to fight well with the first Russian ship that she may have to encounter, to make us forget that day.

Page 347, line 20.

A palsy-stroke of Nature shook Oran,

In the year 1790, Oran, the most western city in the Algerine Regency, which had been possessed by Spain for more than a hundred years, and fortified at an immense expense, was destroyed by an earthquake ; six thousand of its inhabitants were buried under the ruins.

THE PILGRIM OF GLENCOE.

Page 352, line 17.

The vale, by eagle-haunted cliffs o'erhung,

The valley of Glencoe, unparalleled in its scenery for gloomy grandeur, is to this day frequented by eagles. When I visited the spot within a year ago, I saw several perch at a distance. Only one of them came so near me that I did not wish him any nearer. He favored me with a full and continued view of his noble person, and, with the exception of the African eagle which I saw wheeling and hovering over a corps of the French army that were marching from Oran, and who seemed to linger over them with delight at the sound of their trumpets, as if they were about to restore his image to the Gallic standard, I never saw a prouder bird than this black eagle of Glencoe.

I was unable, from a hurt in my foot, to leave the carriage; but the guide informed me that, if I could go nearer the sides of the glen, I should see the traces of houses and gardens once belonging to the unfortunate inhabitants. As it was, I never saw a spot where I could less suppose human beings to have ever dwelt. I asked the guide how these eagles subsisted; he replied, "On the lambs and the fawns of Lord Breadalbane." "Lambs and fawns!" I said; "and how do *they* subsist? for I cannot see verdure enough to graze a rabbit. I suspect," I added, "that these birds make the cliffs only their country-houses, and that they go down to the Lowlands to find their provender." "Ay, ay," replied the Highlander, "it is very possible, for the eagle can gang far for his breakfast."

Page 353, line 15.

Witch-legends Ronald scorned — ghost, kelpie, wraith,

"The most dangerous and malignant creature of Highland superstition was the kelpie, or water-horse, which was supposed to allure women and children to his subaqueous haunts, and there devour them; sometimes he would swell the lake or torrent beyond its usual limits, and overwhelm the unguarded traveller in the flood. The shepherd, as he sat on the brow of a rock on a summer's evening, often fancied he saw this animal dashing along on the surface of the lake, or browsing on the pasture-ground upon its verge." — *Brown's History of the Highland Clans*, vol. i. 106.

In Scotland, according to Dr. John Brown, it is yet a superstitious principle that the *wraith*, the omen or messenger of death, appears in the resemblance of one in danger, immediately preceding dissolution. This ominous form, purely of a spiritual nature, seems to testify that the exaction (extinction) of life approaches. It was wont to be exhibited also as "*a little rough dog*," when it could be pacified by the death of any other being, "if crossed, and conjured in time." — *Brown's Superstitions of the Highlands*, p. 182.

It happened to me, early in life, to meet with an amusing instance of Highland superstition with regard to myself. I lived in a family of the Island of Mull, and a mile or two from their house there was a burial-ground, without any church attached to it, on the lonely moor. The cemetery was enclosed and guarded by an iron railing, so high that it was thought to be unscalable. I was, however, commencing the study of botany at the time, and, thinking there might be some nice flowers and curious epitaphs among the grave-stones, I contrived, by help of my handkerchief, to scale the railing, and was soon scampering over the tombs; some of the natives chanced to perceive me, — not in the act of climbing over to, but skipping over the burial-ground. In a day or two I observed the family looking on me with unaccountable, though not angry, seriousness; at last the good old grandmother told me, with tears in her eyes, "that I could not live long, for that my wraith had been seen." "And, pray, where?" "Leaping over the stones of the

burial-ground." The old lady was much relieved to hear that it was not my wrath, but myself.

Akin to other Highland superstitions, but differing from them in many essential respects, is the belief—for superstition it cannot well be called (quoth the wise author I am quoting)—in the second-sight, by which, as Dr. Johnson observes, "seems to be meant a mode of seeing superadded to that which nature generally bestows; and consists of an impression made either by the mind upon the eye, or by the eye upon the mind, by which things distant or future are perceived and seen as if they were present. This deceptive faculty is called *Traioshe* in the Gaelic, which signifies a spectre or vision; and is neither voluntary nor constant, but consists in seeing an otherwise invisible object, without any previous means used by the person that sees it for that end. The vision makes such a lively impression upon the seers, that they neither see nor think of anything else, except the vision, as long as it continues; and then they appear pensive or jovial, according to the object which was represented to them."

There are now few persons, if any (continues Dr. Brown), who pretend to this faculty, and the belief in it is almost generally exploded. Yet it cannot be denied that apparent proofs of its existence have been adduced, which have staggered minds not prone to superstition. When the connection between cause and effect can be recognized, things which would otherwise have appeared wonderful, and almost incredible, are viewed as ordinary occurrences. The impossibility of accounting for such an extraordinary phenomenon as the alleged faculty on philosophical principles, or from the laws of nature, must ever leave the matter suspended between rational doubt and confirmed scepticism. "Strong reasons for incredulity," says Dr. Johnson, "will readily occur." This faculty of seeing things out of sight is local, and commonly useless. It is a breach of the common order of things, without any visible reason or perceptible benefit. It is ascribed only to a people very little enlightened, and among them, for the most part, to the mean and ignorant.

In the whole history of Highland superstitions, there is not a more curious fact than that Dr. James Brown, a gentleman of the Edinburgh bar, in the nineteenth century, should show himself a more abject believer in the truth of second sight than Dr. Samuel Johnson, of London, in the eighteenth century.

Page 359, line 28.

The pit or gallows would have cured my grief.

Until the year 1747, the Highland Lairds had the right of punishing serfs even capitally, in so far as they often hanged, or imprisoned them in a pit or dungeon, where they were starved to death. But the law of 1746, for disarming the Highlanders and restraining the use of the Highland garb, was followed up the following year by one of a more radical and permanent description. This was the act for abolishing the heritable jurisdictions, which, though necessary in a rude state of society, were wholly incompatible with an advanced state of civilization. By depriving the Highland chiefs of their judicial powers, it was thought that the sway which, for centuries, they had held over their people, would be gradually impaired; and that by investing certain judges, who were amenable to the legislature for the proper discharge of their duties, with the civil and criminal jurisdiction enjoyed by the proprietors of the soil, the cause of good government would be promoted, and the facilities for repressing any attempts to disturb the public tranquillity increased.

By this act (20 George II. c. 43), which was made to the whole of Scotland, all heritable jurisdictions of justiciary, all regalities and heritable baileries, and constabularies (excepting the office of high constable), and all stewartries and sheriffships of smaller districts, which were only parts of counties, were dissolved, and the powers formerly vested in them were ordained to be exercised by such of the king's courts as these powers would have belonged to if the jurisdictions had never been granted. All sheriffships and stewartries

not dissolved by the statute — namely, those which comprehended whole counties, where they had been granted either heritably or for life — were resumed and annexed to the crown. With the exception of the hereditary justiciaryship of Scotland, which was transferred from the family of Argyle to the High Court of Justiciary, the other jurisdictions were ordained to be vested in sheriffs-depute or stewards depute, to be appointed by the king in every shire or stewartry not dissolved by the act. As, by the twentieth of Union, all heritable offices and jurisdictions were reserved to the grantees as rights of property, compensation was ordained to be made to the holders, the amount of which was afterwards fixed by Parliament, in terms of the act of Sederunt of the Court of Session, at one hundred and fifty thousand pounds.

Page 359, line 30.

*I marched — when, feigning royalty's command,
Against the clan Macdonald, Stair's lord
Sent forth exterminating fire and sword ;*

I cannot agree with Brown, the author of an able work, "The History of the Highland Clans," that the affair of Glencoe has stamped indelible infamy on the government of King William III., if by this expression it be meant that William's own memory is disgraced by that massacre. I see no proof that William gave more than general orders to subdue the remaining malcontents of the Macdonald clan ; and these orders, the nearer we trace them to the government, are the more express in enjoining that all those who would promise to swear allegiance should be spared. As these orders came down from the general government to individuals, they became more and more severe, and, at last, merciless, so that they ultimately ceased to be the real orders of government. Among these false agents of government, who appear with most disgrace, is the "Master of Stair," who appears in the business more like a fiend than a man. When issuing his orders for the attack on the remainder of the Macdonalds in Glencoe, he expressed a hope in his letter "that the soldiers would trouble the government with no prisoners."

It cannot be supposed that I would, for a moment, palliate this atrocious event by quoting the provocations not very long before offered by the Macdonalds in massacres of the Campbells. But they may be alluded to as causes, though not excuses. It is a part of the melancholy instruction which history affords us, that in the moral, as well as in the physical world, there is always a reaction equal to the action. The banishment of the Moors from Spain to Africa was the chief cause of African piracy and Christian slavery among the Moors for centuries ; and since the reign of William III. the Irish Orangemen have been the Algerines of Ireland.

The affair of Glencoe was in fact only a lingering trait of horribly barbarous times, though it was the more shocking that it came from that side of the political world which professed to be the more liberal side, and it occurred at a late time of the day, when the minds of both parties had become comparatively civilized, the whigs by the triumph of free principles, and the tories by personal experience of the evils attending persecution. Yet that barbarism still subsisted in too many minds professing to act on liberal principles, is but too apparent from this disgusting tragedy.

I once flattered myself that the Argyle Campbells, from whom I am sprung, had no share in this massacre, — and a direct share they certainly had not. But, on inquiry, I find that they consented to shutting up the passes of Glencoe, through which the Macdonalds might escape ; and perhaps relations of my great-grandfather — I am afraid to count their distance or proximity — might be indirectly concerned in the cruelty.

But children are not answerable for the crimes of their forefathers ; and I hope and trust that the descendants of Breadalbane and Glenlyon are as much and justly at their ease on this subject as I am.

Page 367, line 24.

Chance snatched them from proscription and despair.

Many Highland families, at the outbreak of the rebellion in 1745, were saved from utter desolation by the contrivances of some of their more sensible members, principally the women, who foresaw the consequences of the insurrection. When I was a youth in the Highlands, I remember an old gentleman being pointed out to me, who, finding all other arguments fail, had, in conjunction with his mother and sisters, bound the old laird hand and foot, and locked him up in his own cellar, until the news of the battle of Culloden had arrived.

A device pleasanter to the reader of the anecdote, though not to the sufferer, was practised by a shrewd Highland dame, whose husband was Charles-Stuart-mad, and was determined to join the insurgents. He told his wife at night that he should start early to-morrow morning, on horseback. "Well, but you will allow me to make your breakfast before you go?" "O, yes." She accordingly prepared it, and, bringing in a full boiling kettle, poured it, by intentional accident, on his legs!

NOTE TO THE VERSES ON WINKELRIED.

Page 387.

The advocates of classical learning tell us that, without classic historians, we should never become acquainted with the most splendid traits of human character; but one of those traits, patriotic self-devotion, may surely be heard of elsewhere, without learning Greek and Latin. There are few, who have read modern history, unacquainted with the noble voluntary death of the Switzer Winkelried. Whether he was a peasant or man of superior birth is a point not quite settled in history, though I am inclined to suspect that he was simply a peasant. But this is certain, that in the battle of Sempach, perceiving that there was no other means of breaking the heavy-armed lines of the Austrians than by gathering as many of their spears as he could grasp together, he opened a passage for his fellow-combatants, who, with hammers and hatchets, hewed down the mailed men-at-arms, and won the victory.

FUGITIVE POEMS.

QUEEN OF THE NORTH.

Page 401.

These extracts are from the poem which Campbell planned soon after the completion of *The Pleasures of Hope*, and which he intended to write on his first visit to Germany. In the portion following the asterisks the scenery of Roslin and Arthur's seat is sketched with a truth and felicity of expression which may well excite regret that the patriotic theme was never resumed. — *Dr. Beattie.*

HYMN.

Page 404.

This hymn on the advent, so far as I know, is one of his original poems, which has never been publicly acknowledged. The poet's copy, however, has an autograph inscription, stating that he wrote it at the age of sixteen. The original has been forty years in the possession of Dr. Irving. — *Dr. Beattie.*

CHORUS FROM THE CŒPHORE.

Page 405.

The third prize awarded to Campbell was for his translation of passages from the *Cœphore* of Æschylus ; a copy of which has been sent me by a lady to whom it was shortly afterwards presented by Campbell, in the Island of Mull. It was written in 1741. — *Dr. Beattie*.

ELEGY WRITTEN IN MULL.

Page 407.

This is the elegy with which Dr. Anderson was so much pleased, on the author's introduction to him in Edinburgh (July 1794), and from the perusal of which he predicted his success as a great poet.

ON THE GLASGOW VOLUNTEERS.

Page 408.

Among the productions of his college life Dr. Beattie places this poem and that on the Queen of France. Of the last, on Marie Antoinette, inspired by one of the most atrocious events of the day, — an event over which he wept at the time, and the mere recollection of which, after the lapse of forty years, still made him shudder, — Dr. Beattie says, it "excited much attention, and met the public sympathy, so universally felt at the time." It was published in the *Glasgow Courier*. Of the first spirited lyric, he says that it obtained much local celebrity, particularly among the friends and members of the household troops.

THE DIRGE OF WALLACE.

Page 413.

We publish the version of this poem given by Dr. Beattie, the opening stanzas being omitted in the Galignani edition of 1829. When Mr. Redding was assisting the poet in preparing the edition of his works of 1828, he pleaded for the insertion of the Dirge, for which he expressed great admiration. Campbell objected, — "There were inaccuracies in it — it was only written for the newspapers." Walter Scott, it was said, had it by heart, and thought it one of his finest things ; but Campbell "did not care — he would not take it — he disliked it."

Great diversity of opinion prevails among the critics as to the merits of this poem. The *Quarterly Review* (July, 1849) says : "Excepting the close of one stanza, we see little in it beyond an echo of the then fashionable strains of Alonzo the Brave, and the like." The stanza in question is the one alluding to the sword of Wallace. The *North British Review* (February, 1849) agrees with its contemporary : — "It is quite unequal to Campbell's usual style. There is a boyish accumulation of the stock imagery of the 'Tales of Wonder.' Ravens, nightmares, matin-bells and midnight tapers, are scattered in waste profusion at the opening of the poem, to the consternation of the English king and the affright of Wallace's wife. Nothing well can be worse than all this. What follows is better, and there are some lines worthy of Campbell."

A writer in *Blackwood's Magazine* for the same month, on the other hand, agrees in his estimate of the poem with Mr. Redding and Sir Walter Scott : "In the foreign edition of his works there is inserted a poem called the Dirge of Wallace, which, with a very little concentration, might have been rendered as perfect as any of his later compositions. In spirit and energy it is assuredly inferior to none of them. We hope to see it restored to its proper place, in the next edition ; in the mean time we select the following noble stanzas." The critic then quotes nearly the whole poem, italicizing the lines which follow :

"When he strode o'er the wreck of each well-fought field,
With the yellow-haired chiefs of his native land ;

For his lance was not shivered on helmet or shield,
And the sword which was fit for archangel to wield
Was light in his terrible hand."

"Nothing can be finer," he adds, "than the lines we have quoted in Italics; nor perhaps did Campbell himself ever match them."

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EPISTLE TO THREE LADIES.

Page 415.

This poem Dr. Beattie received from Mr. Richardson, to whom it was communicated in a letter many years previously. The ladies were Isabella Hill and Helen Hill, sisters, and their cousin, Jean Grahame, sister of the author of *The Sabbath*.

DEATH OF MY ONLY SON.

Page 418.

Written in 1800, at Ratisbon or Altona. A translation from the Danish.

BEAUTIFUL JEWISH GIRL OF ALTONA.

Page 421.

"It was at Altona he composed these sweet lines, which have been long ago published, but which he would not allow to appear in his collected works, 'because they were a fragment.'"

We find this poem in a volume of the *New Monthly Magazine*, to which it was communicated, with the above note, by Mr. Cyrus Redding.

NOTE TO EPITAPH I.

Page 423.

These lines are engraved on a monument erected at Moncton Combe, Somerset, to the memory of Mrs. Shute of Sydenham, and her two daughters, who were drowned at Chepstow, on Sunday, September 20. It is remarkable that they had attended the church on that day, and heard a sermon from Philippians 1: 21, — "For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain." — *Note by T. C.*

Page 424.

The third of these pieces, hastily written on a slip of paper, is too remarkable to be overlooked. — *Dr. Beattie.*

TRAFALGAR.

Page 426.

This little poem appeared, with Campbell's name, in one of the annuals.

JEMIMA, ROSE, AND ELEANORE.

Page 429.

This beautiful poem appeared in the Galignani edition of 1829. It is one of the list authenticated by Mr. Redding, and we are at a loss to imagine why it was condemned by the author. It seems to us one of his freest and most effective poems.

LINES TO BULWER.

Page 432.

From the *New Monthly Magazine*.

CONTENT.

Page 432.

These pretty verses were addressed to his cousin Matilda Sinclair, whom he afterwards married. They probably first appeared in the columns of Perry's *Chronicle*, though they are credited to Johnson's *Scots' Musical Museum*, for 1803.

SPANISH PATRIOTS' SONG.

Page 435.

From the *New Monthly Magazine* for 1823.

LINES TO THE POLISH COUNTESS R——I.

Page 435.

James Montgomery, in his *Lectures on General Literature and Poetry*, refers to this poem as a "hasty but certainly a happy effusion of Thomas Campbell's, in the dew and blossom of his youthful poetry;" and says that it was probably produced about the year 1802. From Dr. Beattie we learn that it was written nearly twenty years afterwards.

The lecturer says that from the descriptive portion of the poem a painter might produce a landscape as superb as ever emanated in colors of this world from the pencil of Titian or Rubens. If the reader is curious to see how suggestive the few words of Campbell have been to a brother poet, let him turn to the *Lectures of Montgomery*, American edition, pages 19 to 22. Why Campbell should have omitted this poem from his collected works we cannot imagine.

TO FLORINE.

Page 437.

These verses appeared in one of the annuals. The subject of them afterwards became the wife of Mr. G. H. Gordon, the transcriber of the Waverley MSS. for the press, and died in Paris within a month after marriage, in her twenty-second year.

TO AN INFANT.

Page 438.

These pretty verses were addressed to the son of his friends, Mr. and Mrs. Graham.

Page 440.

My mind is my kingdom —

The first two verses of this song appeared in one of the early editions of Campbell's *Poems*. For the third stanza we have been indebted to Dr. Beattie.







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